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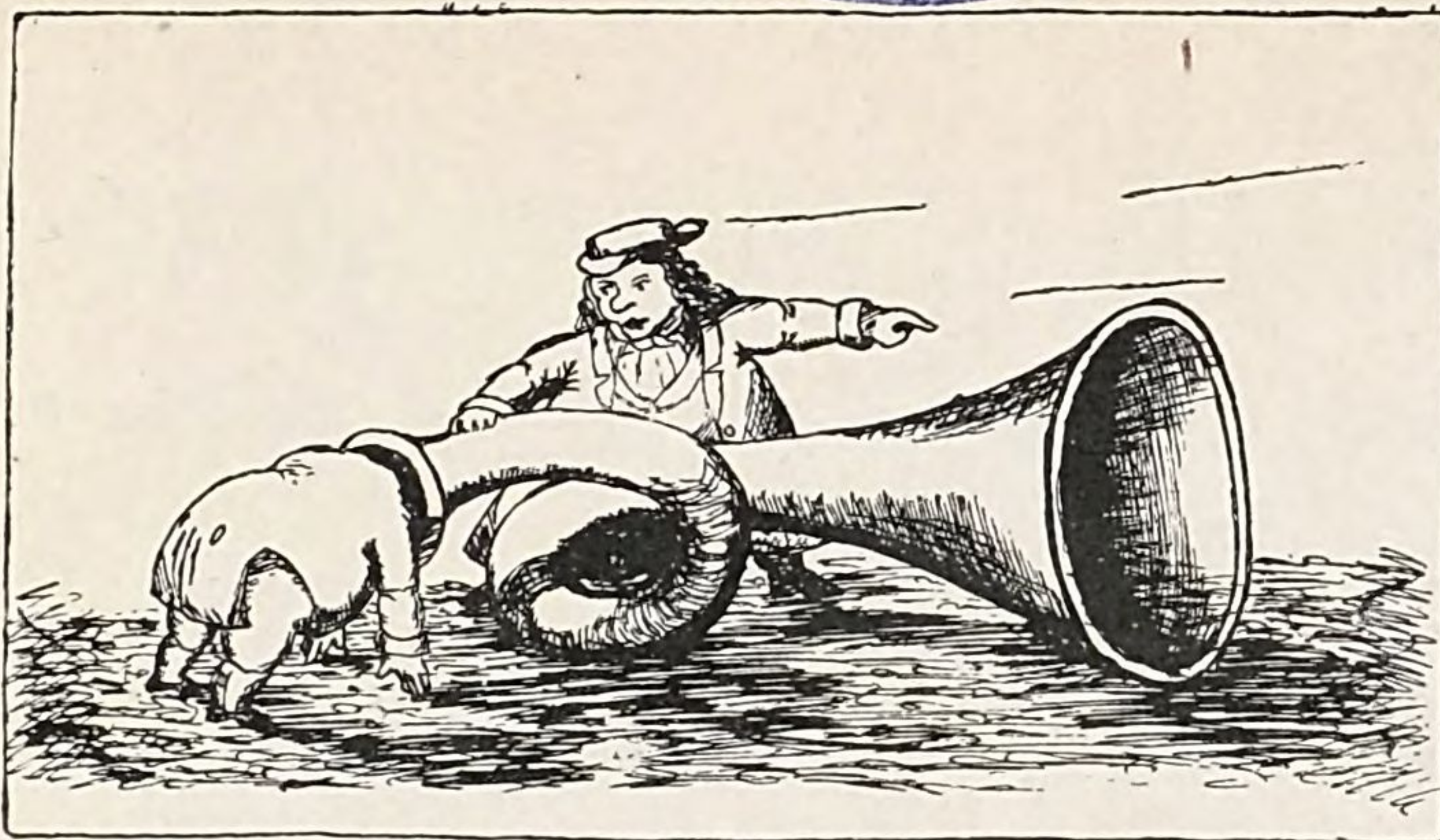
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[From a Drawing by
Lewis Carroll.]

"Be rather in the trumpet's mouth." F. Tennyson

She's All My Fancy Painted Him

BY LEWIS CARROLL*

SHE'S all my fancy painted him
(I make no idle boast);
If he or you had lost a limb,
Which would have suffered most?

He said that you had been to her,
And seen me here before;
But, in another character,
She was the same of yore.

There was not one that spoke to us,
Of all that thronged the street;
So he sadly got into a 'bus,
And pattered with his feet.

They sent him word I had not gone
(We know it to be true);
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?

They gave her one, they gave me two,
They gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.

It seemed to me that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle, that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me.

* THE LEWIS CARROLL PICTURE BOOK. By S. D. Collingwood.

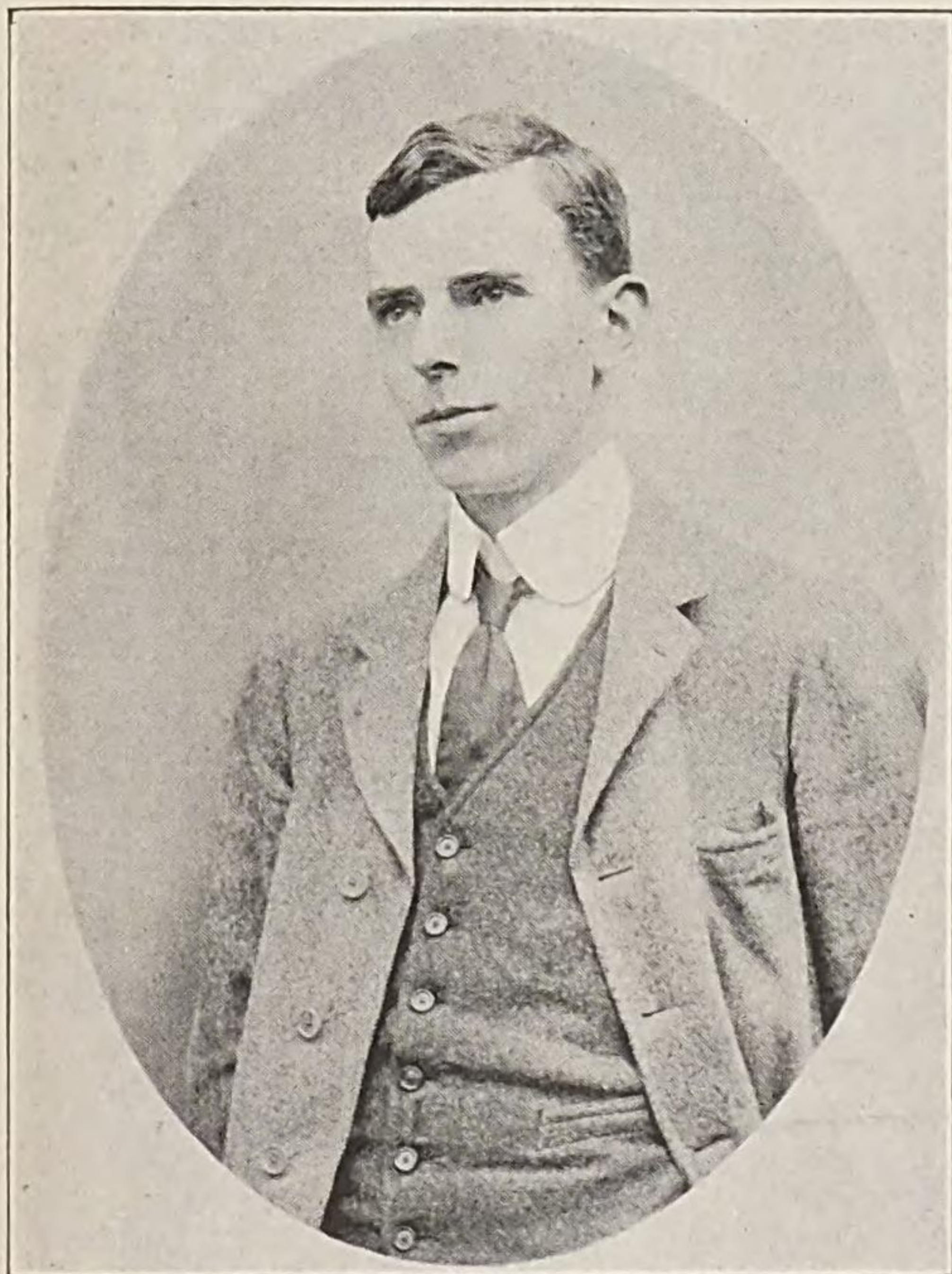


[From a Drawing by
Lewis Carroll.]

"He gave it to his father." Ossian

"Lewis Carroll," His Biographer and Alice

'T WAS in a famous hostelry that I put Mr. Stuart D. Collingwood to the torture of the interviewer. He has already made his mark in the literary page. His life of his uncle, the Rev. C. L. Dodgson, who is known in every nursery and in every house as "Lewis Carroll," is recognised as so few biographies are, as final. But, in pre-



MR. STUART DODGSON COLLINGWOOD.

serving the balance of his story in the book, he found himself embarrassed by his wealth of excellent material. Deliberately he set aside some of his best "copy" to form another volume made up mainly of Carrollesque miscellanies. So I sought him out to ask him about his "Lewis Carroll Picture Book" and about himself.

Mr. Collingwood is under thirty, is,

as was his uncle, a Christ Church man, has been a deep student of theology, spent seven years of his life as a school-master, years in which he perfected his literary style during his spare hours, and is now launched fully equipped on the literary career. A thoughtful face is his, relieved by eyes which ever and anon beam with humorous appreciation.

"You must not think," said he, "that I am presenting the dregs of my material, the 'leavings'; it is quite otherwise. What in my opinion are some of the best of Lewis Carroll's pieces were too long or would have been out of place in a biography."

"Of course you give us 'The Rectory Umbrella'?"

"Of course: there you find the genius of Lewis Carroll in the germ. I like also his University pieces. That on the Christ Church new belfry is prime fun. For mathematicians his learned jokes are also good. But just look at the proofs."

Mr. Collingwood produced his bundle, and began to run over the leaves. He came at length to a word-game invented by the Don. "It is called 'Syzygies'" he remarked quite casually.

"What?" I asked. "How d'you spell it?"

He repeated off as though he had learnt it by heart. "Syzygy—S-y-z-y-g-y."

"O!" was all I could say, and I took the earliest opportunity of bidding him goodbye. But the terrible word followed me out into Fleet Street. I was still trying to pronounce it when I reached the Nelson Monument. By the time I got to Regent Circus I could

almost spell it, but the effort so exhausted me that as soon as I got home I fell into a chair and a dreamy doze. I thought I was condemned to write a new page of Alice, and I did it with agony. When I awoke there lay a MS. beside me—even this:—

And Alice wandered on until she came to a familiar doorway, over which a familiar bird kept guard. As she

"I don't think I could do them," Alice answered, "but I could eat some if the cook would do them. I'm not *nearly* old enough to *do* sausages."

"He made you, you made him, and I gave his 'Life' to the world," murmured the Young Man.

"You're *not* my great-grandfather," said Alice very decidedly, as she felt so sure.



ALICE IN BUMBLELAND.

(Photographed from Sir John Tenniel's Cartoon in "Punch," March 8, 1899.)

looked up at him he flapped his wings and crowed "He's insi-i-ide!"

"Who's inside?" wondered Alice. "I'm not looking for anybody."

But she thought it better to see, and walked upstairs feeling very curious until she came suddenly upon the Young Man reading, with a puzzled face, a book which lay before him.

"Can you do 'Syzygies'?" he called to her in gentle tone.

"I'm his nephew," said the Young Man.

"I give it up," was all that Alice could think of to say.

"You can't," sharply retorted the Young Man.

"Why not?" asked Alice, feeling offended.

"Can you turn head into tail?" asked the Young Man.

Alice felt in her pocket and then

Unwin's CHAP BOOK

replied, "I think I can if you'll give me sixpence."

"You may change one letter at a time, but you must always have a word out of the dictionary," said the Young Man.

"Won't a word *in* the dictionary do?" Alice asked.

"Certainly not!" the Young Man answered severely. "What's the good of a word that is *in* the dictionary? You must take the horse *out of* the stable before you can ride him."

"Of course!" Alice replied, "I never thought of that."

"Now then turn 'Pig' into 'Sty,'" the Young Man said, giving Alice a piece of paper on which the word "Pig" was written.

"Wouldn't it be easier to strike out 'Pig' and write down 'Sty'?" Alice ventured to suggest rather timidly.

"Then you couldn't have a 'Syzygy,'" answered the Young Man.

"If you please, I don't think I very much want to have a Syzygy," Alice said.

The Young Man pointed to the paper, and Alice feeling nervous wrote under—

P I G
s i g

"'Sig' isn't out of the dictionary," said the Young Man.

"I don't think I have read the dictionary through—not *quite* through," Alice said meekly.

"It's quite easy," retorted the Young Man, "you'll find it all in my new book. Look here!"

P I G
w i g
w a g
w a y
s a y
S T Y

"Oh, that's a sausage?" said Alice rather stupidly.

"Now turn 'Head' into 'Tail,'" said the Young Man.

"Don't you think it's getting rather late?" said Alice.

"It's never too late to mend," the Young Man answered.

"I mean, don't you think it's too early? It isn't near Christmas yet. If you were to go away now, and come back again at the end of December, I think then I might like your sausages for our parties."

"I'm extremely obliged to you," said the Young Man most politely. And screaming "Syzygies" three times he disappeared through the looking-glass.

S. R. B.



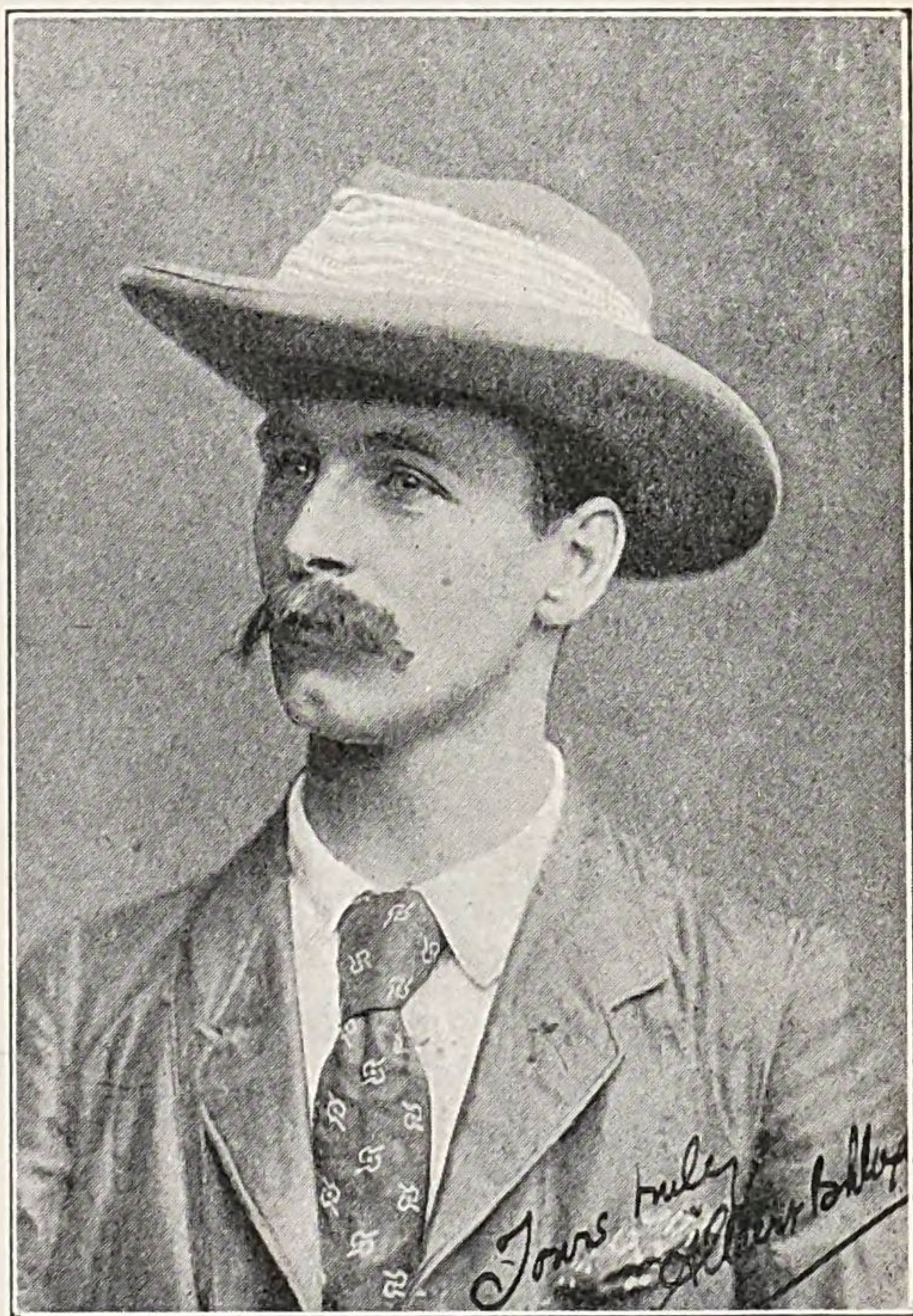
WORKING A SYZYG

The Adventure of the Man-Monkey

(FROM "IN DWARF LAND AND CANNIBAL COUNTRY")*

WE had now been in the forest for six long days, and had never once seen the slightest sign of Pygmies, and I half began to believe that, after all, the Pygmy stories were not true; but on this particular day I was converted to believe most thoroughly in Pygmies. I was still at the head of the caravan, rifle in hand, looking out for a shot at some wild pigs that had been seen a little while before. The forest was not so dense as it had been in the earlier part of the day, and we were making our way along a small antelope track which was in the direction we were going. My boy, who was just behind me, suddenly stopped and pointed out to me what he described as a "man-monkey." I looked up the high cotton-tree at which he was pointing, and there, near the top, I saw what I thought must be from the boy's description a gorilla. In the thick foliage it was impossible to get a clear view, and I could only see that it was some creature of large dimensions to be so near the top of a tree like that. I therefore raised my rifle to my shoulder, took steady aim, and prepared to fire. I had been unsuccessful in killing the wild pig, and I thought at any rate monkey would be better than nothing, and it would not have been the first time

that we had been reduced to that I had very nearly pulled the trigger, indeed my finger was actually upon it, when my boy, who was still care-



MR. A. B. LLOYD.

fully studying the creature up the tree, suddenly pulled my arm and said, "Don't fire—it's a man!" I almost dropped my gun, so great was my astonishment. Could it possibly be so? Yes, there he was; I could now clearly distinguish him. He had discovered us, had heard my boy speak to me, and while with breathless horror we stood there gazing, the little man ran along the branch on which he stood, and, jumping from tree to tree,

* IN DWARF LAND AND CANNIBAL COUNTRY. A Record of Travel and Discovery in Central Africa. By Albert B. Lloyd. With a preface by Sir John Kennaway, Bart. With three maps and over 150 illustrations. Large demy 8vo, 21s. net.

Unwin's CHAP BOOK

soon disappeared. It was a Pygmy, had he been shot the whole tribe would and how nearly had he paid the have been down upon us, and with penalty of climbing trees! What their deadly little weapons would soon



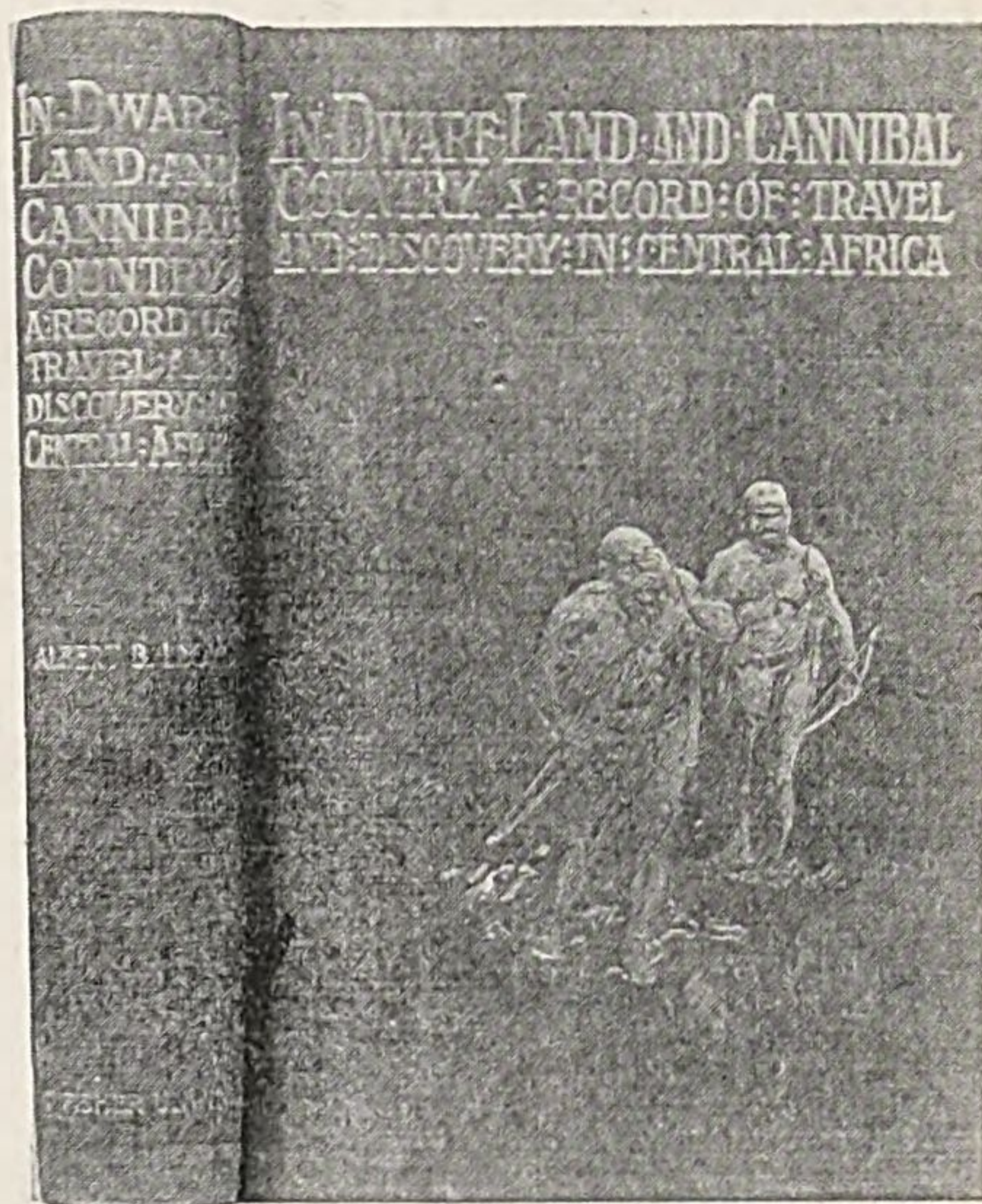
"THE CHARGE OF THE ELEPHANT."
An Adventure in the Great Pigmy Forest.)

the result would have been if I had have put an end to us. But now my killed him I cannot say, for, as I found boy was literally shaking with fear. out afterwards, he was not alone, and "We have seen a Pygmy, we have

seen a Pygmy; we shall now see sorrow." It was an old idea of the Watoro that the Pygmies were *Bach-wezi* (devils), and they always spoke of them with bated breath, and declared that no one ever saw one and lived to tell the story; that to see one was to die. I laughed at him and told him it was all right; God would protect us, and we should get through the forest in safety; had He not preserved us thus far from dangers on every hand? and we must trust Him to keep us all the way.

Five o'clock came and it was time to pitch camp. We found a nice spot which was tolerably clear from undergrowth, although it was quite thick overhead, and here we pitched the tent, and the porters built their little huts. I then sat down at my tent door and tried to read. Presently, upon looking up from my book, I became aware of a number of little faces peering at me through the thicket. Just in front of me was the trunk of a huge tree, and around one side of it there peeped a tiny figure. For a moment I was completely taken aback; it was like being in fairyland and having visits paid to one by the fairies themselves. My boys, who were sitting near at hand cooking some food for our evening meal, also caught sight of these strange little beings and came at once to my side. I told one of them to go and fetch the little people, that I might talk with them, but he was too much afraid, and refused to leave my side. Indeed I did not wonder at his fear, for I too began to have strange apprehensions as to the character of my visitors. I did not know whether they had not come to attack me, and how soon I might find myself pierced with a deadly arrow. At last I called out in the language of the people of Toro just the ordinary

salutation of the country, and to my great astonishment and pleasure one little man returned my greeting. I then said to him, "Come here and let us talk together." This I shouted out several times, and then, very slowly and very shyly he came creeping towards me, followed by the others. When he got into the open space before my tent he seemed very unhappy, and stared at me in blank amazement and hid his face behind

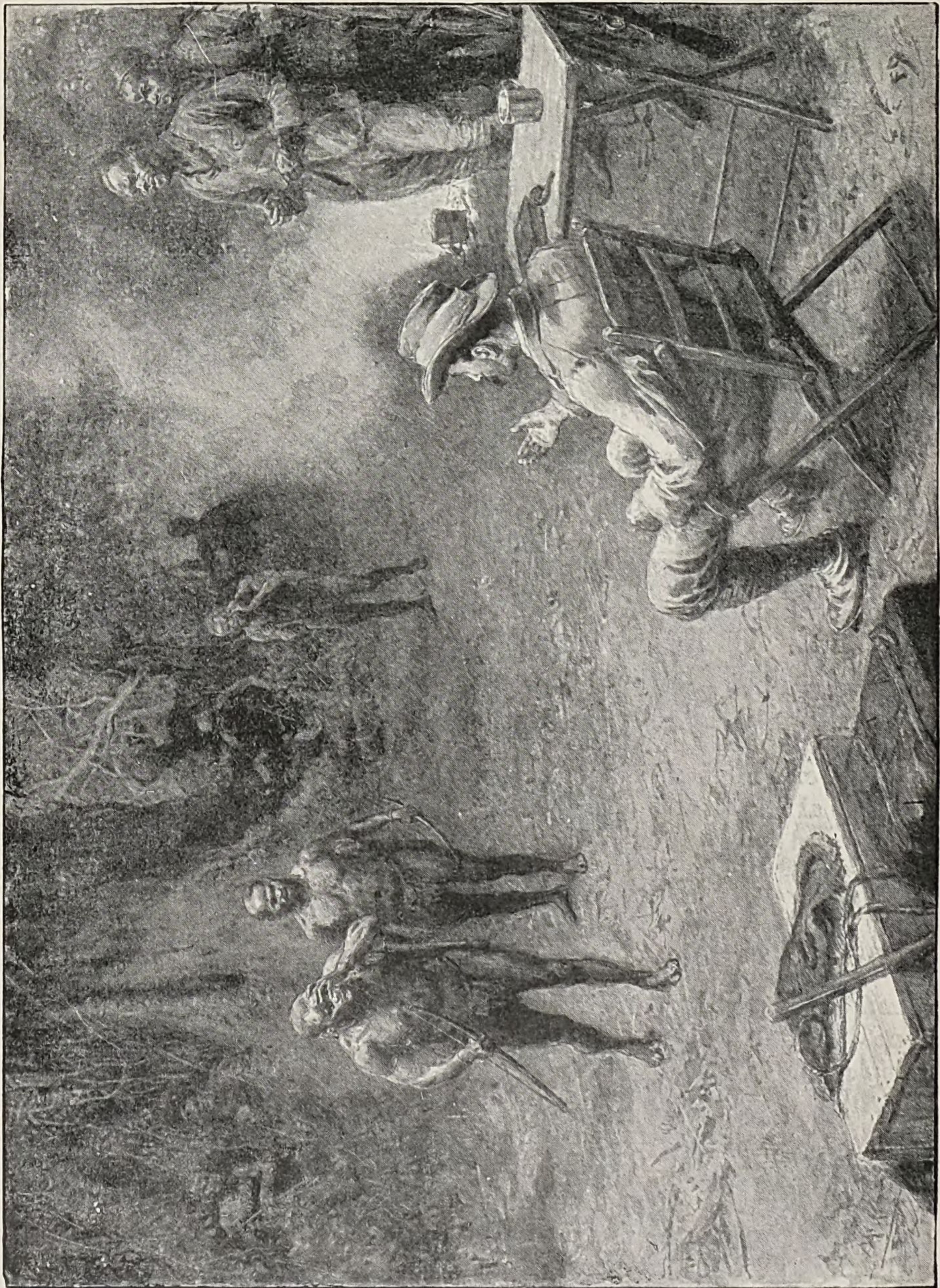


his hands. Some of his companions dodged* behind each other, while the majority remained partly hidden in the jungle.

I now had a complete view of my visitors, and what struck me first of all was naturally the shortness of their stature. But, although they were so very short (about 4 feet, by subsequent measurement), yet there was a powerfulness about their build that is not often seen in African races. Broad chested, with muscles finely developed, short, thick neck, and small bullet head; the lower limbs were massive and strong to a degree. The chest was covered with black, curly hair,

and most of the men wore thick, black beards. Each carried either bow and quiver of arrows, or short throwing-

away to the little man who knew the Toro language, and I was very much amazed at the smart way in which he



THE FIRST INTERVIEW WITH PYGMIES.

spears. Round their arms they wore iron rings, and some of them had these round their necks also. I chatted

answered my questions. His knowledge of the language was not perfect by any means, and he often used words

that were strange to me, and savoured of Pygmy Land, yet he spoke sufficiently well for me to be able to follow him.

None of his followers—for he was their chief—seemed to know the Toro language at all, and merely stood looking on, lost in wonder at the white man's appearance. He, the chief, had at some time or other come in contact with the people of Toro, possibly at Mboga, and had there learned their language. I asked him all sorts of questions relating to the forest and to themselves, most of which he answered with marvellous intelligence, speaking in a rapid, sing-song way. I asked him the extent of the forest, as occupied by the Pygmies, and he described the distance by telling me the number of days it would take to pass through: from east to west seven days, and from north to south about six days, and, roughly speaking, about one hundred and forty by one hundred and twenty miles broad, that is, counting twenty miles as an average day's march, which would be fairly good walking even for a native in the forest. I next asked him the number of his people, and he took a piece of stick and broke it up into little pieces, about forty in all, and said that each piece represented a chief, and he then went on to tell me the number of followers of each; some had two hundred, others only fifty, and a few as many as five hundred. It was very simple then to calculate that the total number would be somewhere about ten thousand.

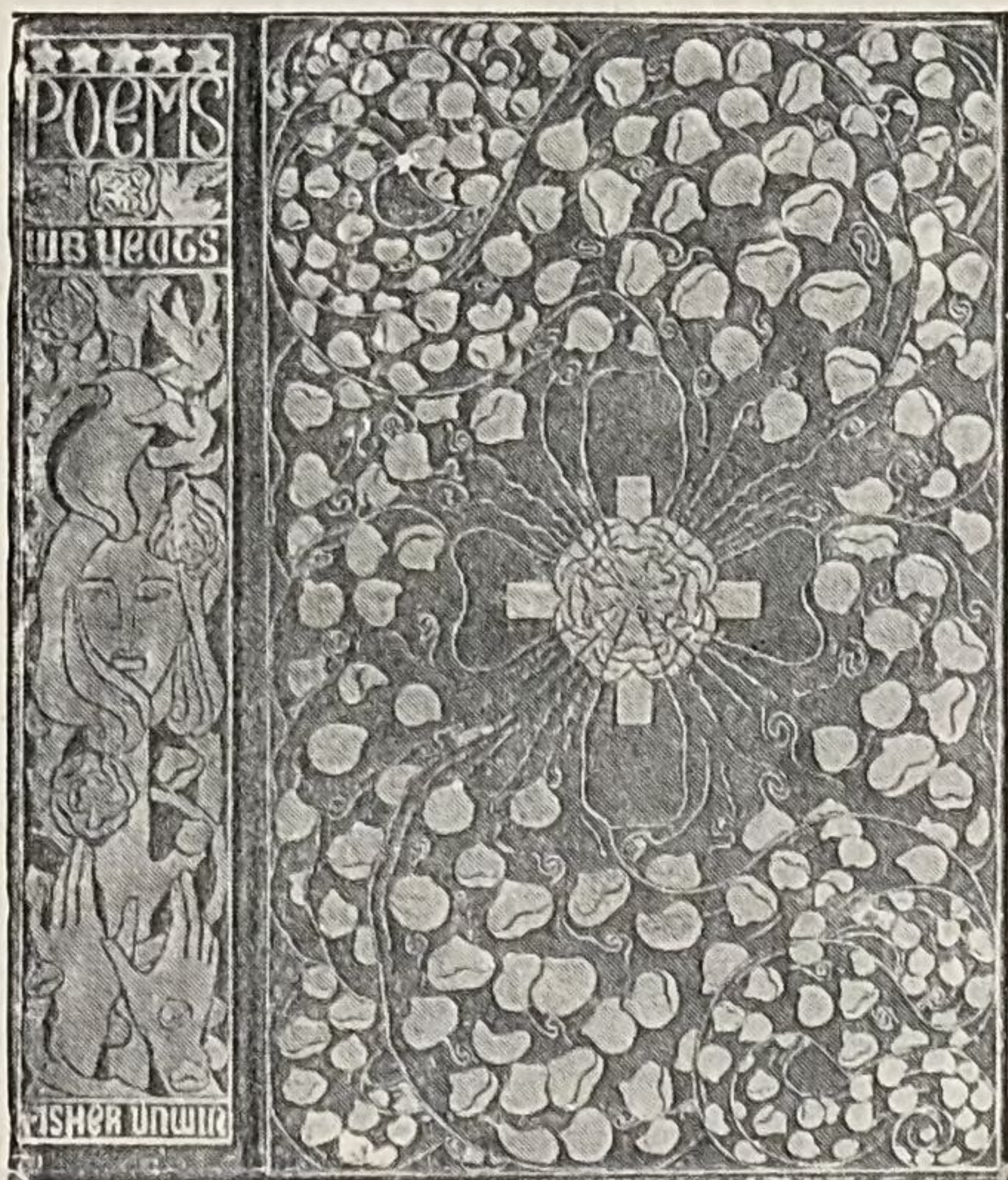
Then the Pygmy chief told me that he knew long ago of my coming, and I asked him, "How?" He said that several days ago he saw me. "Saw me?" I said, "When did you see me?" "I have seen you in the forest for six

days." "But I did not see you," I said; and then he laughed most heartily and said, "No, I could not see him, but he saw me." Upon further inquiry I found that a large party of these little creatures had been watching our every movement all through the forest, while we were in the most blissful ignorance of the fact. At every camp they had hovered about us, peering at us through the thicket as we passed. Why did they not attack us? is the question that kept coming into my mind. If they are the thievish, wicked little people that they have been represented, why did they not molest us? We were entirely in their power, and had been for the past six days. Perhaps it was our very helplessness that protected us; they saw that we were not as the other white men who had passed through their forest, armed with guns, and having a big following of soldiers. Or perhaps I had been overheard speaking in the language of Toro to my boys, and this had given them confidence. I firmly believe, however, that they are not untrustworthy folk, as is usually supposed, but like most Africans, when not interfered with, they are perfectly harmless. I cannot say which of these answers meets the case; I leave the reader to judge for himself. At any rate, upon this and subsequent occasions when I had intercourse with them in the great forest I was most kindly treated. The little chief brought me a forest antelope for food, also a large pot of honey, that I requested him to taste first. Before they retired for the night I asked them to come again in the morning to see me, and the chief said he would do so, and the next day I therefore had further conversation with these strange little folk.

Thus Spake the Reader

AN INTERVIEW

“AFTER ten years' reading are you able to observe any rising of the level of 'the common ruck'? That is to say, does the average educated person turn out a better article in fiction than he used to?”



“More clever people are writing to-day than ten years ago. The standard of intelligence of the ruck of writers seems to rise perceptibly, but the capability of doing fine and delicate artistic work is an innate possession, and it is rare to find a feeling for form among English people.”

“Who are the favourites?”

“The favourites are those writers who draw entrancingly idealistic pictures of that style of life which the Public desires to be living. Thus the 'novels of adventure' of Mr. Anthony Hope for townsmen, and the novels of emotional

life of Mr Hall Caine for a public severely restricted by the monotony of domesticity are favourite novels with the crowd.”

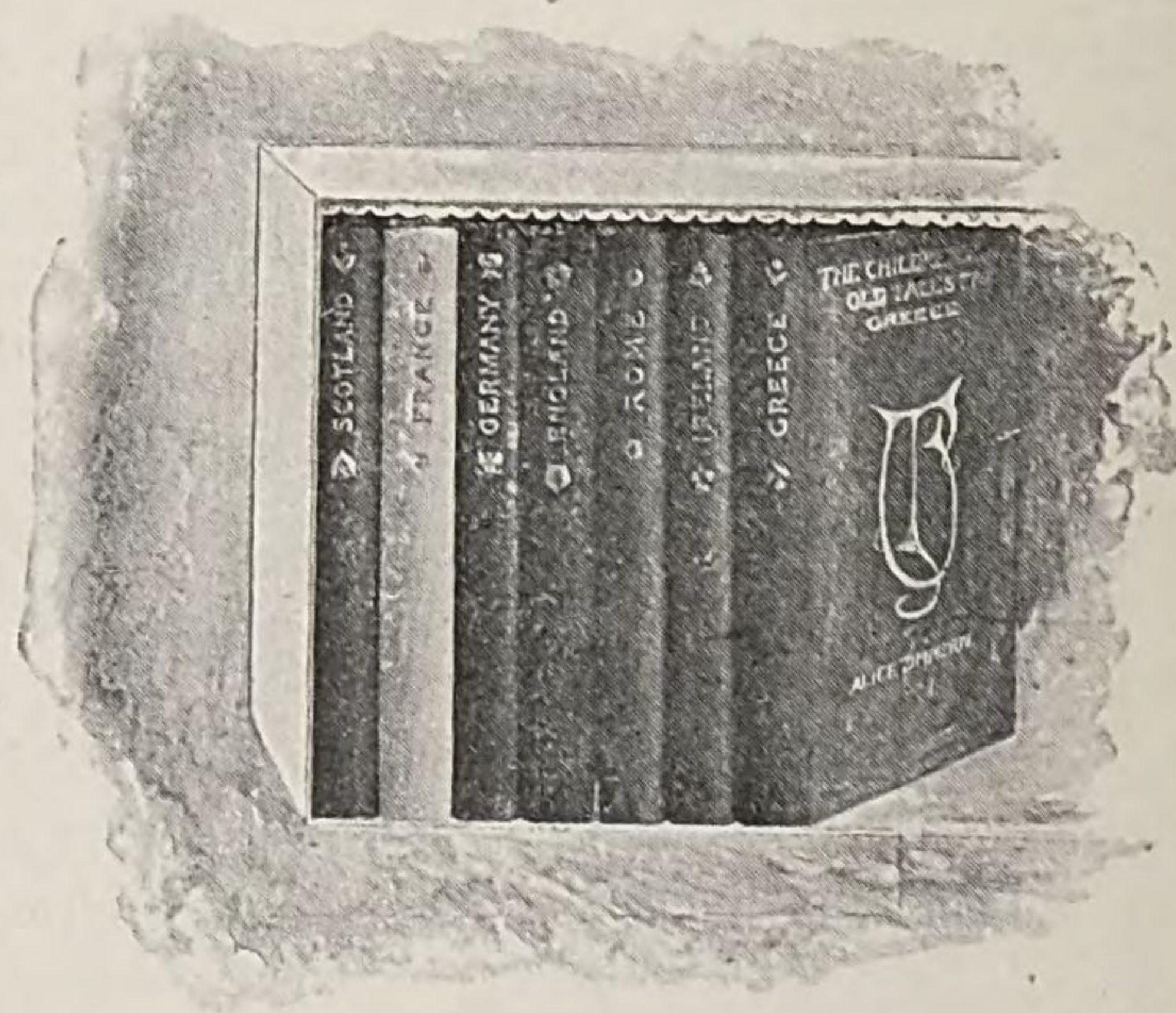
“Why don't short stories sell?”

“Because each story requires an independent effort of the reader to assimilate a new plot, new characters, or fresh local colour.”

“What is your general experience of topical novels?”

“‘Topical’ novels are sudden growths, written in general without wit, grace, or style. They are secondhand transcripts of a life recorded clumsily without the insight of the artist.”

“What do you think sells, and why?”



THE CHILDREN'S STUDY.

“Delicate work sells worst, because very few people understand delicate work. In general the great public will buy anything that is not too individual in its sensationalism, crudeness, or vulgarity. For clever work, not uncon-

ventional in the ideas it brings, there is a fair market."

"What should be the reader's ambition?"

"The reader's aim should be to let nothing that he holds is good go unpublished. The expenses of delicate and original work, especially of the work of beginners, should be paid out of the sales of the popular and successful works."

"What is the great difference between the novel as practised by artists and that of the favourites?"

"The favourites try to satisfy the public. The artist strives to satisfy his ideal."

"What would you call the prevailing fault of English fiction as

represented by the MSS. that come before you?"

"Formlessness, a tendency to moralise, a tendency to shirk anything that is deeply disquieting."

"Have you found handwriting a guide to any extent? I believe you have a theory about handwriting; the handwriting that tries to be clever, for instance, the handwriting that fails to produce an effect on the eye when you see a page of it?"

"The nervous temperament of the artist is betrayed, to a certain extent, by the character of his handwriting. There are certain common forms of commonplace or mediocre handwriting, which are never seen to express delicate or original work."



THE STORY OF THE NATIONS.



EMBLEM OF THE READER.



EMBLEM OF THE PUBLIC.

Dragons in the Alps*

BY FRANCIS GRIBBLE

SCHEUCHZER was led to investigate this curious subject by the discovery that there were graven images of dragons on public buildings, and a so-called "dragon-stone" in a private museum at Lucerne. A dragon-stone, he explains, is a jewel which is cut out of a dragon's head while the dragon is asleep. Should the dragon awake under the operation it will die, and the jewel will disappear. So it is necessary to keep the dragon drowsy by scattering about plenty of soporific herbs, or, as some recommend, by means of incantations. Doing this, you may get your dragon-stone, and

having got it, you will find it a sovereign remedy against plague, dysentery, diarrhoea, poison, hemorrhage, and bleeding of the nose. All this Scheuchzer narrates with the air of one who is

keeping well within the domain of the established fact. The only open question for him is: Is the Lucerne stone really a dragon-stone or not? He concludes, for two reasons, that it is.

In the first place, he urges, if the peasant from whom the museum acquired it had been a liar, he would

have told a much more startling story—would have said, for instance, that it came from the Indies instead of giving it any such obvious and ordinary origin as the head of a Swiss dragon. In the second place, the healing efficacy of this particular stone is attested by sworn evidence; and though some

other kinds of stone might have cured hemorrhage, only a dragon-stone could have cured dysentery or plague. Then there is the fact that the Alps in general, and the Rhoetian Alps in particular, are full of the very sort of caves which dragons might reasonably be expected to frequent. So that the



JOHN TINNER'S DRAGON.

*From THE EARLY MOUNTAINEERS. By Francis Gribble. Demy 8vo, cloth, illustrated, 21s.

à priori probability of the existence of dragons in the Alps is established, and it only remains to marshal the *à posteriori* proofs of their presence there.

These proofs take the convenient form of the depositions on oath of various witnesses who have encountered dragons. In style and substance—and even, it may be added, in conclusiveness—they bear a striking resemblance to those circumstantial narratives by means of which the existence of ghosts has been demonstrated by the Society for Psychical Research. They prove that, though all dragons have certain unmistakable points of resemblance—they all, for example, when they breathe, inhale not only air, but also any birds that happen to be flying about in their neighbourhood—the minor variations which they exhibit are numerous. There are dragons with and without wings, with and without legs, with and without crests; dragons with cats' faces, with human faces, and with nondescript faces; dragons that breathe fire, and dragons that do not breathe fire; and so forth, each kind of dragon being vouched for by a special deposition. Here, for instance, is the deposition about a dragon seen in the neighbourhood of Zurich:—

“On Mount Frumsanus, in the Barony of Altensaxus, two varieties of dragons or large serpents are met with—the one with feet, and the other without feet. They are thus described by Wagner, in his *Natural History of Helvetia*, pp. 247 and 251:—

“‘John Tinner, of the Commune of Frumsen, in the Barony of Altensaxus, an honourable man, whose word can be trusted, and who, at the present time, is still living, solemnly deposed to me that, twelve years since, at the end of the month of April, he repaired to the neighbouring mountain, the Frumsenberg, and that there, in the place commonly known as the Hanwelen, encountered a terrible serpent, black and grey in colour, which first coiled itself up and then raised itself upright. Its length, he said, was at least seven feet; its girth was about that of an apple tree; it had a head like the head of a cat, but no feet whatsoever. He said that he struck and slew it with the assistance of his brother Thomas. He added that, before this serpent was killed, the inhabitants of the vicinity complained that the milk was drawn from the udders of their cows, and that they could never discover the author of the mischief, but that, after the serpent was killed, the mischief ceased.’”



The Johnson Club

LORD MACAULAY summed up the historical position of Dr. Johnson in one epigram, unusually brilliant and still more unusually true. He said that it was the destiny of Johnson "to be regarded in his own time as a classic and in ours as a companion."

There are many perhaps who are unaware that while the divine honours that his own time paid to Johnson have long passed away: while his literary judgments are superseded and his political predictions falsified, the intense and vivid impression of his powerful and inspiring personality is still so much

a power with the true citizens of London, that a Club is in existence of which he is, as it were, the ghostly president; which has met at the "Cock" and the "Cheshire Cheese"

for the last fifteen years, not as men meet to speak of a historical character like Chatham or Napoleon, but as men meet to keep up the memory of one who was even recently among them, and whose sentiments and comments

on most passing events can be easily conceived and supplied.

To this society of the personal friends of one who has been in his grave for more than a hundred years, public attention might well have been drawn, for it numbers many of the most distinguished of modern Englishmen among those who resort to it.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, whom law, literature, and politics have alike found both dazzling and enlightening; Mr. F. C. Gould, the most active and popular of political caricaturists; Dr. Birkbeck Hill, one



HIEROGLYPHICS OF THE JOHNSON CLUB.



of the great literary scholars who have devoted themselves to the study of Johnson—are among the first that occur to the mind.

The Club “originated,” so to speak, a few days before the Johnson centenary, in a city restaurant, where three young men—now not so young but more “eminent”—were regretting the likelihood of the occasion passing unnoticed. One of them was deputed by the others to convene a sort of memorial supper party, which accordingly met on the great day, viz., December 13, 1884. The supper was a success, and those present felt that it would be plea-

sant to meet again under the same inspiration. So “the great lexicographer” became the spiritual president of a quarterly gathering.

The first “Prior” was Mr. Fisher Unwin, who, by publishing Lord Macaulay’s “Table Talk of Dr. Johnson,” set a fashion for Johnsoniana. He was, it may be said, one of the three who suggested the centenary supper. How it came about that such terms as Prior (for the chairman) and Scribe (for the secretary) and Brothers (for the members) came to be applied to the clubbists must be left to My Lady Nicotine to determine. The little formalities of the Club were of a natural growth.

The second Prior was the late Mr. F. W. Chesson, and since then the Club has numbered eleven others, most of



Drawn by]

ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL.

[J. S. Hodson.

them distinguished in some branch of letters. . . .

With this information in his possession, the reader can spend an agreeable half hour endeavouring to see daylight through the attractive "Hieroglyph of the Johnson Club," by Mr. F. C. Gould, the Artist of the society, which we reproduce upon the opposite page. A hieroglyph is nothing if not obscure, and there are symbols in this mystic design to interpret which it is necessary to follow the most involved allusions and to give a fellow creature credit for the most appalling puns. We will not venture to give any assistance, not knowing what nameless tortures the society may be accustomed to inflict on him *qui Cereris sacrum vulgarit arcanæ*. Suffice it to say that the three figures in the lower tablet depict

the first three Priors of the Johnson Club. The significance of the singular bowl, surmounted by what appears to be a spoon, and accompanied with lemons, is, we need hardly say, absolutely impenetrable.

The essays contained in this volume consist of papers read at the various meeting-places of the Society, at the "Cock," at the "Cheshire Cheese," at Lichfield, at Cambridge, at Pembroke College, Oxford. They number among them "The Transmission of Dr. Johnson's Personality," by Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P.; "Boswell's Proof-Sheets," by G. Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L.; "Some Johnson Characteristics," by H. W. Massingham, editor of the *Daily Chronicle*; "Dr. Johnson as a Traveller," by George Whale; and some verses by Mr. George Radford.

Presentiment

BY JUSTE OLIVIER

TRANSLATED BY W. H. CHESSEON

LET be and prate no longer that my voice is
living,

A sound without an echo that in the night
will die,

A sigh from which the heart draws food for fear
and grieving;

For no one knows whence cometh the lyre
that breathes the sigh.

My name's a torch extinguished by the great
lights near;

The giants run alone, the dwarf lags in the
rear,

My country plunges down the dust and shadows
drear

And nothing, nothing follows us, I cry.

Howbeit, O my country! land with mountains
strown

And blue lakes sleeping in their gravel beds
below,

No fay aforetime wandering in thy fields alone,

No soul that shares unseen the hearth's
benignant glow,

Not one of those whose hearts heard *thy* voice
o'er the crowd

Not one of those whose eyes pierced through
thy veil of cloud,

Hath loved thee more than I, wild land to
freedom vowed,

But where the planted laurel will not grow.

I've seen some branches of the tree of glory
bud

With vigour, putting forth more than one
daring stem,

Bending them lightly o'er the unrememb'ring
flood

Of that Vaudois Léman which kisses Mon-
treux's hem.

But a breath unknown awoke the tempests
from their nests—

Arvel and Jaman shook the lightning from their
crests,

The laurels drooped their heads to their unkind
behests,

And lovely Léman wept awhile for them.

The Transmission of Dr. Johnson's Personality*

BY AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, Q.C., M.P.

DR. JOHNSON'S case is in the main that of a personality transmitted to us by means of a great biography. He comes down to us through Boswell. To praise Boswell is superfluous. His method was natural and therefore, I need not add, intensely original. He had always floating through his fuddled brain a great ideal of portraiture. Johnson himself, though he does not seem to have had any confidence in his disciple, preferring to appoint the unclubable Hawkins his literary executor, nevertheless furnished Boswell with hints and valuable directions; but the credit is

all Boswell's, whose one aim was to make his man live. To do this he was prepared, like a true artist, to

sacrifice everything. The proprieties did not exist for him. Then, what a free hand he had. Johnson left neither wife nor child. I don't suppose Black Frank, Johnson's servant and residuary

legatee, ever read a line of the "Biography." There was no daughter married to a country squire to put herpen through the fact that Johnson's father kept a book stall. There was no grandson in the Church to water down the witticisms that have reverberated through the world. He was tendered plenty of bad advice. He coarsely rejected it. Miss Hannah More besought his

tenderness "for our virtuous and most revered departed friend, I beg you will mitigate some of his asperities." To which Boswell replied that he would not cut off his claws nor make a tiger a cat to please anybody.



JAMES BOSWELL.
(After Sir Thomas Lawrence.)

* FROM JOHNSON CLUB PAPERS. By Various Hands. With frontispiece and several illustrations. Cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

'The excellent Bishop Percy humbly requested Boswell that his (the Bishop's) name might be suppressed in the pages of the forthcoming "Biography." To him Boswell—"As to suppressing your lordship's name, I will do anything to oblige your lordship but that very thing. I owe to the authenticity of my work to introduce as many names of eminent persons as I can. Believe me, my lord, you are not the only Bishop in the number of great men with which my pages are graced. *I am resolute as to this matter.*"

This sets me thinking of the many delightful pages of the great "Biography" in which the name of Percy occurs, in circumstances to which one can understand the Bishop objecting. So absurd a creature is man, particularly what Carlyle used to call shovel-hatted man.

How easily might the greatest of our biographies have been whittled away to nothing—to the dull ineptitudes with which we are all familiar, but for the glorious intrepidity of Boswell, who, if he did not practise the whole duty of man, at least performed the whole duty of a biographer.

As a means of transmitting personality memoirs rank high. Here we have Miss Burney's "Memoirs" to help us, and richly do they repay study; and Mrs. Thrale's marvellous collection of anecdotes, sparkling with womanly malice. Less deserving of notice are the volumes of Miss Anna Seward's correspondence, edited by Sir Walter Scott, who did not choose for their motto, as he fairly might have done, Sir Toby Belch's famous observation to that superlative fool Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "Let there be gall enough in thy ink though thou write with a goosepen—no matter."

But whether we read the "Bio-

graphy" or the "Memoirs," it cannot escape our notice that Johnson's personality has been transmitted to us chiefly by a record of his *talk*.

It is a perilous foundation on which to build a reputation, for it rests upon the frail testimony of human memory and human accuracy. How comes it that we are all well persuaded that Boswell and the rest of the recorders did not invent Johnson's talk, but that it has come down to us bearing his veritable image and superscription? It is sometimes lightly said that had we records of other men's talk it would be as good as Johnson's. It is Boswells who are the real want. This I deny.

To be a great table-talker—and be it borne in mind a good deal of what is sometimes called table-talk is not table-talk at all, but extracts from commonplace books and carefully doctored notes—you must have *first* a *marked* and *constant* character, and, *second*, the gift of characteristic expression, so as to stamp all your utterances, however varied, however flatly contradictory one with another, with certain recognisable and ever-present marks or notes. The great Duke of Wellington possessed these qualifications, and consequently, though his conversation, as recorded by Lord Stanhope and others, is painfully restricted in its range of subject, and his character is lacking in charm, it is always interesting and sometimes remarkable. All the stories about Wellington are characteristic, and so are all the stories about Johnson. They all fit in with our conception of the character of the man about whom they are told, and thus strengthen and confirm that unity of impression which is essential if personality is to be transmitted down the ages.

The last story of Johnson I stumbled across is in a little book called "A

Book for a Rainy Day," written by an old gentleman called Smith, the author of a well-known life of Nollekens, the sculptor, a biography written with a vein of causticity some have attributed to the fact that the biographer was not also a legatee. Boswell, thank Heaven, was above such considerations. He was not so much as mentioned in his great friend's will. The hated Hawkins was preferred to him; Hawkins, who wrote the authorised "Life of Johnson," in which Boswell's name is only mentioned once, in a foot-note. But to return to Mr. Smith. In this book of his he records: "I once saw Johnson follow a sturdy thief who had

stolen his handkerchief in Grosvenor Square, seize him by the collar with both hands, and shake him violently, after which he quickly let him loose, and then with his open hand gave him so powerful a smack on the face as to send him off the pavement staggering."

Now, in this anecdote of undoubted authenticity Johnson said nothing whatever, he fired off no epigram, thundered no abuse, and yet the story is as characteristic as his famous encounter with the Thames bargee.

You must have the character first and the talk comes afterwards. It is the old story; anybody can write like Shakespeare, if he has the mind.

Dear Sir
 When Mr Johnson and I arrived
 at Inveraray after our expedition
 to the Hebrides, and there
 for the first time after many
 days renewed our enjoyment
 of the luxuries of civilized
 life, one of the most elegant
 that I could wish to find,
 was lying for me - a letter
 from Mr. Garrick
 I hope Mr Johnson has given you an
 entertaining account of his Northern
 Tour. He is certainly to favour the
 world with some of his remarks.

Edinburgh
 11 April 1774.

James Boswell

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF BOSWELL.

A Family of Soldiers*

AT a moment when battle and heroic deeds engross public interest and create enthusiasm, a memorial of a family of three brothers, all of whom

had seen service, arrests attention, and I made no apology for introducing myself to Miss Shervinton, in her home at Earl's Court, to ask her about the family she, the surviving sister, has so lovingly commemorated. Fortunately for my purpose she called her father, Colonel Shervinton, to tell me of himself and his sons. He is in ap-

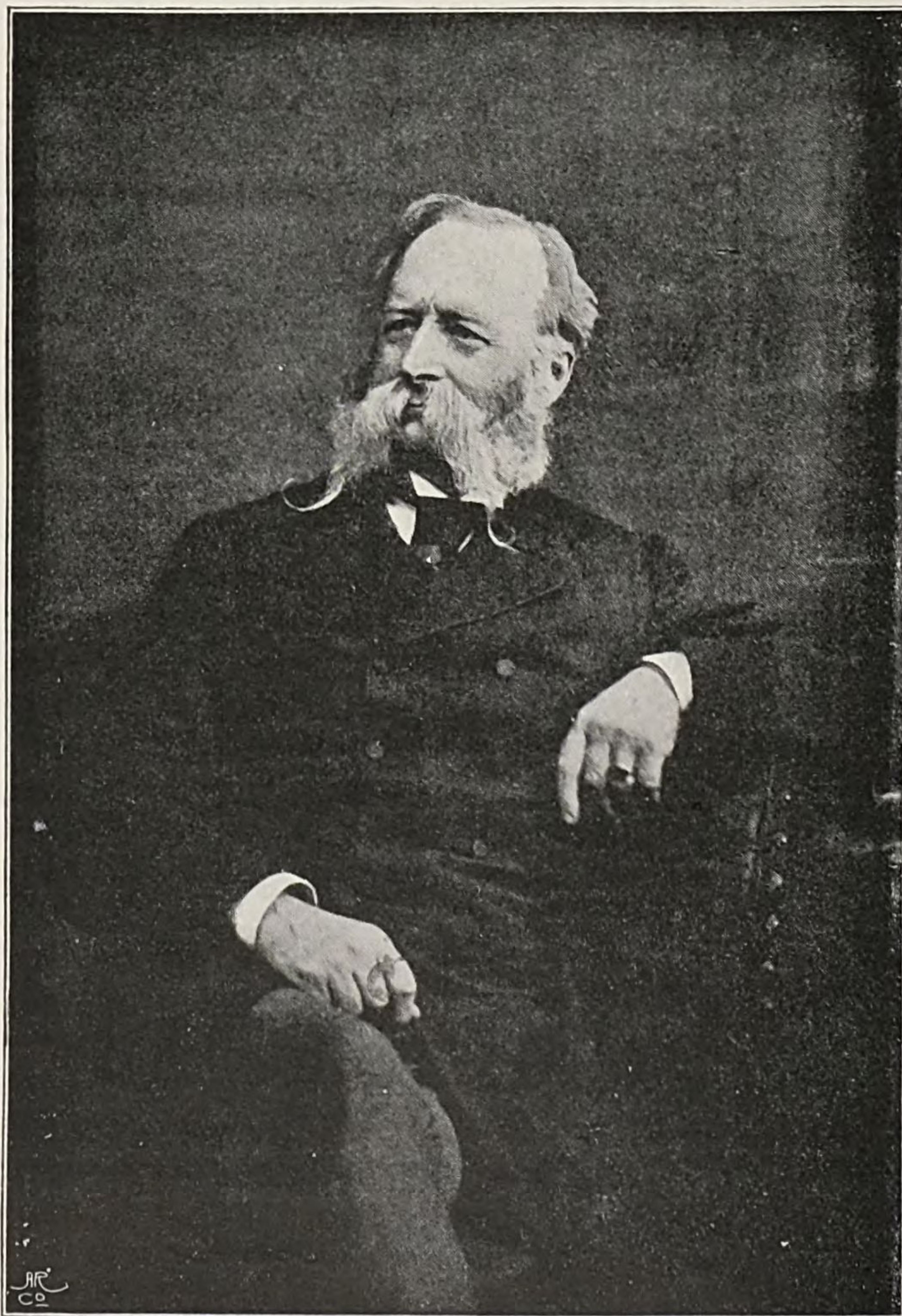
pearance every inch a soldier, and has more inches than the average.

Though well into the seventies he is still as straight as a well-formed youth; and one can easily understand how his hearty Irish manner makes him popular at the

United Service Club, where his figure is so familiar.

"I am a soldier, the descendant of soldiers," he says, with a proud gleam in his eyes. "My father, Captain Shervinton, was in the Peninsula with the 11th Regiment. He died during a voyage to Mauritius on board a troopship proceeding thither ill-found in medicines

(such things were possible in the old days). My grandfather was captain in the 41st (Welsh) Regiment; and here am I outliving my soldier-sons."



COLONEL SHERVINTON.

* See THE SHERVINTONS—SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE. Fully Illustrated. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

"You have seen service, Colonel Shervinton?"

"Yes, I was in the Crimea from the first day to the last—with the 46th (South Devons) at the storming of the heights of Alma, at Balaclava, took part at Inkerman, saw the capture of the Redan, rejoiced on the spot in the fall of Sebastopol. I had of course some escapes, too, being sent upon at least one dangerous mission, *e.g.* one in charge of a party conveying wounded men to the coast and H.M.S. *Vesuvius*.

By a lucky shot I inquired, "Did you know Gordon?"

"I did, and I'll tell you how I first met him. I was sent with a party to dig a trench in the Crimea to connect the British left with the French right. When I reached the spot, I was saluted by a lieutenant of engineers who welcomed me cordially, and informed me that everything was marked out for the night's work, and that I had only to break ground. I was looking about me exploring the position, when I saw a suspicious light on my right. I looked round and there was another light on the left. The two lights seemed to mark out the line of the proposed trench.

"'What's that?' I asked of the lieutenant of engineers.

"'I'm afraid it's the enemy,' said he.

"'Hadn't we better go and see what it is?' said I.

"'If you do you'll never come back,' said he, and he implored me not to be rash. Anyhow I didn't go to satisfy my curiosity. It got satisfied very soon, though. We began to dig, and

the enemy began to fire at us. In a very little time we had to use all our stretchers to carry off the wounded, and I soon found that the lights had been set up by the Russians to enable them to sweep the trench in the dark. So that I had to abandon an impossible task. And right glad I was I took the advice of the lieutenant of the engineers, for had I taken my party to either of the lights, not a man of us would have returned.

"I needn't say that the engineer who dissuaded me was Gordon, afterwards Chinese Gordon, the Gordon of Khartoum."

"You have sacrificed much in your family through the inherited military spirit?"

And then the Colonel and the sister, who has told the story in her book, gave brief *résumés* of the careers of the three boys—of Charles St. Leger, the eldest, with his fluent French and German, who met his death so untimely; of William, "six feet three and a half," said his father with brightened eyes and heightened colour, who came home to die after receiving five wounds in wild Central American battle; and of Thomas, who was so brave of spirit. To tell the story would be to spoil the interest of the book. Suffice it to say that the record of great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and three sons, if not unparalleled (for we know it is not: the history of the British Army affords more astonishing reports), is, in the slang phrase of the day, hard to beat.

S. R. B.

A New Book on Children^{*}

IT is in most persons' experience that one of the most entertaining of the traits of childhood is the faculty of seeing a rich vein of poesy in many trades and callings, such as that of the policeman, and the railway guard, poesy which the actual members of those professions either fail to grasp or somewhat successfully conceal.

The latest addition to the literature of childhood concerns itself primarily with this fascinating and humorous side of early life, the child's imaginative outlook upon all the forms of human labour.

E. Nesbit, whose name will be remembered in connection with many poems, as well as with the fairy tales of "The Seven Dragons," has conceived, as the framework of her story, the situation of a family of spirited, but very childlike children, who set before themselves the ideal of relieving the impecuniosity of their father, or to use that finer language which is more natural to them, "To raise the fallen fortunes of the House of Bastable." With this end in view, they pass in review the various occupations by which money can be made and experiment in a large number of them. Despite the shadowy scruples of the eldest girl, the profes-

sions are not all up to the same moral level; "Robbers" and even "Editors" are among them, but they are all alike in the intensity of the joy with which the children throw themselves into the work. Very vivid, also, are the melancholy portraits of Albert - next-door, the commonplace and milksop boy, who is not even com-



E. NESBIT AND HER DOG.

forted for the lack of tea by a prison with real straw in it.

"The Treasure-Seekers" contains nothing that the author has not felt or seen, though she has not slavishly followed the form of her experience. E. Nesbit retains a very vivid recollection of her childhood; and she is a popular story-teller to her own family circle and to other people's children.

^{*} THE TREASURE SEEKERS. By E. Nesbit. In decorated cover. Cloth, 6s.

But her first love was poetry, and though she has been on with the new love, she has never been off with the old. Her first published writing was a pretty and careful little poem entitled "Dawn," which appeared in the *Sunday Magazine*, twenty-three years ago, when she was young enough to climb a tree without its being considered unladylike. We hear of her next in the *Argosy* and *Longman's*, and now, of course, her pen finds innumer-

and ranges from songs of babies and flowers to the most stirring patriotic outbursts. E. Nesbit was born in London, but she says that she cannot write there. It is well that cities do not withhold their inspirations from others or we should miss many a masterpiece from our shelves. But E. Nesbit is fortunate enough to occupy a beautiful old country house—Well Hall is its name. It has historical associations, for on its site



WELL HALL, PART OF MARGARET ROPER'S HOUSE.

was the residence of Margaret Roper, Sir Thomas More's daughter. The extensive garden contains two cedars three or four hundred years old. The original moat may still be seen there. The building as it now stands was the work of Arnold, watchmaker to George III. It will be remembered that he made a watch for that monarch so tiny that it could be worn as a ring on the finger. E. Nesbit dislikes interviewers. It appears that even men venture nowadays to describe

able outlets. Among her more curious triumphs may be mentioned the winning of a prize in the *Chicago Record*, a success which led to many pleasant letters of appreciation from the United States. A novel entitled "The Secret of Kyriels," published this year, three volumes of short stories and a novel entitled "The Prophet's Mantle," written in collaboration with her husband, further attest her prowess in the field of fiction. Her muse fills five volumes,

costume, with results, it may be added, as deplorable as inaccurate. E. Nesbit's sensitive and mobile features do not "take" well—photographically speaking. Our portrait is from an amateur photograph taken when the subject was unaware. She was engaged in trying to make the recalcitrant dog "beg" on the shingles. He did not want to: hence the poetess's cruel but engaging smile. E. Nesbit is, be it added, an amateur photographer of no mean skill.

Noël's Princess^{*}

BY E. NESBIT

SHE happened quite accidentally. We were not looking for a Princess at all just then; but Noël had said he was going to find a Princess all by himself, and marry her—and he really did; which was rather odd, because when people say things are going to befall, very often they don't. It was different, of course, with the prophets of old.

We did not get any treasure by it, except twelve chocolate drops; but we might have done, and it was an adventure, anyhow.

Greenwich Park is a jolly good place to play in, especially the parts that aren't near Greenwich. The parts near the Heath are first-rate. I often wish the Park was nearer our house; but I suppose a Park is a difficult thing to move.

Sometimes we get Eliza to put lunch in a basket, and we go up to the Park. She likes that—it saves cooking dinner for us; and sometimes she says of her own accord, "I've made some pasties for you, and you might as well go into the Park as not. It's a lovely day."

She always tells us to rinse out the cup at the drinking-fountain, and the girls do; but I always put my head under the tap and drink. Then you are an intrepid hunter at a mountain stream—and besides, you're sure it's clean. Dicky does the same, and so does H. O. But Noël always drinks out of the cup. He says it is a golden goblet, wrought by enchanted gnomes.

The day the Princess happened was a fine, hot day, last October, and we were quite tired with the walk up to the Park.

We always go in by the little gate at the top of Croom's Hill. It is the postern gate that things always happen at in stories. It was dusty walking, but when we got in the Park it was ripping, so we rested a bit, and lay on our backs, and looked up at the trees, and wished we could play monkeys. I have done it before now, but the Park-keeper makes a row if he catches you.

When we'd rested a little, Alice said—

"It was a long way to the enchanted wood, but it is very nice now we are there. I wonder what we shall find in it?"

"We shall find deer," said Dicky, "if we go to look; but they go on the other side of the Park because of the people with buns."

Saying buns made us think of lunch, so we had it; and when we had done we scratched a hole under a tree and buried the papers, because we know it spoils pretty places to leave beastly, greasy papers lying about. I remember Mother teaching me and Dora that, when we were quite little. I wish everybody's parents would teach them this useful lesson, and the same about orange-peel.

When we'd eaten everything there was, Alice whispered—

"I see the white witch bear yonder among the trees! Let's track it and slay it in its lair."

* FROM THE TREASURE SEEKERS.

"I am the bear," said Noël; so he crept away, and we followed him among the trees. Often the witch bear was out of sight, and then you didn't know where it would jump out from; but sometimes we saw it, and just followed.

"When we catch it there'll be a great fight," said Oswald; "and I shall be Count Folko of Mont Faucon."

"I'll be Gabrielle," said Dora. She is the only one of us who likes doing girl's parts.

"I'll be Sintram," said Alice; "and H. O. can be the Little Master."

"What about Dicky?"

"Oh, I can be the Pilgrim with the bones."

"Hist!" whispered Alice. "See his white fairy fur gleaming amid yonder covert!"

And I saw a bit of white too. It was Noël's collar, and it had come undone at the back.

We hunted the bear in and out of the trees, and then we lost him altogether; and suddenly we found the wall of the Park—in a place where I'm sure there wasn't a wall before. Noël wasn't anywhere about, and there was a door in the wall. And it was open; so we went through.

"The bear has hidden himself in these mountain fastnesses," Oswald said. "I will draw my good sword and after him."

So I drew the umbrella, which Dora always will bring in case it rains, because Noël gets a cold on the chest at the least thing—and we went in.

The other side of the wall it was a stable yard, all cobble stones. There was nobody about—but we could hear a man rubbing down a horse and hissing in the stable; so we crept very quietly past, and Alice whispered—

"'Tis the lair of the Monster Ser-

pent; I hear his deadly hiss! Beware! Courage and despatch!"

We went over the stones on tiptoe, and we found another wall with another door in it on the other side. We went through that too, on tiptoe. It really was an adventure. And there we were in a shrubbery, and we saw something white through the trees. Dora said it was the white bear. That is so like Dora. She always begins to take part in a play just when the rest of us are getting tired of it. I don't mean this unkindly, because I am very fond of Dora. I cannot forget how kind she was when I had bronchitis; and ingratitude is a dreadful vice. But it is quite true.

"It is not a bear," said Oswald; and we all went on, still on tiptoe, round a twisty path and on to a lawn, and there was Noël. His collar had come undone, as I said, and he had an inky mark on his face that he made just before we left the house, and he wouldn't let Dora wash it off, and one of his boot-laces was coming down. He was standing looking at a little girl; she was the funniest little girl you ever saw.

She was like a china doll—the sixpenny kind; she had a white face, and long yellow hair, done up very tight in two pigtailed; her forehead was very big and lumpy, and her cheeks came high up, like little shelves under her eyes. Her eyes were small and blue. She had on a funny black frock, with curly braid on it, and button boots that went almost up to her knees. Her legs were very thin. She was sitting in a hammock chair nursing a blue kitten—not a sky-blue one, of course, but the colour of a new slate pencil. As we came up we heard her say to Noël—

"Who are you?"

Noël had forgotten about the bear,

and he was taking his favourite part, so he said—

“I’m Prince Camaralzaman.”

The funny little girl looked pleased—

“I thought at first you were a common boy,” she said. Then she saw the rest of us and said—

“Are you all Princesses and Princes too?”

Of course we said “Yes,” and she said—

Of course Oswald said, “Very likely.”

The little girl had a funny voice, and all her words were quite plain, each word by itself; she didn’t talk at all like we do.

H. O. asked her what the cat’s name was, and she said “Katinka.” Then Dicky said—

“Let’s get away from the windows; if you play near windows some one



“SHE SAT VERY UPRIGHT ON THE GRASS, WITH HER FAT LITTLE HANDS IN HER LAP.”

“I am a Princess also.” She said it very well too, exactly as if it were true. We were very glad, because it is so seldom you meet any children who can begin to play right off without having everything explained to them. And even then they will say they are going to “pretend to be” a lion, or a witch, or a king. Now this little girl just said “I *am* a Princess.” Then she looked at Oswald and said, “I fancy I’ve seen you at Baden.”

inside generally knocks at them and says ‘Don’t.’”

The Princess put down the cat very carefully, and said—

“I am forbidden to walk off the grass.”

“That’s a pity,” said Dora.

“But I will if you like,” said the Princess.

“You mustn’t do things you are forbidden to do,” Dora said; but Dicky showed us that there was some more

grass beyond the shrubs with only a gravel path between. So I lifted the Princess over the gravel, so that she should be able to say she hadn't walked off the grass. When we got to the other grass we all sat down, and the Princess asked us if we liked "dragées" (I know that's how you spell it, for I asked Albert-next-door's uncle).

We said we thought not, but she pulled a real silver box out of her pocket and showed us; they were just flat, round chocolates. We had two each. Then we asked her her name, and she began, and when she began she went on, and on, and on, till I thought she was never going to stop. H. O. said she had fifty names, but Dicky is very good at figures, and he says there were only eighteen. The first were Pauline, Alexandra, Alice, and Mary was one, and Victoria, for we all heard that, and it ended up with Hildegarde Cunigonde something or other, Princess of something else.

When she'd done, H. O. said, "That's jolly good! Say it again!" and she did, but even then we couldn't remember it. We told her our names, but she thought they were too short, so when it was Noël's turn he said he was Prince Noël Camaralzaman Ivan Constantine Charlemagne James John Edward Biggs Maximilian Bastable Prince of Lewisham, but when she asked him to say it again of course he could only get the first two names right, because he'd made it up as he went on.

So the Princess said, "You are quite old enough to know your own name." She was very grave and serious.

She told us that she was the fifth cousin of Queen Victoria. We asked who the other cousins were, but she did not seem to understand. She went on and said she was seven times removed. She couldn't tell us what that meant

either, but Oswald thinks it means that the Queen's cousins are so fond of her that they will keep coming bothering, so the Queen's servants have orders to remove them. This little girl must have been very fond of the Queen to try so often to see her, and to have been seven times removed. We could see that it is considered something to be proud of, but we thought it was hard on the Queen that her cousins wouldn't let her alone.

Presently the little girl asked us where our maids and governesses were.

We told her we hadn't any just now. And she said—

"How pleasant! And did you come here alone?"

"Yes," said Dora; "we came across the Heath."

"You are very fortunate," said the little girl. She sat very upright on the grass, with her fat little hands in her lap. "I should like to go on the Heath. There are donkeys there, with white saddle covers. I should like to ride them, but my governess will not permit it."

"I'm glad we haven't a governess," H. O. said. "We ride the donkeys whenever we have any pennies, and once I gave the man another penny to make it gallop."

"You are indeed fortunate!" said the Princess again, and when she looked sad the shelves on her cheeks showed more than ever. You could have laid a sixpence on them quite safely, if you had had one.

"Never mind," said Noël; "I've got a lot of money. Come out and have a ride now." But the little girl shook her head and said she was afraid it would not be correct.

Dora said she was quite right; then all of a sudden came one of those uncomfortable times when nobody can think of anything to say, so we sat and

looked at each other. But at last Alice said we ought to be going.

"Do not go yet," the little girl said. "At what time did they order your carriage?"

"Our carriage is a fairy one, drawn by griffins, and it comes when we wish for it," said Noël.

The little girl looked at him very queerly, and said, "That is out of a picture-book."

Then Noël said he thought it was about time he was married if we were to be home in time for tea. The little girl was rather stupid over it, but she did what we told her, and we married them with Dora's pocket-handkerchief for a veil, and the ring off the back of one of the buttons on H. O.'s blouse just went on her little finger.

Then we showed her how to play cross-touch, and puss in the corner, and tag. It was funny, she didn't know any games but battledore and shuttlecock and *les graces*. But she really began to laugh at last and not to look quite so like a doll.

She was Puss and was running after Dicky when suddenly she stopped short and looked as if she was going to cry. And we looked too, and there were two prim ladies with little mouths and tight hair. One of them said in quite an awful voice, "Pauline, who are these children?" and her voice was gruff, with very curly R's.

The little girl said we were Princes and Princesses—which was silly, to a grown-up person that is not a great friend of yours.

The gruff lady gave a short, horrid laugh, like a husky bark, and said—

"Princes, indeed! They're only common children!"

Dora turned very red and began to speak, but the little girl cried out,

"Common children! Oh, I am so glad! When I am grown up I'll always play with common children."

And she ran at us, and began to kiss us one by one, beginning with Alice; she had got to H. O. when the horrid lady said—

"Your Highness—go indoors at once!"

The little girl answered, "I won't!" Then the prim lady said—

"Wilson, carry her Highness indoors."

And the little girl was carried away screaming, and kicking with her little thin legs and her buttoned boots, and between her screams she shrieked: "Common children! I am glad, glad, glad! Common children! Common children!"

The nasty lady then remarked—

"Go at once, or I will send for the police!"

So we went. H. O. made a face at her and so did Alice, but Oswald took off his cap and said he was sorry if she was annoyed about anything; for Oswald has always been taught to be polite to ladies, however nasty. Dicky took his off, too, when he saw me do it; he says he did it first, but that is a mistake. If I were really a common boy I should say it was a lie.

Then we all came away, and when we got outside Dora said, "So she was really a Princess. Fancy a Princess living *there*!"

"Even Princesses have to live somewhere," said Dicky.

"And I thought it was play. And it was real. I wish I'd known! I should have liked to ask her lots of things," said Alice.

H. O. said he would have liked to ask her what she had for dinner and whether she had a crown.

I felt, myself, we had lost a chance of

finding out a great deal about kings and queens. I might have known such a stupid-looking little girl would never have been able to pretend as well as that.

So we all went home across the Heath, and made dripping toast for tea.

When we were eating it Noël said, "I

wish I could give *her* some! It is very good."

He sighed as he said it, and his mouth was very full, so we knew he was thinking of his Princess. He says now that she was as beautiful as the day, but we remember her quite well, and she was nothing of the kind.

The Author of "Moonlight"*

MRS. MARY E. MANN resides in a pretty, little, old-world village in Norfolk, which she chooses to call in her books, by the name of "Dulditch."

It is now many years since she first began to write, and she consequently can lay claim to be the author of a fairly large number of books. She is another example of merit being unrecognised for a great number of years, for it was not until a year or two ago, when she published "Susannah," that she really made a "hit." However, *real* merit, not the counterfeit article which is sometimes mistaken for it, always meets with due recognition sooner or later; and so it is not surprising to learn that "Susannah" was a genuine success in every sense of the word. "Moonlight," published in the fall of last year, considerably enhanced her reputation, and went far to give her her rightful position, among the foremost novelists of the present day.

Her new novel, "The Patten Experiment," deals with the condition of the agricultural labourer's life. It tells

the story of how a young clergyman, accompanied by his wife and her three sisters (two of whom are children, and the other the young heroine of the story), and his brother, makes the experiment of living for a week in a labourer's cottage, doing a labourer's work, and keeping house on a labourer's wage.



MRS. MANN.

The theme, in spite of its serious and important nature, has here been treated by Mrs. Mann with the lightness of touch so acceptable in fiction. An air of humour pervades the novel, but the undercurrent of tragedy is not far to seek for those who care to look for it.

* THE PATTEN EXPERIMENT. See her latest novel. Cloth, 6s.

A Visit to a Fashionable Resort

I WONDERED as I was toiling up the wide staircase at Hatchard's in Piccadilly to the neat, snug library of Mr. Humphreys how many men of eminence had guided themselves in older days by that historic balustrade. Below as I hastily looked along the counters of the famous bookseller's shop, there seemed to come from some



A GENTLEMAN WHO DOES NOT OFTEN WALK INTO
HATCHARD'S TO BUY BOOKS.

(From "*Canada*" in "*The Children's Study*.")

quarters a perfume of the familiar antique, floating from the very titles of the volumes, both rare and modern, for which the old house was ever celebrated. And there were sporting books galore. Ranged in view were some very handsome quartos of classics, collected with catholic taste from Epicurus to Thomas à Kempis and from him to Emerson. Mr. Humphreys is himself their publisher. And I was reminded by a dainty volume on the library that he is also an author. But the fascinations of his favourite luxuries

had to be largely foregone; for I had come to ask him about bookselling and its prospects. The English bookseller as a rule seems to be the true son of the English farmer, who is dissatisfied with his prices if his crops are large, and with his crops if prices rule high; whose cereals will ruin him if his roots have been abundant, and whose swedes have taken away all his profits if his barns be full. Mr. Humphreys is not a pessimist at all.

"No," he exclaimed, almost joyously, "I certainly think that the bookselling trade in London is sound, and I have very little if any sympathy with those who groan and moan, whether in London or the country. Bookselling is a jealous mistress, demanding undivided attention, and so exacting that such as hope to multiply their loves find the less profit. The man who wishes to be a prosperous bookseller must beware even of distractions. I believe there would be fewer grounds for complaints from provincial booksellers if they gave themselves up to their one engrossing business. Complaints of discounts, apprehensions about the net system, whatever reality there may be about them, do not make me hesitate in the belief that bookselling generally is sound, or in declaring that in London it is, or ought to be prosperous."

"You are in favour of the net system?"

"Of course, I am in favour of the net system; but the discount system does not prevent trade as a whole from being healthy."

"You are speaking generally of book-selling from year to year. What of the season which has just opened? Will not the war in South Africa be harmful to trade?"

"Yes; the war will have a bad effect. People will read the newspapers, and their interest in battle will absorb everything for a time. But that will pass, and what I want to say particularly is that what with old books and new books, the bookseller has sufficient to play with and should not become a printer or anything else."

"What do you think of recent developments?"

"If you refer, as I suppose you do, to the issue of books—encyclopædias and dictionaries, and novels, and the best hundred books and all that sort of thing—by the newspapers, again I am optimistic. I was not confident at first. It seemed possible that newspaper publication would injure the ordinary bookseller. But the appetite comes with eating, the desire for literature from reading, the lust for books from possession, and a taste is likely to be implanted by these necessarily exceptional and occasional enterprises, which must be gratified in the ordinary way. The end will be an increase of literary avidity, and I am not to be troubled with gloomy prospects when I consider that all these publications only rouse people to take or renew a deep interest in their libraries."

"Tell me, what do you think of the proposal for abolishing what is sometimes called the 'close time' in the publishing trade?"

"You mean the existing seasons?"

"I mean that we have very little new literature given to us from the end of April to the beginning of October."

"That matter is arranged by the public, not by the publisher or the

bookseller. People read most in autumn and winter. They want presents, and, perhaps, prefer novelties at Easter; they want more presents at Christmas. But there is one suggestion I may make. Our experience shows that when people go away to country houses as they do at the end of the London season, they wish to take some books with them—not as a rule heavy books, profound treatises or volumes requiring much study or intellectual exercise, but lighter volumes—novels for choice. Now I think the publisher would do well who would issue some of his light literature—novels especially—in July, so that the bookseller might have the latest publications to offer to his customer in search of novelty and entertainment."

"There are the two great seasons, and you would add an intermediate one?"

"There is one great season, the October season. Most of the leading books are published about this time. Then comes the Spring season."

"Why Spring?"

"There are books left over from October. People are coming to London with reawakened intellectual activities and demand novelties, and they are supplied."

"I think you have some suggestion other than this to make?"

"It is curious," replied Mr. Humphreys, musing, "that no publisher has produced a series at the same time of so convenient a form, so charming, so easily made familiar as the famous series we buy abroad. I know the booksellers are prone to object to paper-bound books. Speaking as a book-lover, and not for the booksellers, I incline to like them. Each purchaser of a paper-bound book may exercise his own taste in book-binding. The book thus be-

comes more personal to him. But as things stand the paper-bound book is reserved for the Colonies, and we lose the advantage oftentimes of cheapness."

"Surely we have a plentiful supply of paper-bound books nowadays?"

"I know what you mean, but I regard the sixpenny novel as eminently unsatisfactory. It is too cheap from the booksellers' point of view, and inelegant from the public point of view. I think that it cannot be made what we require unless at a shilling or eighteenpence."

"Had you not a hint for me?"

"If there should be a publisher who would be content to be repaid mainly

in *kudos*, there are some series which would be worth considering, of books found in every scholarly library, but not easily obtainable at a moderate price. Complete editions of the Elizabethan dramatic poets, untouched by the Rev. Mr. Bowdler, might be instanced. But they would need scholarly editing, and the reward of the care bestowed on them would be less than that received for a fairly successful novel, or a school-book."

As Mr. Humphreys bade me adieu, I remembered the volumes of the philosophical classics which bear his name on the title-page. And I wondered what the future might bring.

S. R. B.



The Last Climb of Norman-Neruda*

THE 8th of September, 1898, found the village of St. Ulrich-in-Gröden† *en fête* on the occasion of the ceremony of unveiling the monument erected to the honour of Herr Paul Grohmann, the well-known climber who made the first ascent of the Langkofel, one of the pioneers of mountaineering in the Tyrol, who now re-visited the valley for the first time since he had conquered the peak in 1869, as the guest of the Vienna University Section of the "Deutschen und Oesterreichischen Alpen-Verein," the members of which, amongst whom are numbered many of the foremost mountaineers of the day, had conceived and carried out the happy idea of the "Grohmann-Denkmal." The two hotels of St. Ulrich, the Post and the Adler, were full to overflowing with a large and varied gathering of mountaineers of both sexes and of all ages, professors and students from many of the German and Austrian universities and their innumerable friends. We took up our old quarters in the Post, where we found ourselves as usual in the midst of a merry crowd of Viennese students and other Alpine friends of many years' standing, and of all the old familiar jokes and happy,

careless fun and laughter for which the St. Ulrich Alpine circle has always been distinguished. Many a time has some non-mountaineering guest stared in amazement at the wild pranks indulged in by certain well-known climbers, and in puzzled bewilderment at the eccentric proceedings of the members of our "clubs" at the meetings held every evening in the little room, which by tacit consent of our good host, Herr Lardscheider, has come to be looked upon as reserved to the use of these clubs, whose aim and object can only be understood by the initiated! The ordinary observer contents himself with remarking that he always has considered all mountaineers to be more or less mad; but others have been known to give utterance to the suspicion that we are members of a Freemasons' society, and in consequence look upon us as sinners even worse than heretics, for Freemasonry is almost a crime in the eyes of the Roman Catholic Church. It is useless to attempt explanations in the face of such ignorance and bigotry, which are more in keeping with the darkness of the Middle Ages than with the enlightenment of the end of the nineteenth century.

On the day preceding the Grohmann fête, that is on the 7th of September, my husband and I made what was, alas! to prove our last successful climb, in company with several of our merry friends—the ascent of the Gran Odla in the Geisler group, from the Regensburger-hut.

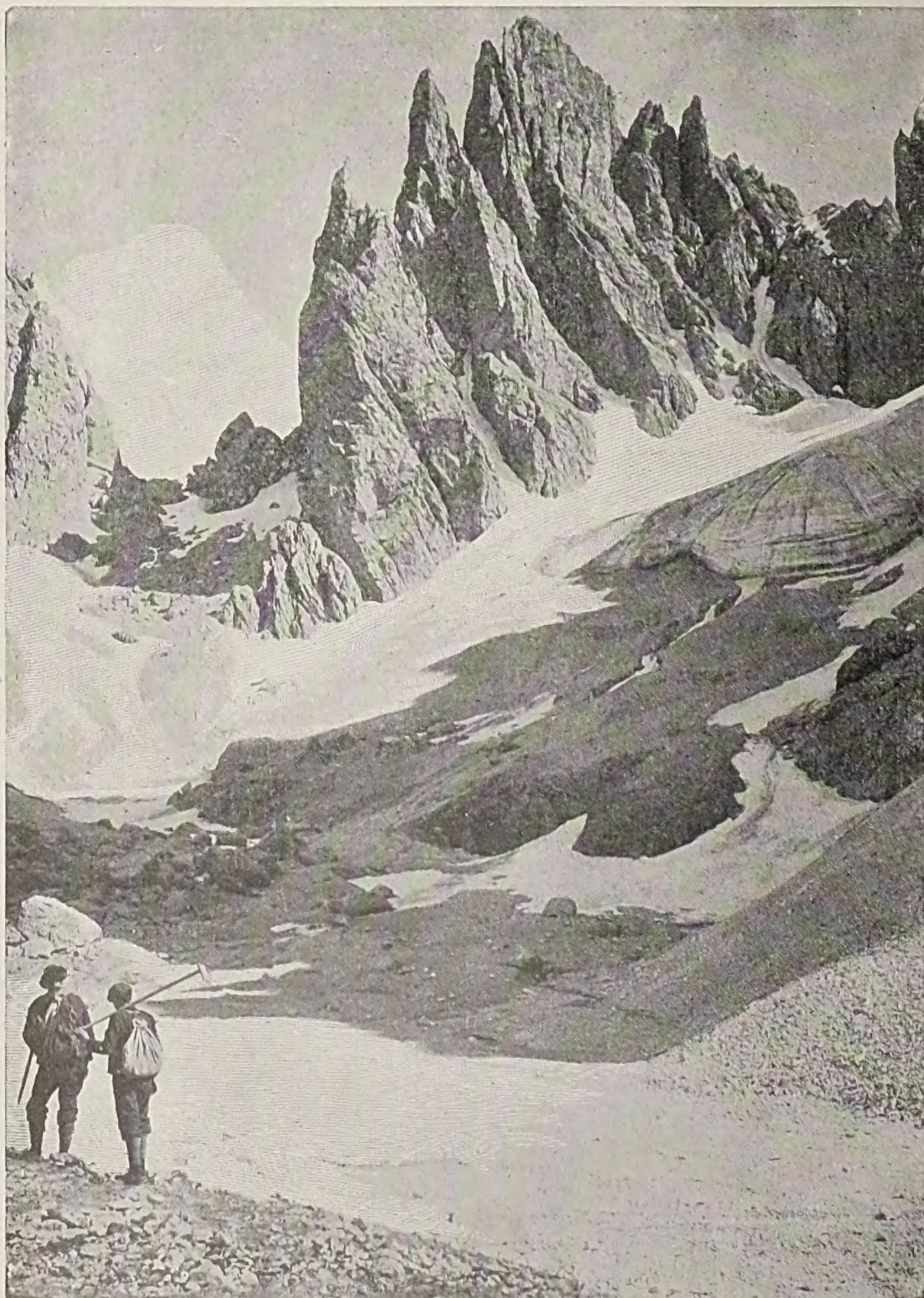
The ceremony of unveiling the Grohmann monument was successfully carried out on the morning of the 8th,

* From THE CLIMBS OF NORMAN-NERUDA. Edited by his wife, May Norman-Neruda. Illustrated. Cloth, 21s.

† St. Ulrich-in-Gröden lies in the Gröden Valley (Italian name, Gardena), at a height of 1,236 m., and is reached by three hours' drive from the station Waidbruck, on the Brenner railway—an hour from Bozen. The Langkofel group lies within two to three hours' walk of the village. The valley is closed by the steep wall of the Sella group, and is very picturesque. The photo of the monument raised to Paul Grohmann was taken a few days after the unveiling.

in glorious September sunshine and in the presence of a large and enthusiastic crowd. The monument consists of an obelisk, hewn out of the porphyry rock

simple inscription. The position of the monument is happily chosen on a spur of the hill on the north side of the valley, some ten minutes' walk from



THE FÜNFFINGERSPITZE, FROM THE NORTH.

of the valley, raised upon a base of large, rough blocks of stone, and is ornamented with an excellent bust of Grohmann, the work of the sculptor, Professor Trautzi of Vienna, and a

St. Ulrich, and commands a fine view of the Langkofel, rising steep and imposing behind the woods at the head of the valley.

In the evening there was a banquet,

with the orthodox health-drinking and speech-making, my husband selecting to speak on the theme of the progress of mountaineering; and then followed an informal social evening, music, students' songs, and merriment that lasted well into the small hours of the following morning. Who, amongst all that merry, light-hearted throng, dreamed for a moment that all this gaiety and careless laughter was within a few short hours to be changed into grief and gloom, and that the whole valley was to be plunged into the deepest mourning, all the sadder by contrast with the bright festival that preceded it?

Towards 5 p.m. on the afternoon of the 9th, after a pleasant day in St. Ulrich, a large party, amongst whose members were my husband, Herr Theodor Dietrich, and myself, left to pass the night in the Langkofel-hut, which was built by the Vienna University section and stands at the very foot of the Langkofel, in the centre of the group. That was one of the liveliest of many a lively evening we have spent in the hut, which of all others has always been our favourite in the Alps. We were all in the highest spirits, and not a foreboding of evil crossed the minds of any one as we joked and laughed over the cooking of our supper.

No one of the parties in the hut left early on the morning of the 10th; that we were the very last to start, at 8.20 a.m., was no unusual occurrence. The idea of ascending the Fünffingerspitze over the difficult southern route was my husband's, and he had stated his opinion, from what he knew of Herr Dietrich's and my climbing capacities, that it was not undertaking more than lay within our power to accomplish. He had already ascended the peak twice over that route and had

stood on its summit six times. It has been asserted that a possible cause of the accident was "over-exertion in pulling up two inexperienced climbers." Herr Dietrich certainly climbed every inch of the chimney* without aid of any sort, and my husband himself said that he was quite capable of leading several times during the ascent. With regard to myself, I will only say that the very fact that my husband left me to get up the most difficult place as I best could, leaving the rope actually slack between us, was the first incident that gave me reason to think that he was not quite himself, for generally he would never neglect even the slightest detail of the art of climbing.

I cannot ascribe that climb, clearly as its very minutest detail is burnt into my brain.† At first all went well, and it was not until we had surmounted the difficult block above the "Kirchl" that my husband owned to not feeling well, and complained of severe pains at the back of the head. Both Herr Dietrich and I used every effort to persuade my husband to give up the ascent, but he refused, saying that we had got over the hardest bit, and that he would take a rest a little higher up, as the place we had then reached was not convenient. It was the very spot on to which he afterwards fell! Dietrich now led up the following 15-20 feet of the chimney, even here of no slight degree of difficulty, and on the small platform, above which the chimney becomes apparently impracticable, we halted for more than half an hour.

This platform, composed of loose rubble on the top of a large boulder

* A "chimney" is a chasm or cleft in the rocks. "Schmittkamin" (Schmitt-chimney) is the name given to the S. route on the Fünffingerspitze after the first climber.

† A description of the climb will be found in a later chapter.

wedged into the chimney, is in parts three to four feet wide, and is closed at the back by a sort of cave some five feet in depth, down whose walls water drips continually night and day in the warm weather.

A drink of the water seemed to revive my husband, and presently he announced his readiness to continue the ascent. As he had done on previous occasions, he followed the original route discovered by Schmitt, by climbing out of the chimney on to the left

roped in the centre of the party—to secure the rope.

A moment later my husband called down to us: "Now we've got it; the worst bit is passed." And scarcely another moment later, on an easy place, without any sign of a slip or any apparent reason for one, he called: "Ich falle, ich falle; halt!" ("I am falling, I am falling; hold!"), and without even an attempt to save himself, fell backwards. The distance from us was some 50 or 60 feet, and about



THE LATE MR. NORMAN-NERUDA.



MRS. NORMAN-NERUDA.

(orographical right) wall of the peak. (The route generally followed nowadays is the variant discovered by the guide Dimai, which leaves the chimney by a ledge on the right-hand side.) After he had mounted up a few feet, he turned to us and apologised for going so slowly, saying that he was out of breath. Again we suggested a retreat, but he refused. For the first time on any of our numerous climbs the idea crossed my mind that something might happen, and I asked my companion to stand in front of me—naturally, I was

20 feet above us, as near as it is possible to judge. The distance of the fall must have been close upon 90 feet—nearly the whole length of our English rope. Herr Dietrich's coolness and presence of mind were simply marvellous, and undoubtedly averted an even more terrible disaster. Literally as quick as thought he drew in the slack of the rope as my poor husband fell, and wound the coils round his arm; it slipped off a knob of rock round which he threw it. My husband fell into the chimney some 20 feet below us, striking

his head against the wall . . . then disappeared from our sight. The shock came upon Dietrich just as he was standing, and so great was the jerk that a coil or two of the rope ran through the fingers of his left hand, cutting them down to the bone. But he held! How, neither of us can explain. Instinctively I had run back to the inner end of the cave, but, needless to say, it would have been a physical impossibility for me to have held the double weight had Dietrich also fallen, and there were some 90 feet of rope to run out between us.

It was all over in a flash, and there was no time to realise anything. For a second or two I was on the brink of losing my presence of mind, but a word from my companion recalled the mountaineer in me, and scarcely less cool than he himself, I helped him to secure the rope round a big boulder, and held the ends whilst he climbed down into the chimney. Those were ghastly moments! And they would have been even more ghastly had I known that Dietrich found my poor husband out of the rope-sling save for one arm, hanging over the abyss! I could see nothing from where I stood! I could hear Dietrich speak to my husband, but there was no reply, for he was quite unconscious. With almost incredible strength, Dietrich managed to lift the unconscious form back on to the small sloping space above the last difficult block in the chimney; before doing this he unroped himself, lest he should lose his balance and fall, in order not to drag me with him. He levelled down the stones as far as possible and secured my husband with both ropes, as the English one showed signs of the terrible strain it had undergone; I pulled in the slackened coils and fastened them securely round the boulder. Then my

companion climbed up to me—no easy matter, unroped and with a wounded hand—and told me that the injuries were not at all serious—a slight head-wound and injury to one foot. He knew at the time that the head-wound was a very serious one, but dared not tell me for fear I might insist upon going down to the spot where my husband lay; and that, as all who have seen the place are agreed, would probably have involved destruction for all, for there was only room for one and it would have been impossible to have remained there safely, unroped with a delirious man.

Dietrich again went down, with water and our spare handkerchiefs to bandage the wounds. We had nothing either in the way of food or drink with us.

It was 2 p.m. For three long hours we two now shouted for help, using the recognised Alpine danger-call. This shouting acted as a safety-valve for our pent-up emotions, and well for us was it that we had no time to think, no time to realise what had happened. At first my poor husband lay quiet, then he began to rave, but never at any moment during all those weary hours of that and the next day did he show any sign of consciousness or reply to any question, and he spoke only German in his delirium, always the same sentences: "Lasset das Seil herunter—schmeiss' das Seil herab—kehren wir um, ja?—ich geh' jetzt herunter—zieh das Seil ein" ("Let the rope down—chuck the rope down—let's go back, eh?—I'm going down now—pull in the rope").

Throughout the evening and night he remained quiet.

About five o'clock we were at last sure our calls had been understood—for a long time the herdsmen below

thought we were merely shouting for fun.

Towards sunset Dietrich again went down to my husband, but he did not seem to notice his presence even. As it grew dusk we were obliged for safety to retire into the wet cave, as being the only place where it was possible to remain unroped. In five minutes we were soaked to the skin, and though the night was a very warm one we shook as with ague and tried in vain to stop our teeth chattering. Dietrich was without a coat. It was about 8 p.m. when the first rescue-party arrived at the base of the mountain. They lit a big fire and shouted to us at intervals during the night. I was told later that our old friend, the guide Mühlsteiger, wanted to ascend the mountain then and there, by lantern-light, and was only with difficulty dissuaded from such a risky attempt by his employer, Dr. Marschall, of Nüremberg, who not only lent his guide for the work of rescue, but took a prominent part in it himself and was kindness itself to me.

The horrors of that bivouac beggar description. Every minute seemed an hour, every hour an age, and it seemed as if the dawn would never come. Our chief anxiety was lest my poor husband, in an access of delirium, should unrope himself, and every noise set our hearts beating with fearful dread lest it proceeded from him. But during the night he was quiet. Every now and again Dietrich leaned forward to test the ropes, which remained taut. When the wet and our constrained position brought on cramp, we would stand up and try to warm ourselves by jumping. We did not dare to move beyond the cave, and we had not a single match with us. No sound broke the dreary silence—only the

monotonous drip—drip—drip of the water falling on to us and once or twice a shout from below to herald the arrival of another rescue-party.

And when at last day dawned, how long it was ere there was light enough to read the figures on a watch-dial! I remember noting a marvellously beautiful sunrise-effect on the Marmolata with a dull apathy that almost amounted to dislike. With the first glimmer of light the various rescue parties started up the ordinary route to the summit, shouting to us for directions and advice. The noise seemed to rouse my husband, and for a little while he again raved; but he did not know Dietrich, who went to him, nor did he seem to hear me when I spoke to him.

A little before 7 a.m. Mühlsteiger reached us, letting himself down in the most daring way on some 120 metres of rope, held above by the others, straight into the chimney. A second rope was sent down, and, Dietrich helping me over the overhang in the chimney and following me closely, we started up towards the gap at the end of the snow-gully where the S., N. and E. routes join. Here we were met by a large gathering of guides and friends, who forced us to eat and drink ere we proceeded further. We went down over the ordinary way—I guided by Luigi Bernard, of Campitello, Dietrich by Franz Fistill, of St. Ulrich.

Mühlsteiger, who took the lead in all arrangements for the rescue with a courage and devotion beyond all praise, with the guides Michael Innerkofler, of Sexten, and Pescosta, of St. Ulrich, and Herren F. Hörtnagel and Carl Mayr, of Innsbruck, descended into the chimney to undertake the excessively difficult task of transporting my unfortunate husband down through the terrible chasm. Only such as have

seen the chimney can realise the difficulties that had to be overcome. Fistill and Bernard, with other guides, and our friend Herr Gedon, of St. Ulrich, hurried up from the foot of the chimney to meet the party descending. After some hours of hard work the end of the chasm was reached—but hardly was this done, ere my poor husband passed peacefully away in the arms of those who were carrying him, at 3 p.m. on the 11th September.

The rest of that day seems like some hideous dream. In a violent hailstorm we reached the inn on the Sella-pass, and later on walked down to St. Ulrich, where we arrived at about 9 p.m.

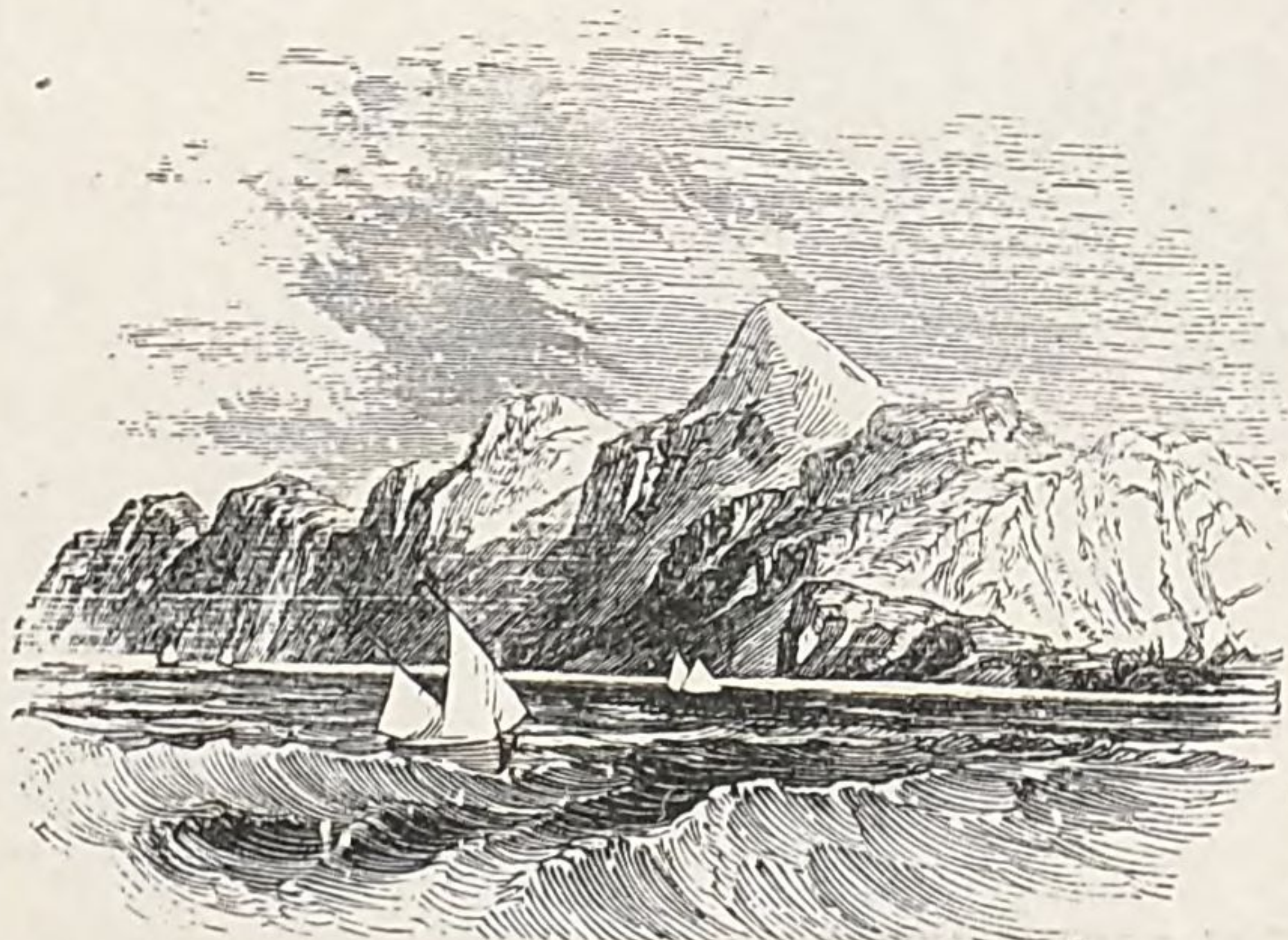
No words of mine can ever adequately express my gratitude to those guides and amateurs who took part in the difficult and dangerous work of rescue, nor can I ever sufficiently thank all those kind friends in St. Ulrich for their affectionate care and help during the terrible time that followed. I then realised the full value of Alpine friends, and amidst all that sorrow, there was comfort in the knowledge that every

one of those present at the simple funeral service on the 13th, at which the Bishop of Norwich very kindly officiated, mourned for their comrade as for a brother; and so long as they themselves are living will his memory be held dear, and so long as Alpinism exists will his name be known to readers of Alpine literature.

“In the midst of life we are in death.” *

MAY NORMAN-NERUDA.

* Mr. Norman-Neruda was buried in the cemetery of St. Ulrich, in the portion reserved for non-Catholics. The coffin was carried by the guides of St. Ulrich. Speeches were made by Herr von Pfaff on behalf of the Central Committee of the German and Austrian Alpine Club; Dr. Merz, for the Vienna University section of the same club; by Herr Forcher-Mayr, for the Bozen section; by Herr Domenigg, for the Austrian Touring Club; by Herr Gedon, for the Gröden section, &c. Dr. Christomannos, of Meran, spoke in the name of Norman-Neruda's friends. Wreaths were sent from all of the above clubs, also from the Innsbruck University section, the Munich University section, Nürnberg University section, Italian Alpine Club, English Alpine Club, Rodl-Club of Gröden, Austrian Alpine Club, &c., and over a hundred from friends and guides.



Art and the Music Halls*

THERE was a time when it was the fashion amongst that section of the community which professes any care for mental cultivation of the other graces of existence to look down upon and sneer at the music-halls and all connected with them. They have



MR. GEORGE GAMBLE.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliot & Fry.)

for long considered that such amusements were for the lower classes only.

Artists also have left the music-hall severely alone, conceiving, according to an idealistic fallacy, the socially vulgar to be identical with the æsthetically vulgar.

Time seems, however, to have changed all these things. The artist is beginning to realise more and more the great scope for work afforded by the common things of life. This has been shown by the success of Mr. William Nicholson's books, as, for example, "An Alphabet," which caricatured, with very rude but dexterous realism, a number of everyday personages such as 'busmen, porters, etc.

Mr. G. F. Scotson-Clark—the name suggests a Galway descent, and his exuberance bubbles over in true Celtic fashion — has found artistic beauty on the music-hall stage, and presents them in a dainty volume. I sought him out to discover why he was an artist, and why of the music-halls. He does not look like the artist of the studio, whose long hair and dreamy eye are more than his pictures a proof of immortal genius. Neither does he suggest the habitu   of the coulisses. His antecedents, perhaps, account for him according to the doctrine of heredity, for his father, the Rev. F. Scotson-Clark, was the well-known musician who was Professor of the Harmonium at the Royal Academy of Music, and composed some well-remembered things, among them the "Marche aux Flambeaux"—that connects Mr. Clark with music; and the fact that Mr. George Chinnery, whose portrait painted by himself is in the National Portrait Gallery, was a great-grandfather, in-

* See THE "HALLS."—A Collection of Portraits of eminent Music-hall performers, drawn in 3 colours by Scotson-Clark, Introduction by George Gamble. Imperial 8vo. Decorated title, &c., buckram, gilt, 6s. net.

dicates the origin of the draughtsman-ship of the artist. There is still another problem: Why "the Halls"? Well, Mrs. Hannah Cowley, authoress of "The Belle's Stratagem," was Mr. G. F. Scotson-Clark's great-great-grand-mother. Music + artist + stage = artist of the music-hall stage. Is it not obvious? So we come through history to the portent of the present.

"The date of your birth, Mr. Clark?"

A look of mirth came into his eyes as he answered in the most mysterious way, "I am the Boy Wonder. I lisped in outlines, for the outlines came. I did not learn to draw, I drew. I was already a Boy Wonder at seven, and of course I've grown more of a Boy Wonder ever since. The sole object of many years of struggle and adventures was to increase my youthful precocity. That is why, being at school when youth was at its dawn, I had Aubrey Beardsley for companion, and resolved with him to achieve a name and fame in art.

"Having no money wherewith to study I went to see if I could discover some in America. I believed I should fly high at once. Alas, I fell low very soon, and was driven at length to go about with a travelling theatrical company, and begin on the lowest rung of the ladder."

"Ah! that shows why you love the theatre."

"Love the theatre! I detest it."

"Why these drawings then?"

"They are from the Halls. I like the Halls."

"You escaped from the stage to the studio?"

"As soon as I could. I opened a studio in New York, and began to design. A new idea came to realisation. The picture poster for the daily newspaper. I — *moi qui vous parle* — I

designed the first picture poster ever issued for a daily paper. It advertised the *New York Recorder*. From the *New York Recorder* I passed to the *World*. I worked for the *World* for a year, and then in turn left that for the *Journal*. There were difficulties. The printers of the lithographic houses struck against me because I was not a member of their Union. Would I join? Of course not. I was an artist, not an



MR. SCOTSON-CLARK.

(From a Photograph by Miss Lucy Cooke.)

artisan. I won. Of course I won. But I thought it better to turn home again. It took seven years of America to make me as young as I am.

"On returning I had some most useful lessons from Mr. James Pryde, who is one of the 'Beggarstiffs' of poster fame, and his tuition was invaluable."

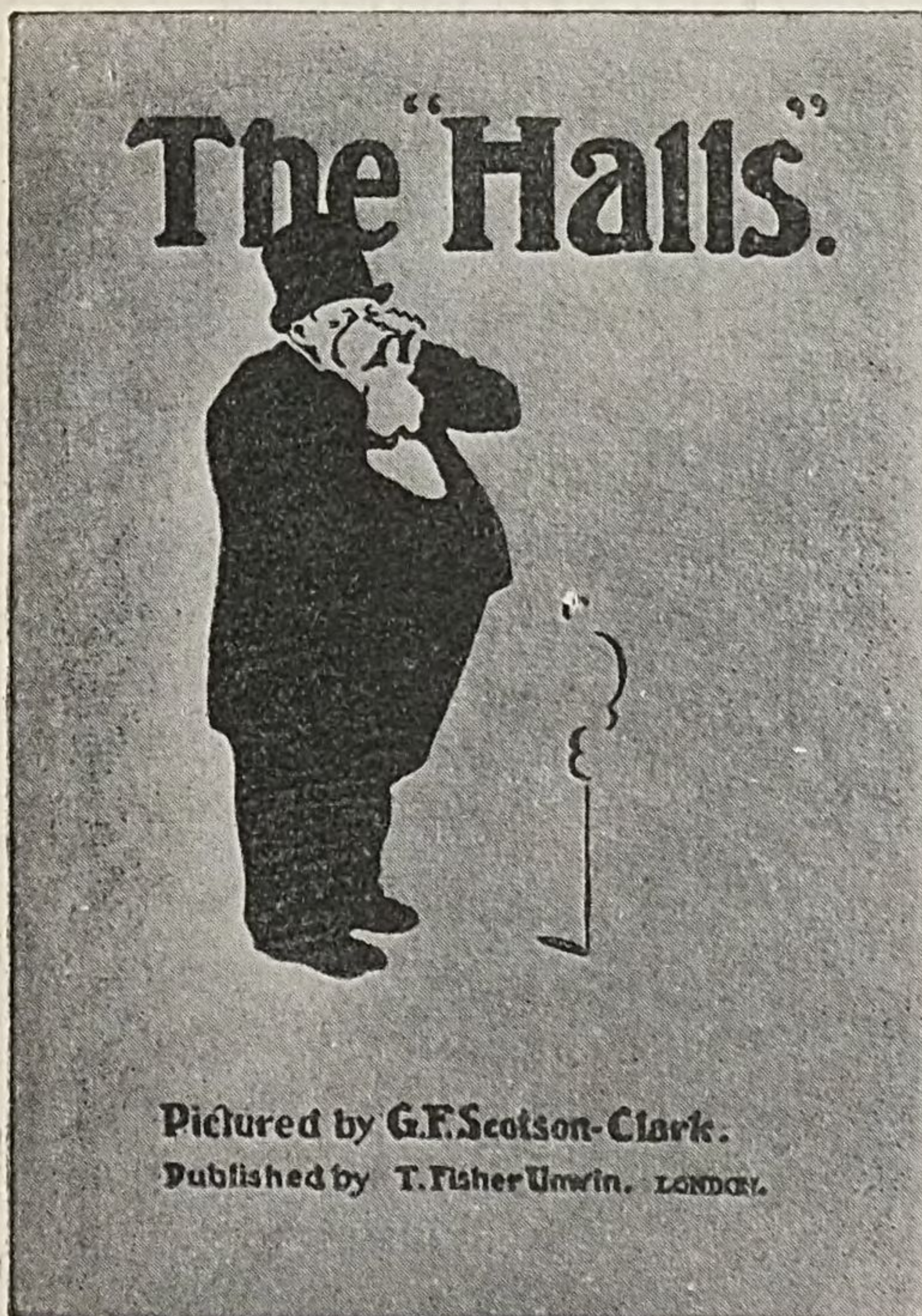
"Mr. Pryde formed your style?"

"Mr. Pryde taught me more in a

little time than any other man alive could have done."

"Still, what makes you the Artist of the Halls?"

"I thought at first of being the Artist of the Street, and to illustrate in a style I thought adapted to it such



things as the street-cries; but I found that too had been done and was being done. I had to find another subject. 'Why not the Halls?' asked the publisher. The very thing! And here is this set of sketches. You'll see

I do not insist, as some who work in this way do, upon the absolutely flat design. Projection is suggested; rotundity is hinted, perhaps, in the case of Mr. Herbert Campbell. I draw things as they are."

We fell at this point to talking of the life of the strolling player.

"Perhaps you'd like a story to wind up. It's a personal experience. I was assistant stage manager in the Camille d'Arville Opera Company, when we found ourselves with a vacant night on our list. That was too serious a grievance not to be remedied if possible. Every inquiry was made, and it was found that Norwich City in the New York State had an ancient opera house which had been last used in the year before the great Civil War. It was secured; and I went with the stage manager to make the necessary arrangements for the performance. 'You'd better be laying out the dressing-rooms,' said my chief. Nothing at all of the sort could I find behind the stage, or even in the flies, until a single room was pointed out. That was the dressing-room. There was no other. We went off to see the lessee of the opera house. What were the ladies and gentlemen of our company to do with only one dressing-room? The citizen of Norfolk, New York State, was amazed. 'What's the trouble?' he asked with unassumed perplexity. 'Don't they speak?'"

"Goodbye, Mr. Clark!"

Note to a New Edition of "The Playactress" and "Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills" *

BY S. R. CROCKETT

"A CHILD'S love-tale" was what I called this small idyll in the original preface. "The Playactress" was written long before I had published anything in prose. From time to time I have cherished the idea of revising it for a new issue, but this, I find after due trial, would mean entire re-writing, and the possibility of spoiling any freshness there might be in it. I have therefore decided to reprint the text almost exactly as it was written some ten or eleven years ago. Letters from all over the world have assured me that, though in some respects "a fairy tale," as an admirable critic called it, "The Playactress" has nevertheless something of the hold of a fairy tale upon young hearts, and hearts which have remained young.

"Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills" was written in 1893, and issued serially in the *St. James's Gazette* during the following year—which says something for the courage of Mr. Low, the editor, to whom the younger generation of story-tellers is so deeply indebted for early recognition and sincere and valuable criticism. "Sir Uchtred's" popularity has never equalled that of "The Playactress" either in this country or in America. And while the latter has been translated into nearly every European language, and has even been issued

as a feuilleton in an Arabic paper, the former has remained, so far as I know, in its English dress, and a favourite chiefly with its author.



S. R. Crockett

But "Clashdaan" and the "Dungeon o' Buchan" are still stern enough realities, and exist very much as they are described in the story, as eery and as lonesome.

* THE PLAYACTRESS AND MAD SIR UCHTRED OF THE HILLS. In one volume (Unwin's Popular Copyright Novels), cloth, 2s. 6d.

"Do you know Clashdaan?" said a friend of mine to a Galloway "herd" on the hills above the head of the Glen of Trool.

"Aye, brawly do I ken Clashdaan," was the reply; "it's juist a terrible place for sheep smoorin' amang the snaw, and if there's a storm onywhere amang the hills the lichtnin' is sure to strike on Clashdaan."

"But," said my friend, thinking of "Sir Uchtred," "have you read Mr. Crockett's story about it?"

"Na," said the shepherd, turning away, as if the subject were a painful one, "and mair nor that, I'm no *gaun* to read it either! If it gangs on like this there will no be an auld runt of moss aik nor a bit rock by the roadside, but

the craitur wull hae made up some lee aboot it! If ye ken the man, could ye no gie him a hint to try some ither pairt o' the world *an' gie Minnigaff a rest!* I'm fair deeved wi' fowk askin' quastions aboot this an' that in his buiks! And the crawlin' blasties never shut a gate ahint them, and think nocht o' knockin' a ten-foot slap in a march-dyke that they may get through to look at some wee bit dub wi' a wheen sheep's banes intil't that he caa's a Murder Hole!"

So from this expert, if negative, evidence it may be inferred that the wrathful spirit of the Beast-Man stalks no more athwart Clashdaan, nor looks through the mists of the morning into the depths of the Dungeon of Buchan.

OCTOBER, 1899.

The Standard's "International Library of Famous Literature."

IT was a very radical step the *Standard* took when it announced the issue of "The Library of Famous Literature" on the monthly instalment plan of payment. But from all accounts the project has been successful far beyond expectations. The Library especially commends itself as a Christmas gift, the entire work, consisting of twenty volumes, being delivered on the payment of half a guinea. The Library is the most ambitious work of the kind we have ever seen, aspiring to include

the best of the world's literature from the dawn of letters to the present day. To compress into such a space the representative work of the great masters is a truly praiseworthy object. The fact that it has been undertaken with Dr. Garnett as the chief editor should be a sufficient guarantee that it has been done as well as it could be done. Each of the twenty volumes is handsomely illustrated. Especially attractive is the series of photographs of authors in their homes.

Attalea Princeps

BY GARSHINE

TRANSLATED BY E. L. VOYNICH, AUTHOR OF "THE GADFLY"

IN a certain large town there was a botanical garden, and in the garden a great conservatory of iron and glass. It was very beautiful; the whole building was supported by slender, spiral pillars, from which sprang the light decorated arches, spreading out into a complete web of iron frames with glass panes set between. The conservatory was especially beautiful in the red light of sunset; then it seemed all on fire—red reflections played and shot across it, as in a gigantic precious stone cut into facets.

Through the thick, transparent panes were visible the imprisoned plants. Notwithstanding the great size of the conservatory they were much cramped for room. The roots became interlocked with each other, and took away moisture and nourishment from one another; the branches of the trees grew in among the huge palm-leaves, crushed and broke them, and, pressing against the iron bars, were crushed and broken in their turn. The gardeners constantly cut off the branches and tied up the leaves with wires to prevent their growing where they would; but that was not much use. The plants needed free room, their native land, and liberty. They were from tropical countries—delicate, gorgeous creatures: they remembered their home and yearned for it. However transparent a glass roof may be, it is not the clear sky. Sometimes in winter the glass became frosted; then it was quite dark in the

conservatory. The howling wind beat against the bars and shook them; the roof was heaped with driven snow. The plants stood listening to the roar of the wind, and remembered another wind, warm and moist, that used to give them life and strength; and they longed to feel its breath again, to feel it once more rock their boughs and play with their leaves. But in the conservatory the air was motionless; only when a winter hurricane would sometimes break a pane, a sharp, cold current, laden with frost, would sweep in under the arches. Wherever that current passed the leaves turned yellow, shrivelled, and withered.

But the panes were soon replaced. The botanical garden was managed by a very efficient and learned director, who allowed no disorder, although he spent most of his time in microscopic investigation in a little glass study partitioned off in the conservatory.

Among the plants was one palm, the tallest and most beautiful of all. The director who sat in the study called it in Latin, "Attalea." But that was not the native name; it was a name invented by botanists. The botanists did not know the native name, and it was not written on the little white label that was nailed to the palm trunk.

Once there came to the botanical garden a traveller from the tropical land where the palm had grown. When he saw it he smiled, because it reminded him of his home.

"Ah!" he said, "I know that tree," and he called it by the native name.

"Excuse me," cried the director from his little study, where he was carefully cutting up a bit of stalk with a botanist's knife. "You are mistaken. There exists no tree with the name you mentioned. That is 'Attalea Princeps' from Brazil."

"Oh, yes," said the Brazilian, "I quite believe that botanists call it 'Attalea,' but it has a native name—a real name."

"The real name is the scientific one," remarked the botanist drily, and shut the door of his study, in order not to be disturbed by people who could not even understand that when once a scientific man says a thing one must be silent and submit.

But the Brazilian stood and gazed long at the tree, and his heart grew heavier and heavier. He remembered his native land, its sun and sky, its gorgeous forests with marvellous beasts and birds, its deserts, its wondrous southern nights; and he remembered, too, that he had never been happy in any other land, though he had travelled over all the earth. He touched the palm with his hand, as if taking leave of it, and went out of the garden, and the next day started for home on a ship.

But the palm remained. It was still more unhappy now, though it had been very unhappy before this occurrence. It was quite alone. It stood five fathoms higher than the tops of all the other trees, and the other trees hated and envied it and called it proud. Its height was only a cause of grief—not only that the others were all together and it was alone, but, besides that, it remembered its native skies better than the others, and was more homesick than they, because it

stood nearer than they to the thing that replaced them, the hateful glass roof. Through the roof it could at times see something blue; that was the sky—a pale, foreign sky, it is true, but still the real blue sky; and, when the plants gossiped together, Attalea was always silent and thought sadly how sweet it would be to stand under even that colourless sky.

"Do you know, will they water us soon?" asked the sago palm, who loved the damp. "I really think I shall dry up to-day."

"I am astonished at you, neighbour," said the inflated cactus. "Surely you must be content with the enormous quantity of water that is given you every day? Look at me. I get very little moisture, yet I am always fresh and juicy."

"We are not accustomed to be so very economical," replied the sago palm. "We cannot grow in such a dry, bad soil as common cactuses have; we are not accustomed to live anyhow; and besides all that, I may tell you that no one asked for your remarks." And with that the sago palm relapsed into offended silence.

"So far as I'm concerned," interposed the cinnamon, "I am fairly well contented with my position. It's rather dull here, that's true, but at least I know that no one will peel me here."

"But we weren't all peeled," said the tree-fern. "Of course, to some people even this jail may seem like paradise after the miserable existence they led when at liberty."

Here the cinnamon, forgetting that it had been peeled, took offence and began to argue. Some plants sided with it, some with the tree-fern, and a furious quarrel began. If they could have moved they would certainly have fought.

"Why do you quarrel?" said Attalea. "Does that help you? You only increase your misery by anger and hatred. Leave all your disagreements and think of the real question. Listen to me. Grow tall and broad, throw out branches, press against the bars and glass panes—the conservatory will be shattered to pieces and we shall be free. If some one bough grows against the glass of course they cut it off, but what will they do with a hundred strong and daring tree-trunks? We need only work together as comrades and victory is ours."

At first no one answered the palm; they remained silent, not knowing what to say. At last the sago palm decided.

"That's all nonsense," it said.

"Nonsense! Rubbish!" exclaimed the trees, and then all together began explaining to Attalea that its suggestion was a complete absurdity. "Senseless fancies!" they cried. "Absurd! Ridiculous! We shall never break those strong bars, and even if we could break them, what then? People will come with knives and axes, and cut off the boughs; they'll make new bars, and everything will be as it was before. The only thing will be that they'll cut great pieces off us . . ."

"As you choose!" answered Attalea. "Now I know what to do. I will leave you in peace; live as it pleases you, grumble at one another, wrangle over allowances of water, and remain for ever under a glass covering. I will find a way for myself alone. I am determined to see the sky and the sun without these bars and panes—and I will see them!" And the palm lifted its green head proudly over the forest of its fellows stretched below. None of them dared to answer it, but the sago palm whispered to its neighbour, the cicada-tree—

"It's all very well, but we'll see how it'll be when they cut off that big top of yours and take you down a peg—conceited thing!"

Although the others said nothing, they were still furious with Attalea for its proud words. One little weed alone was not angry with the palm, nor offended at what it had said. This weed was the most despised and pitiable plant in the conservatory—a colourless, feeble, creeping thing with drooping, fleshy leaves. There was nothing noticeable about it, and its only use in the conservatory was to cover the bare earth. It clung round the base of the great palm listening, and thought that Attalea was right. It knew nothing of tropical nature, but it, too, loved air and liberty. For it, too, the conservatory was a prison.

"If I, an insignificant, helpless little weed, suffer so much without my grey sky and pale sun and cold wind, what must this glorious and mighty tree endure in captivity?" thought the weed as it clung tenderly and caressingly to the palm. "Why am I not a great tree? I would obey the exhortation; we would grow together and become free together. Then the others would see that Attalea is right."

But it was not a great tree; it was only a little helpless weed. It could only twine itself still more tenderly round Attalea's trunk and whisper its love and its good wishes for success.

"Of course it's not so warm here as in your home: the sky is not so clear, the rain is not so splendid; but still there *are* sky and sun and wind. We have not such gorgeous plants as you and your comrades, with such huge leaves and glorious flowers, but we have very nice trees all the same—fir, and pine, and birch. I am only a little weed. I shall never get out and be

free, but you are so great and strong. Your trunk is firm, and you have not got far to grow now to the glass roof. You will break through it and come out into God's world. Then you will tell me whether everything out there is as beautiful as it used to be. I shall be content, even with that."

"But why do you not want to come out with me, little plant? My trunk is firm and strong; cling on to it and climb up me. It will be no trouble to me to carry you."

"Oh, no, no! That's not for me! Look what a weak little helpless thing I am. I can't even lift one of my sprays. No, no, I am no comrade for you! Grow and be happy. Only, when you come out and are free think sometimes of your little friend!"

Then the palm set to work to grow. Even before that the visitors to the conservatory used to wonder at its gigantic height, but now it grew taller and taller with every month. The director of the botanical garden attributed this rapid growth to the good condition of the conservatory, and was very proud of the scientific manner in which he had arranged everything.

"Yes, just look at *Attalea Princeps*," he used to say. "Such full-grown specimens are rarely found, even in Brazil. We have applied all our science that the plants may develop in the hothouse as freely as in their wild state, and I think we have had some degree of success."

Then, with a self-satisfied air, he would tap the firm tree with his cane, and the blows resounded through the conservatory. The leaves of the palm quivered under them. Oh, if it could have groaned aloud, what a shriek of rage the director would have heard!

"He thinks I grow for *his* pleasure!" thought *Attalea*. "Well, let him think!"

And it went on growing, spending all its sap on growing taller and starving its roots and leaves. Sometimes it fancied that the distance to the roof was not diminishing; then it strained all its forces. The bars grew nearer and nearer, and, at last, one young leaf touched the cold glass and iron.

"Look, look!" exclaimed the plants, where it's got to! Surely it won't attempt——"

"How tremendously it's grown!" said the tree-fern.

"Grown! and what of that? It's nothing to be so proud of! Now, if it had got stout, like me!" remarked the thick cicada-tree, whose trunk was like a barrel.

"And what's the use of being so tall? It won't do anything against those strong bars and that thick glass."

Another month passed. *Attalea* went on growing. At last it pressed firmly against the glass. There was no room to grow any more. Then the trunk began to bend. The leafy crown was crushed, the cold iron bars ate into the tender young leaves, cut, and mutilated them; but the tree was firm, and, caring for nothing, pressed pitilessly against the bars till the bars began to bend, though they were made of strong iron.

The little weed looked on at the struggle in an agony of distress.

"Tell me," it asked the palm, "doesn't it hurt you? If the bars are so strong would it not be better to give in?"

"Hurt? What do I care about the pain when I am *determined* to be free! Did not you yourself encourage me?" answered the palm.

"Yes, I encouraged you, but I did not know that it would be so hard. I am sorry for you—you suffer so terribly."

"Hush, weak little thing! Don't pity me! I will die, or I will be free!"

At that moment there was a loud crash. A thick iron bar had snapped. Fragments of smashed glass were scattered about. One of them struck the director's hat as he was going out of the conservatory.

"What's that?" he cried, starting as he saw the flying bits of broken glass.

He ran a little way off from the conservatory and looked up at the roof. Above the glass dome rose proudly the tall, green crown of the palm.

"And is this all?" it thought. "Did I suffer and struggle so long for this? Is this the end of my highest aim?"

It was late in autumn when *Attalea* reared its crown through the broken roof. Fine sleet was drizzling and the wind was driving the grey masses of cloud so low that *Attalea* felt as though it would be caught by them.

The trees were already bare and stood up gaunt like hideous corpses. Only on the firs and pines the dark-green needles stood. The trees looked gloomily at the palm. "You will be frozen!" they seemed to say. "You don't know what frost is. You don't know how to endure. Why did you come out of your hothouse?"

And *Attalea* understood that all was over. It was withering with cold. Return under the roof? It was too late now to return. There was nothing left but to stand in the icy wind, to feel its gusts and the burning touch of the snowflakes, to look at the gloomy sky, the barren earth, the filthy backyard of the botanical garden, the huge, dismal town looming through the fog, and wait till the people down there in the hothouse should decide what to do.

The director ordered the tree to be cut down. "We might build a special dome over it," he said, "but how long would that last? It would only grow and smash everything again. And besides, that would cost too dear. Cut it down."

The palm was tied with ropes, so that it should not break the glass walls in falling; then they sawed it through low down at the root. The little weed that clung to the trunk would not forsake its friend, and also fell under the saw. When the palm was dragged out of the conservatory there lay on the stump a shapeless heap of stalks and leaves, all crushed and torn by the saw.

"Pull up that rubbish and throw it away," said the director. "It's all withered and the saw has spoiled it completely. Put something new here."



A Crack Swiss Guide

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE HERO OF ACONCAGUA

THE Alpine season is over, but the following wrinkles from the most famous of all guides may be found interesting and useful, in view of the season which will soon begin. To

ing but the mountain. The mountain was my school. I was out upon him all day long, and you know what boys are. They must run, they must climb, they must see which is best. So I was



MATTIAS ZURBRIGGEN.

ardent novices we particularly commend Mattias' advice. If taken it may save a few necks.

"Well," said Zurbriggen, "you see, I have known the mountains all my life. When I was a boy I knew noth-

a mountaineer when I was a child. I am forty-three now, and I always thought I would be a guide—I would be a guide, and do something famous, and see the world. It was in 1878 I first joined as a guide, and it was long

before my name became known. Then I had my first stroke of luck—August 10, 1886—I remember well. I made Monte Rosa by a new track. After that I have business every summer. All the famous climbers have employed me at one time or another—Kuge, Boraski, Whymper, Mummery, Fonblanque, Eckenstein, Bimley, Gosse, Conway, FitzGerald, Bruce, Unwin—but I do not remember them all.”

THE PLUCKIEST CLIMBER.

“Who was the pluckiest?”

Without hesitation came the answer, “Certainly Mummery. He was the best rock-climber I ever saw. Nothing made him afraid.”

“Now, Zurbriggen, I want to know your secret. You have spent all the summers of your life in dangerous feats. You have been first on several perilous heights. You have found new tracks where others thought no road was possible. You have been in all weathers, and all changes of weather.”

“The changes are worse than the weather.”

“I quite understand that,” I assured him. “Well, you once at least had a very tough ten minutes; you remember, when you had Mr. FitzGerald hanging to you. Yet you have—this is your reputation—you have never had what can be called a real accident.”

“Never one, in my life.”

“What’s your secret? What gives you your assurance of security?”

THE GUIDE’S SECRET.

“It is caution. I am always beforehand. You must know very well, sir, that there are guides and guides. One is best at one thing, one is best at another. They always say that the Zermatt guide is best for rocks, and the Oberland guide is best for glaciers.

That is not always true; it is not true for each man, but it is true, if you know what I mean. Now (this without any boasting or inflection of pride, but modestly, as though he were stating a scientific fact—say, his exact temperature on Aconcagua) I am best both for rocks and glaciers.”

“But you need caution?”

“Did I not say that there were guides, and guides? One takes you up, and trusts to luck. He is ready for anything, but he does not know what is coming. He guesses where he is when you ask, ‘How far off is the peak?’ But I never do that. Before I start on a new track, or one I have not made before, I study him before I go. ‘Go!’ I make a map of him. I watch him through the glass until I know him. When I say ‘Go,’ then I can see what is before me. On the mountain I must always know where I am. I’m not scientific. If you come to me for science it is no good. But I must carry my map with me, and point, ‘We are here.’ I never start without my compass, my thermometer, and my aneroid; so that when you come to me at any moment and ask, ‘Where are we?’ I can say ‘Here, and it is so many feet from the top!’”

“What dangers do you guard against?”

AVOIDING THE CREVASSE.

“Ah! I said well that there were guides and guides. You will always be hearing of a fall into a crevasse. I never once fell into a crevasse. To my eye, though not to every eye, not to every guide’s eye, a crevasse is plain 40 or 50 feet away. I do not recognise it always by the same appearance. You must watch the weather. Sometimes it is a hole. When it is very cold it is a black track.”

Trying another language with him, I found that by hole he meant rather an undulation, often of course obvious enough—even to the tyro, but occasionally—and these are the dangerous cases—recognisable only by an expert with an acute vision like his own. And by a “black track” he intended no more than that the crevasse had, so to speak, a kind of shadow—a greyer tone of white, indistinguishable at times save by the highly-trained and naturally gifted observer. At all events, he never made a mistake which, so far as he was concerned, gave him even a momentary shock.

“Switzerland is a small place, and I thought perhaps what I found in Switzerland would not be the same elsewhere. But now I have been in every part of the world, and wherever I have gone I have made no mistake about the crevasse. If you see a crevasse there is no danger. You can jump it, or if it is too wide you cut down steps on the one side until the crack is narrow, and then cut your way back again on the other side.”

“The crevasse, then, is not your greatest fear?”

THE AVALANCHE.

“No, the avalanche is the danger. I am always on the alert for an avalanche. Wherever there is a possibility I watch for stones. If it be possible to avoid it I never cross a couloir in the afternoon. If it be impossible, then only one man must be allowed on the couloir at a time, so that if the broken snow makes an avalanche he can be held up. The freshest snow makes the worst avalanche. Where there is fresh snow I travel obliquely; never straight. I am very cautious, and have never been caught; but an avalanche has more than once stayed

my passage for a time; and they have followed me. Still there are places I do not care to cross, save in the comparative safety of the early morning. When I can, I persuade my gentlemen to sleep out rather than go into danger.

“The cornice is another thing of which I am very careful. There is no safety with a cornice, unless you work at him. Some guides more than half forget him; then, perhaps, great accident. Some guides love to rush him. I will not. My motto is, ‘Better two or three hours than risk.’ So I cut a way on the inside of a cornice, though it may take a long time.”

“It seems to me,” I interpolated, “that Alpine danger means a careless or rash guide.”

CARELESS CLIMBERS.

“But,” Mattias Zurbriggen insisted, “there is very often danger from the gentlemen. There are climbers you must make do what is right. Because it is hot in the valley, they will come to you to make a peak, for snow and ice, perhaps for storm, perhaps for resting on the rocks all night, with a dress so light that if they stood still for an hour they would perish with the cold. It is hard to make them understand; but I always say to them, ‘Get you warm clothes under and above, and I will go with you, but like that, no, I will not go with you.’ Or, they come for a hard track, and will start at once. ‘Wait, my friends,’ I say to them, ‘I will first see what you can do. You shall do the big when you have done the little things.’ If they are not able, they must go three or four times with me until they are ready. Then I say ‘Go.’ It is fools who make hard peaks before they are ready. Guides who permit them get into trouble. It is then the guide’s fault.”

"I suppose it occurs that you have to manage your men on the mountain itself?"

AROUSING A TRAVELLER.

"Sir, when I am on the mountain I have only one word. It is 'Must.' If one says 'Ich kann nicht,' I do not hear. 'You must,' I say, and he must, of course he must. Yet there are very obstinate gentlemen. Once on the Matterhorn I had such a one. It was snowing and blowing and we had a very hard day. The gentleman was finished. He would lie down and go to sleep. He couldn't go on. He wouldn't go on. 'You must,' I said. I gave him a drop of brandy, but he was still obstinate. I told him I couldn't leave him, he would be frozen to death in a quarter of an hour. But he would not move; so I struggled to get him along, and that made him angry, and the angrier he got the happier I became. Perhaps I swore at him; for he turned on me and told me he'd report me when he got down—report me to everybody—ruin me for life. 'That's all right,' I said, 'You must do what I want now, when you get down you can do as you like. Only you must, you must.' So I made him angry and more angry, until I can say to him, 'Now with another little drop of brandy you will find you can go very well.' For anger makes the blood hot. He did not find himself sleepy any more. His blood was hot again. So I got him down, and sent him home, and the next morning he came to me to thank me. 'Zurbriggen,' he said, 'but for you I should be dead up above there.' And he gave me four pounds as an extra present."

"Have you any strong opinions about diet?"

MOUNTAIN DIET.

"For lunch, for dinner, carry what you like—chicken or ham or beef—anything. Only no spirits. I carry the spirits for a hard pinch. It is the last resource. I keep it as a doctor keeps a poison, and never use except a little drop after a long cold rest, when it does good. Then, for drinking on the march, cold tea is the best for the thirst. But it is not sustaining. For myself, I never eat on the mountain. I may manage a boiled egg, but seldom that. But most people gain a good appetite. Eggs beaten up in claret are good both for thirst and restoration in the midst of fatigue."

"Zurbriggen, had you a father who taught you the craft?"

"My father was a good climber, but not a guide. He was a bootmaker. I, Monsieur, was a blacksmith in Lyons for seven years; then I began to weary of forge and hammer; I felt the craving for the mountains. 'Mattias,' I said, 'you shall return to Macugnaga.' I did. I was then twenty-five. I found that many gentlemen were climbing. But I also found that the guides were few and not good. 'Mattias,' I said, 'you will become a guide. You love the mountains. It is a business with good money in it.' So I worked very hard. I did badly for a year or two. Then I began to do better as I gained more experience. Soon I did very well indeed. But I worked, worked, worked. It is the only way, unless you would be—well, a porter." Here Mattias shrugged his shoulders rather contemptuously. "If he works, and if he loves the mountains, he will rise."

A TERRIBLE CLIMB.

Somehow or other the conversation then took an abrupt turn—to Mount

Cook, the New Zealand crack peak. Zurbriggen had made up his mind to reach the top. From the Silberhorn in the Tasman summits his quick eye noted a fair way up. Those who have read Mr. Green's fascinating little book will remember how he, Boss, and Kauffmann were as near the summit as possible, but just missed. They spent a memorable night on a ledge about a foot wide, with thousands of feet of abyss yawning below them. On this awful gallery they stood for hours, fearful of sleep, telling stories, singing songs, to keep themselves awake. They went up one way. Zurbriggen with a map in his eye took another. He describes it in mountaineer language, which is much the most difficult lingo I know—full of mysterious words, couloirs, and bergschrunds, &c. I will leave them. It is enough for these English columns to say that he took a porter with him as far as 9,000 feet. The porter was tired, and then he set off alone, and gained the very top. He quaffed half a bottle of wine, smoked a cigar, thrust the empty bottle into a convenient hole amongst the rocks close to the summit, left his card within it, and returned to civilisation in safety.

ON THE HIMALAYAS.

He then moved on to the Pioneer, in the Himalayas, a monster of 22,500 feet, which he conquered with Sir Martin Conway, Captain Bruce, and a Goorkha. Here the chief difficulty

was the great height. "I could only cut one step in ten minutes," said Zurbriggen, taking up an ice axe. "One step—and then sit down. In Switzerland I can cut a good step in a minute." This is his way of presenting the difficulties of breathing at these immense heights. Then he gave me a graphic description of the way in which their party hovered about the summit; one day they went up fifty feet, then five hundred, then a thousand. Heads ached always; badly when working, bearably when lying down. But by degrees the frail human frames grew accustomed to the thin air, and when at last they reached the very top Mattias smoked two whole cigars (I think he said) in honour of the event.

"Then, in descending, how does the change affect you?"

"Then you are sick if you come down too far at a time."

"You smoke, then, Zurbriggen?"

"Oh, yes; but not going up."

"And the appetite—is that good on those high expeditions?"

"No, sir. I eat very little."

"I hear rumours of another Indian journey."

"Yes, but not the one I hope to make before I've done. I'm forty-three. I want to make Mount Everest. I believe I can make Mount Everest, 29,000 feet! I will make Mount Everest and then die."

"No, no; you'll only retire, Zurbriggen, and, perhaps, you'll tell me the story of the ascent at Macugnaga. Till then!"

"Addio, signor."

A Prime Minister of Circulating Libraries

THE young novelist is supposed to tremble when he hears the name of Mr. Faux. Organiser and manager of what is probably the greatest distributing agency for literature, especially light literature, Mr. Faux is supposed to sit solemnly in his room off the Strand, eagerly searching with keen scent, on behalf of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, for some innocent passage in a new romance which by any possibility can be improperly construed, and to revel with unholy delight on finding such in placing the work upon his Index Expurgatorius, and thus crushing the hopes of rising genius. "Censor of the Strand," he has been called, and the fancy picture of him is that of a Grand Inquisitor or a Herod who massacres the innocents daily throughout the year and through many years. You will not be surprised, therefore, if I confess to fear and trembling as I mounted the staircases of Messrs. Smith's fine new offices, and to the awe with which I entered the inner chamber where I expected to find Mr. Faux surrounded by the modern equivalents of the mediæval Maiden and thumb-screw. Expecting my blood to run cold at a first glance of the oppressive suppressor, I was almost disappointed when I gazed upon a very benevolent gentleman, seated, surrounded with nothing more harmful than new books, at an ordinary desk. There is nothing tragic about Mr. Faux—nothing of the "now-could-I-drink-hot-blood" air. In good sooth, if I wanted to describe him familiarly, I should say (I hope without vulgarity) that he was a "jolly dog," and I am sure that he would not put

me on his Index for saying so. We were in the kindest *rapproch* before I had begun to "put him to the question," and I wondered whether he imagined that I carried a rack.

"No," he said, "I did not actually start Smith and Son's Library. I took charge of it some three years after it had been initiated. But I have been here for forty-seven years. It is a tradition of the firm to keep old servants; we have many of long standing, and I am only one among many."

"The Library, I know, had a small beginning nearly fifty years ago."

"Yes; and now we have actually in this house 200,000 volumes, and there are 130,000 volumes, mostly of recent publication, circulating through the country. Come and see the building!"

Mr. Faux took me first to the newspaper distributing department, familiar to all who pass along the Strand, and I gazed with reverence upon the corner where, as has often been said, Mr. W. H. Smith as a young man was to be seen in the small hours every morning as busy as the humblest of the folders employed by him, in the task of catching the mail. Then we passed rows and rows of well-shelved books, always being changed yet always in order, so that the Cornish country house and the Cumberland rectory may be supplied with the volumes of their choice on the shortest notice. In another room hundreds and hundreds of books lay in piles: they await examination and sorting, such as require attention being sent to an adjoining room called the Hospital. There they lie in heaps wanting the bookbinders' care.

"One thing I wish particularly to say to you," Mr. Faux remarked, "but you must please preface it with my declaration that I very much approve of free libraries—they are excellent things. But they have their drawbacks, and apart from the fact that they do not as a rule provide a new book until it is six months old, they fall short of our carefulness in many important respects. The lady who takes a novel from her local free library may find the lap of her silk dress covered with crumbs, or her fingers smeared with the grease left upon a page, a hairpin may fall upon the floor, and other most objectionable things. I have always recognised that library books may become insanitary."

"Infectious disease may be carried by them, you mean?"

"No volume comes into this house from fever-stricken hands, but, if we know (and we take some care to learn) the fact, it is forthwith destroyed. I am as particular about that as I can possibly be. There is, I believe, no danger whatever of such a disease as smallpox being propagated through any of our books."

"Does the war affect you?"

"Not in the least. Newspaper-reading nowadays is of necessity desultory, and the journal is cast aside for the novel by such as indulge in light literature. We send forth as many novels during a war as during a peace."

"But solid works?"

"They are still less affected. Solid books are always read by thinking people."

"Are you in favour of the net system of prices?"

"Very decidedly not. I feel the more strongly on the matter because Smith and Sons have never sinned—

they have never abused the discount system. We sell all our new books at their published price. We are obliged to minimise the sale of 'net books.' Our expenses are very heavy indeed: the net system gives us a gross profit of only 18 per cent., and our expenses would swallow that up."

"Have you any views on what is called the close season?"

"A great deal of nonsense is talked about that. It's the weather makes the publishing season. People cease to read continuously when the spring arrives. They want the volume again for the long winter evenings by the fireside."

"But might there not be a light literature season in July for holiday reading?"

"Oh! no. Holiday reading—such is our experience—is mainly in cheap novels. We do not sell the full-priced books; but the cheap, paper-bound books and the redundant novels of the past season offered at reduced prices are popular, their sale being at its height."

"Are there not books which should be published out of season?"

"Certainly; some books must be published promptly. The topical book must be published promptly. For the topical book, as for love, there is no season."

As Mr. Faux uttered this saying there was a twinkle in his eye which seemed to say that love had no age either. So I was encouraged to come on delicate ground.

"You know that you are called the 'Censor of the Strand'?" I asked timidly. The question was actually welcomed. Mr. Faux at once showed me what sort of thing he has had to guard his shelves against of late, and certainly it was very gross. And then

we fell to talking about offenders against taste, if not propriety.

"Avoiding the details of a very interesting interchange of ideas, I come to a story which is new to the world, which the author of genius most concerned in it has probably never heard, but which is intensely interesting not only in its connection, but *per se* as a piece of literary history.

"I used to know William Tinsley the publisher very well, and one day in 1871 he came into my office with a big MS. sticking out of his pocket. 'What have you got there?' I asked. 'I don't know,' said he. 'I don't know the author—first book, I think—wonder if it's worth anything.' I put out my hand and picked his pocket of the MS. and laughingly told him I intended to steal it. When he had gone I put it on the desk before me and began to read it. I soon saw that there was stuff in it, and as soon as I had satisfied

myself of its worth I returned the MS. with a laconic note to Tinsley:—'Publish this book. It's by a master.' Tinsley wanted no other advice. He published the book in three volumes instantaneously. But to my disappointment the book fell flat. It seemed to be stillborn. For nine months it lay unheeded and unknown. Then the *Saturday Review* (it was in Harwood's day) published an article praising the book, and it made its author's reputation."

"The name of the book?"

"'Desperate Remedies'; and its author, Mr. Thomas Hardy, of 'Tess' and 'Jude' fame. I flatter myself that I was the first to recognise the great artist in him, the artist whom I still greatly admire, though I deplore the blemishes in such a work as 'Jude the Obscure.'"

I shall never tremble at the name of Faux again.



WHERE READERS SIT.

The Mazots of Plan-Cerisier *

BY ÉMILE JAVELLE.

"O fortunatos nimium . . ."

THROUGH the wind, snow, and mist we had just made the passage of the Col de Balme. The winter whitened the mountain - tops and descended slowly. At the foot of the col, in the austere dale of Trient, the cows and heifers were scattered on all sides, in the midst of meadows already nipped by the frost, seeking the last tufts of tender herbage. The whole mountain tinkled harmoniously with the slow and melancholy tintinnabulation of their bells.

Beyond the Col de la Forclaz, however, on the slope leading down to the Rhône valley, the temperature was milder. The weather was fine; the end of the day was golden and sweet.

* From ALPINE MEMORIES. By Émile Javelle. Translated by W. H. Chesson. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

We descended with tranquil steps, admiring the infinite variety of shades which the autumn had given to the red and yellow tones of the trees and bushes. We had already reached the

region of the walnut - trees, and we were about to enter the plain, when a good genius—for such it must have been—took us by the hand and revealed to us at a distance, only a few minutes' walk away from that great road which we had traversed twenty times, a delightful little Paradise, the Mazots of Plan-Cerisier.

Now you must know the whole of the lower part of the great slope, at the foot of which lie Martigny-le-Bourg

and Martigny-la-Ville, with their farms and orchards, is covered by one of the richest vineyards of the valley. The soil there is fruitful, the situation excellent, the north wind is never felt



ÉMILE JAVELLE.

there; and on certain summer days in this hollow of the valley, which becomes a sort of stove, there is a heat which would gladden palm-trees.

The people of Martigny, finding, it may be, that it takes too much trouble to mount and descend for the purpose of cultivating these vines on a slope, sold a great part of them to mountain dwellers of the adjacent valleys who do not dislike climbing. But as some of them dwell at Salvan, some in the Val-Ferret, and others in the Val-d'Entremont, they repair for the night, in times of work or harvest, to some very small habitations situated in the midst of the vines. These habitations are just large enough to afford temporary shelter for the mountain dwellers and to contain two or three agricultural instruments, some small casks, and a little wine-press. These temporary habitations are called mazots.

Following the highway, which everybody takes, we were about to continue our descent on Martigny-le-Bourg, when we recollected that one of our good Salvan friends had invited us many times to see him in his vineyard in the vintage season.

"Look me up at the mazot!" he had said, pressingly. "You shall eat grapes and drink sweet wine. Come and see me at the mazot!"

The time was now at our disposal, the vintage season we supposed to be in full swing; the occasion for the visit was now or never. Impelled at once by friendship, curiosity, and in some slight degree by greediness, we left the main road and turned down a grassy path to the left, which led almost straight into the vineyards.

We had scarcely gone two hundred paces when we saw the first group of these famous mazots rising up before us. Oh! I would fain depict them to

you, but how shall I begin, what words can I invent to put before your eyes the mazots as I see them still, with all their rustic charm and the delicacy of their graceful details?

Try to imagine, at the turn of a road, there, thirty steps in front of you, in the midst of an adorable confusion of tangled and golden vines, a group of little old black chalets scarcely six feet high, chalets in miniature, half hidden under the medley of vine-leaves which has invaded their roof, and wearing below their headpiece a smiling air, as of good old men whom children have crowned.

At sight of them the three of us gave, as it were, one cry of delight, so happily were they grouped, with such grace did they outline on the clear sky the lacework which decorated them.

But these were only the first: a little further on appeared another group, then another, then yet another; the slope was positively sown with them: here two, there three or four, elsewhere a veritable little hamlet, and each prettier and tinier than the last, all gently cowed in their trellis with leaves of gold.

How have we managed to pass so many times within a few feet of this enchanting world without divining its existence?

At this moment it was nearly deserted; we arrived too late; the vintage was drawing to a close. It was only by chance that we saw here and there, among the yellowish leaves, a kneeling man or woman, gathering the last bunches. All was silent as a dream.

Of all these, for the most part deserted habitations, we were none too certain which was the mazot of our friend. Hereupon we fortunately encountered three villagers bearing

their full *brantes*,* as though they felt the weight of them. We questioned these people. "It is lower down," they replied, "towards the last mazots." Behold us then, with a great rustle of crumpled leaves, treading the little paths, and purposely choosing the longest.

At last we reached the principal group. There the mazots form a small square, or crossway, scarcely six paces wide, from the centre of which rises an old walnut-tree. Some buckets, dorsels, and rustic instruments were still scattered before certain chalets. Through a partly-opened door, which allowed the piquant odour of must to escape, we saw an overflowing wine-press; near the threshold on the ground was a basket of selected grapes, which would have done honour to a king's table, so thick, velvety, and pure were the clusters with their tones of amber and opal.

A woman was there; we asked her where our friend dwelt. "Why, there in front of you," she said. "There's his mazot, one of the best built and the best looked after, but the door is shut." "Beyond a doubt he has returned to Salvan," we remarked, "unless he is still busy with his vines." We then set about finding him, secretly hoping that we should not find him till the last minute.

If you have ever by any chance seen the Vaudois vineyards, with long avenues of props geometrically planted at very regular intervals, you will have difficulty in imagining these Valaisan closes. Here also, it is true, you will see many props, but quite small ones which disappear under the leafage. Here also, as elsewhere, it was intended

to plant the vine-stocks with a degree of regularity; but the vines have been left so long to themselves that each has twisted and knitted itself after its own fashion; one is inclined towards the other, whilst the vine shoots, with all the grace of free and natural things, spread, interlace, mingle, and become tangled like the creepers of a virgin forest, and under their confusion of foliage, the little, partly ruined, walls, formerly designed as boundary marks, have disappeared. During one's journey one sees here and there little paths velvety all over with fine herbage, as it were fleeting and hiding themselves — paths only known to lizards, who during whole months have never heard any other noise than the whispering of leaves.

It is in the midst of such vines that the little mazots are irregularly dispersed. Not one of them is exactly like its neighbour. Among them, be it said, are coquets, and some that are very well taken care of; there are even one or two all set out in stones whitened with lime, and around which an attempt has been made to repress the disorderly impulses of the vegetation. But the majority are simply neglected and defaced. These assuredly enjoy the preference of the vine. Free and happy, without fear of a hand daily coming to thwart it brutally in its inclinations, it takes loving possession of the little mazot, surrounds it, embraces it, covers it, twines gracefully round each of its angles, hangs in festoons, expands into garlands, and leaf on leaf, branch on branch, with its supple fibres weaves it a fresh raiment of green.

There are mazots so old, so neglected, so unstable that without the vine which envelops them with its network, it is questionable if they would hold together.

* Swiss *patois*. *Brantes* are wooden barrel-shaped vessels carried on a man's back.—*Trans.*

Through the leaves one catches a glimpse of an indescribable arrangement of black beams, tottering stones, worm-eaten planks, inexplicably intertwined and holding together probably by force of habit. In several places little arbours are to be seen. They are formed by the aid of some poles, which are made to cross one another in a queer way, and they constitute narrow cages of verdure which can only be entered by stooping, and contain accommodation for scarcely more than two.

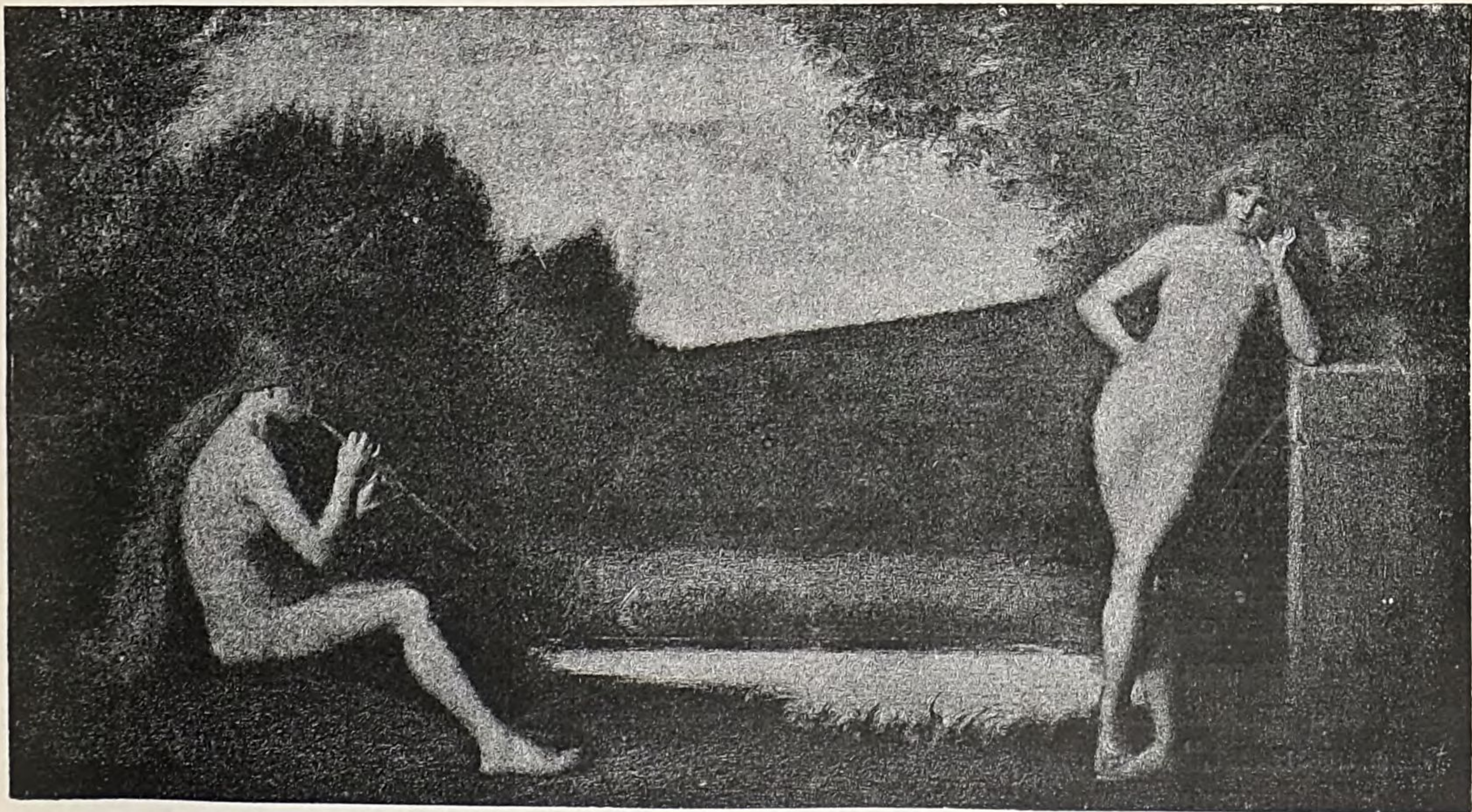
Ah, amongst the mountain-dwellers, who own these closes, these mazots, these arbours, there must still surely be some who understand their happiness! Here, on some warm afternoon in autumn, a few days before the vintages in one of these mysterious little arbours, must surely have been a loving couple, hand

in hand, who knew in what a delightful spot it had been given them to adore each other and live.

Picture to yourself the happiness hidden under the transparent trellis of the foliage, at the foot of the great peaceable mountains with the luminous horizon below. Seated on the soft herbage, through the moving apertures of the vine-branches, a man sees afar off on the Forclaz road the mounting and descending caravans which, with great labour, wend their way in pursuit of happiness, whilst from time to time, slowly raising a hand, he gathers a golden and very ripe bunch of grapes and divides it in two laughingly, with murmur of sweet things.

* * *

We did not find our friend, but in descending I dreamed of the Golden Age.



Twenty Questions : or, Sir Edward Russell and the Interviewer

“HOW long have you been connected with journalism, Sir Edward?”

“Since 1856, when I was twenty-two years old, and began as editor of a London local paper.”

“On what paper did you first make a start?”

“The *Islington Gazette*.”

“What would you say were the special excellences of the old style of daily paper—as, say, represented by the *Morning Star* in comparison with the new journalism?”

“It is perhaps presuming and old-fogyish to complain of changes. I think the *Times*, except in a lack of distinction in its leaders, is as good as ever, and most of the daily newspapers are conducted with high principle and firm grip on affairs. There is, however, a tendency in some quarters to angle for popularity by doing things frivolously and cutting everything up into snippets; while among serious newspapers there have arisen two very bad faults of taste—first, that of continually quoting themselves to show how wonderfully right they have been; and secondly, that of speaking of themselves as participators in rather than as commentators on current events, often so mixing up their ‘we’s’ in such confusion that one hardly knows whether they represent the editor, or the party, or the public, or the country, or the Government.”

“Is it true that the anxieties—the feverish competition—for news on big provincial newspapers are much less than those on London dailies?”

“Certainly not, if the provincial daily newspaper is properly conducted. The aim, successfully achieved from Birmingham northwards, is to render local readers independent of London papers. Being away from the centre of news increases both the difficulty and expenditure.”

“Is there any worry peculiar to the conduct of a provincial newspaper?”

“None, except that which I have just suggested, and managers of high ability take it as all in the day’s work.”

“Did you often attend the House in your early days?”

“Yes, I have gone to the Houses of Parliament as often as I could ever since I was seventeen.”

“What did you think of Lord Beaconsfield as a speaker?”

“Wonderfully effective, especially considering his natural idiosyncrasy, which was to be really interested in things and in ways of putting things with which the average hearer could not sympathise. His exordiums were much better than his perorations. His dignity and airs of oracle were curiously blended with his vivacity, and his wonderful adroitness and ingenuity in personal attack supplied constantly an original spice.”

“Is it true, in your opinion, that the greatest speeches would read like poor pieces of bungling unless the reporter edited them?”

“By no means. I venture to think that the benefits conferred by reporters on speakers—except very incompetent ones—are greatly exaggerated. There are little things, such as the frequent

colloquial recallings of phrases by Mr. Balfour, and the too frequent use of the opening 'Now' by Sir William Harcourt, which are of course corrected with advantage, but as a rule, if life were long enough, the reporting of men of any ability would be better if it were verbatim. Take, for instance, the perfection of Mr. Chamberlain's recent Transvaal speech. It is remarkable that Mr. Gladstone never even in a complimentary speech thanked the reporters for improving him. A good summary, however, is a considerable intellectual feat, and for such summaries the reporters deserve high praise."

"Is it indiscreet to ask you if you agree with the verdict in the case of *Walter v. Lane*?"

"No, I entirely disagree with it. The more people quote with acknowledgment the *Liverpool Daily Post* the better I am pleased."

"Do you think that one effect of this verdict is to show that a typewriter holds copyright in the letter dictated to her (especially if she has taken it down inaccurately)?"

"It seemed to go to that extent, though of course in practice such a ruling would only be a *reductio ad absurdum*."

"What do you mean by 'The Greatest Day'?"

"Your question refers, I presume, to an anecdote I have told of Mr. Gladstone. I should say that the greatest day in the past—though one hesitates to speak on such a subject—was the day of the birth of Christ; in the future the greatest day will be the day when every free man is fit to be a citizen."

"Did you ever listen to Elihu Burritt?"

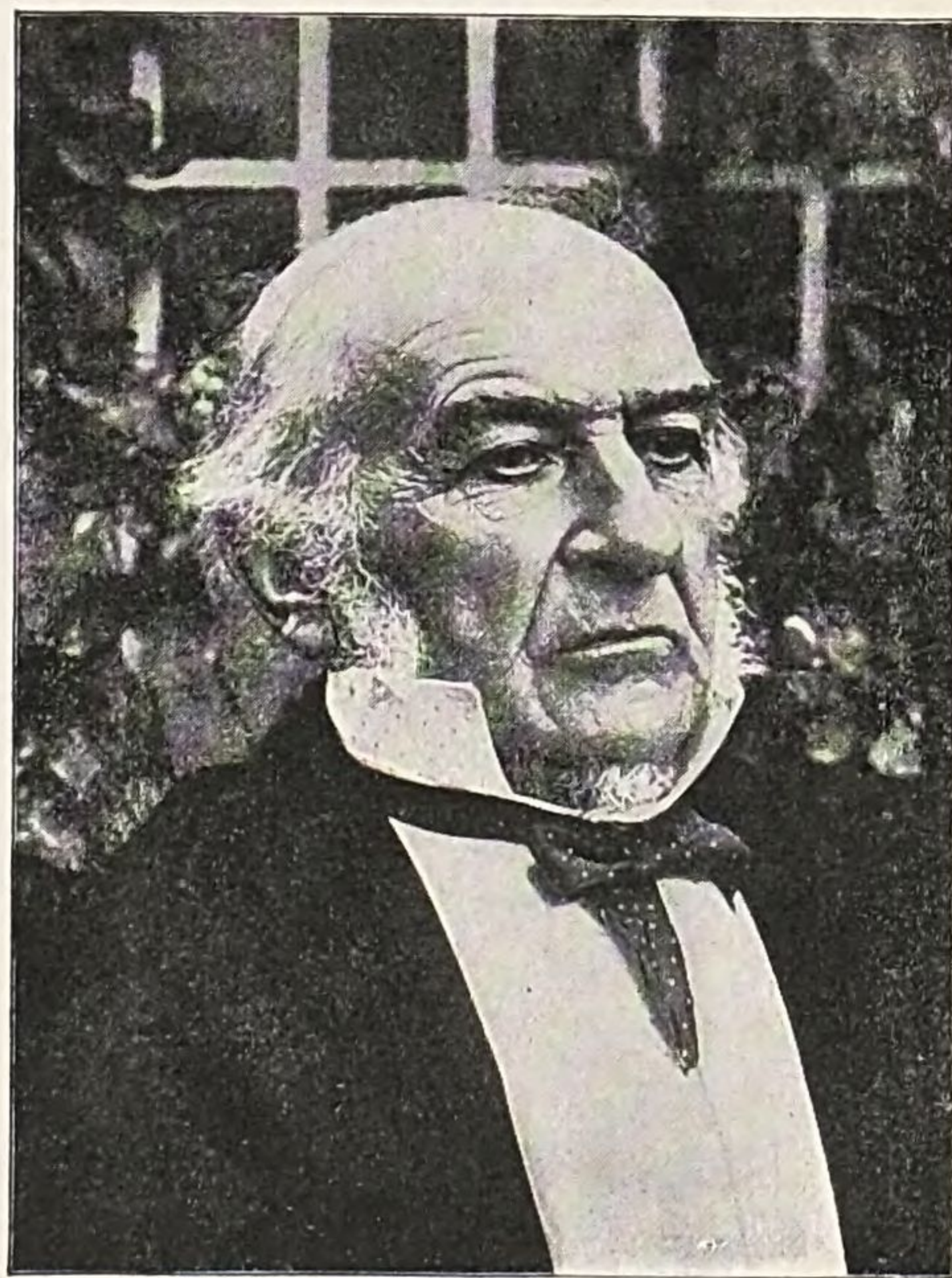
"Yes, several times. He was a fluent but slow speaker, somewhat

preachy in his manner; overflowing with humane sympathy."

"Would you have called Gladstone a great talker in the sense of being a born conversationalist, or would you have preferred Disraeli after dinner?"

"I never met Disraeli in private. I cannot imagine a more perfect or brighter talker than Gladstone."

"You have done a good deal of dramatic criticism, I believe, Sir Edward?"



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.
1809-1898.

"Yes, I began at Sadlers Wells about 1856, when Tom Taylor sent me an autograph copy of his 'Fool's Revenge' and a very kind and beautiful letter in acknowledgment of a notice I wrote of that play."

"Do you think Ibsen's plays will ever become *really* popular in this country?"

"I think not. I am puzzled to find them and such plays as 'The Second

Mrs. Tanqueray 'eschewed as immoral by persons who are full of excuses for 'The Gay Lord Quex.'"

"Which do you think acts the best of Ibsen's plays?"

"The 'Doll's House.'"

"What do you think is the great fault of plays written for the English public?"

"I don't think they have any very special fault, but I lament the tendency of dramatists such as Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones to fall away from their own standards in the belief that the public for the time prefer productions of inferior intellectual and moral quality."

"And the faults of the actors?"

"Want of finish and very unreal by-play. Let me give an instance—the great French actor, Lafont, as a banker sitting at his desk opening his morning letters, was the very man, and every

action was to all seeming real. Almost any English actor would have betrayed that he was acting. So again of Regnier in 'La Joie Fait Peur' dusting the room; and so also of the young French girl who played the artist's boy cleaning the paint-brushes in 'La Tosca,' not to mention Madame Réjane's ironing in 'Madame Sans Gêne.'"

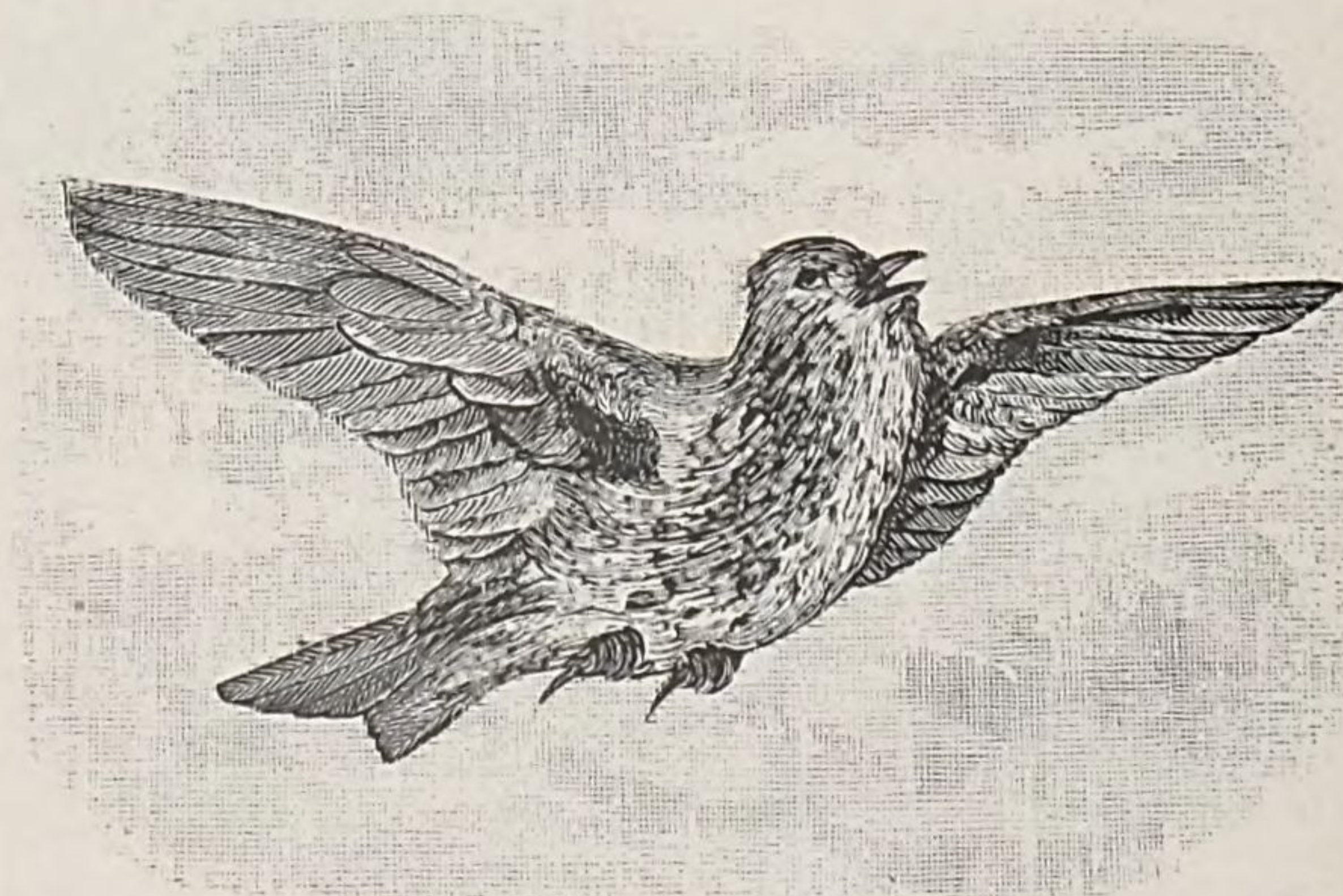
"Have you made a practice of keeping a diary, Sir Edward?"

"No, except of mere engagements and their fulfilment, but I have kept separate notes of anything I might desire to be afterwards reminded of."

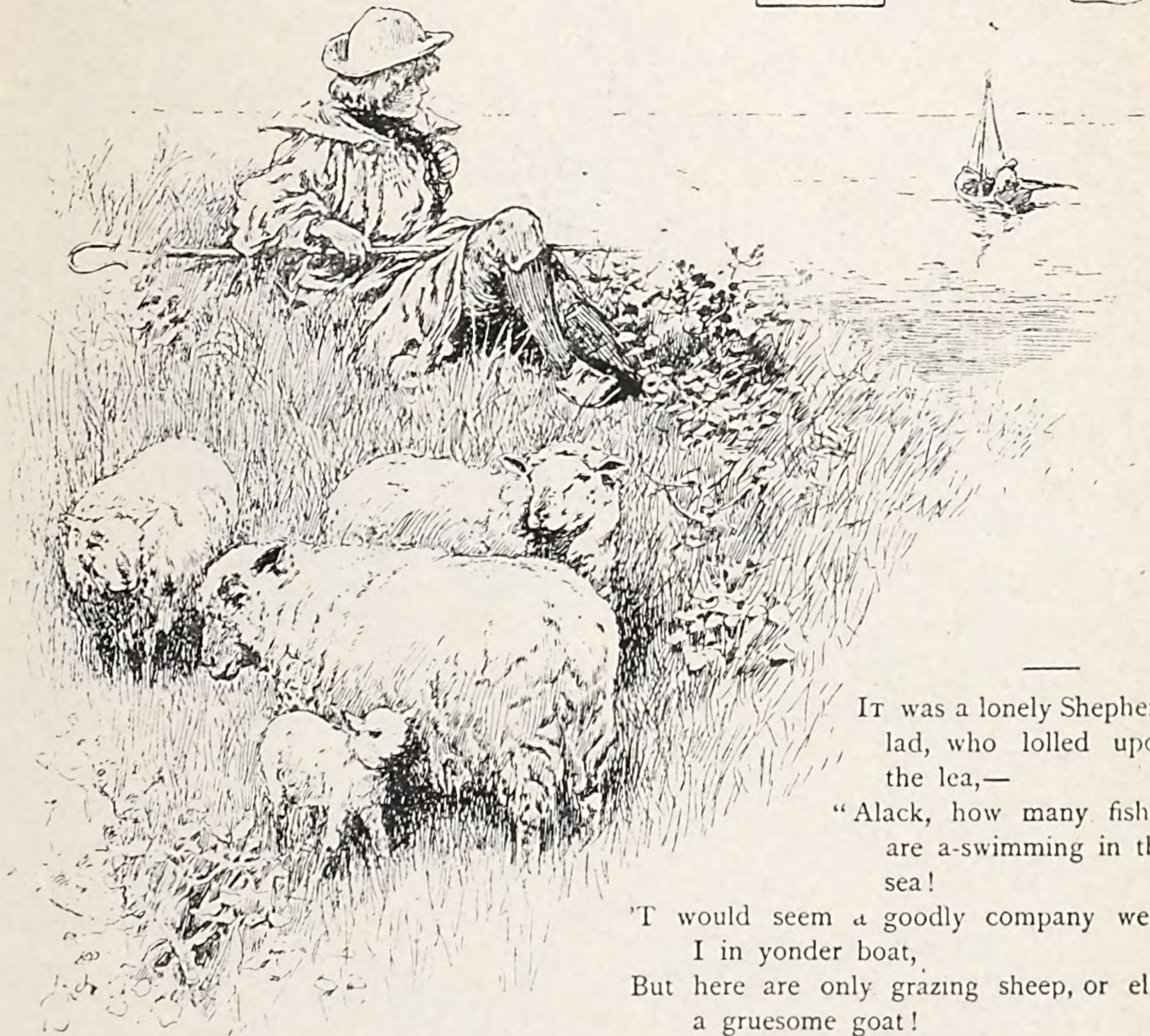
"Don't you think that to keep a diary is practically killing to a literary man, since he is always meeting or doing something interesting?"

"No doubt it adds much to a man's work; but to have no record of something you would give anything to recall is mortifying; and memory is fitful."

* * * Note to p. 63.—As the Court of Appeal has reversed Mr. Justice North's decision in the copyright case, *Walter v. Lane*, it is clear that typewriters are not in a position to claim copyright in their transcriptions.



By Hook
or By **C**rook



It was a lonely Shepherd
lad, who lolled upon
the lea,—

“Alack, how many fishes
are a-swimming in the
sea!

’T would seem a goodly company were
I in yonder boat,
But here are only grazing sheep, or else
a gruesome goat!

“The sun comes up, the sun goes down, alike day after day;
I come and go with my slow sheep in just the selfsame way.
I am tired of the hilltop, I am tired of the lea,
And I would I were yon Fisherman a-skimming o’er the sea!”

It was a lonely Fisherman, who drifted with his boat,—
“Alack! this life is nothing more than fish, and row, and float;
There ’s plenty worth the living for if I were on the land,
But here the world is all made up of water, salt, and sand.

“There might be more variety if things were turned around,
And sheep went scampering in the sea and fishes on dry ground;
I am tired of the fishes, I am tired of the sea,
And I would I were yon Shephèrd lad, a-lolling on the lea!”

* From DOWN DURLEY LANE.



Then the Fisherman he shouldered his basket, rod, and hook,
While the Shepherd sauntered surlily, a-slinging of his crook;
They nodded to each other,—a nod unreconciled,—
And the great sun gave a parting look, then smiled, and smiled, and smiled!



That Reminds Me—Of Disraeli, Peel, and others *

THE reason or reasons why Sir Robert Peel declined the political services of Mr. Disraeli may probably never be known. One of the most competent of the reviewers of the new Peel Papers has come towards what used to be regarded as the truth of the matter in remarking that Peel's rejection of Disraeli, after he had seemed likely to be taken into office, led to the prevalence of some curious stories. One of these, which was generally accepted in the forties and fifties, is not capable of public recital, but the effect of it was to impute to Disraeli a very egregious manifestation of sexual cynicism in conversation at Sir Robert's dinner table. Peel, who was the most decorous of talkers, and naturally a pure-minded man with no capacity for enjoying dubious *jeux d'esprit*, was so disgusted that he never asked Disraeli to his house again, and vowed that he would never have anything to do with him in any way. It was not in the least thought by any one who told or heard the story that Disraeli was telling the truth in what he attributed to himself, or that he had any purpose whatever except to shock Peel and to display the sort of fantastic social talent, only more grossly, that he had depicted in Vivian Grey. But he went too far, and, if the story is true, it had a great effect on the ultimate course of his route to greatness. Some would say that it was

unlikely that Disraeli should run such a risk when he was seeking office. But this is a mistake. Until he had "arrived" he considered his strong points to be eccentricity, mystery—anything to get notoriety. The very week that he passed into office his manner changed. He was a great actor. He remained solemn and mysterious, but when he became a Minister all the *bizarrerie*, all the whim, disappeared. Gait, aspect, everything became grave, and the child of adventurous caprice was visibly the heavily weighted man of affairs.

OF A TITLE FOR JOHN BRIGHT.

The following pleasant, homely story was told to a friend by John Bright once when fishing on the Dee. He said that he rarely had any difference with his wife, but that sometimes he had. It was usually about the children. When they came to a point of absolute disagreement, he used to say, "Now, I tell thee if thou doesn't do what I wish I'll go straight to Mr. Gladstone and ask him to make me a knight." Whereupon good Mrs. Bright—who never went to town in the season, by the by—used at once to agree to whatever John Bright wished, saying, "Oh, anything rather than that."

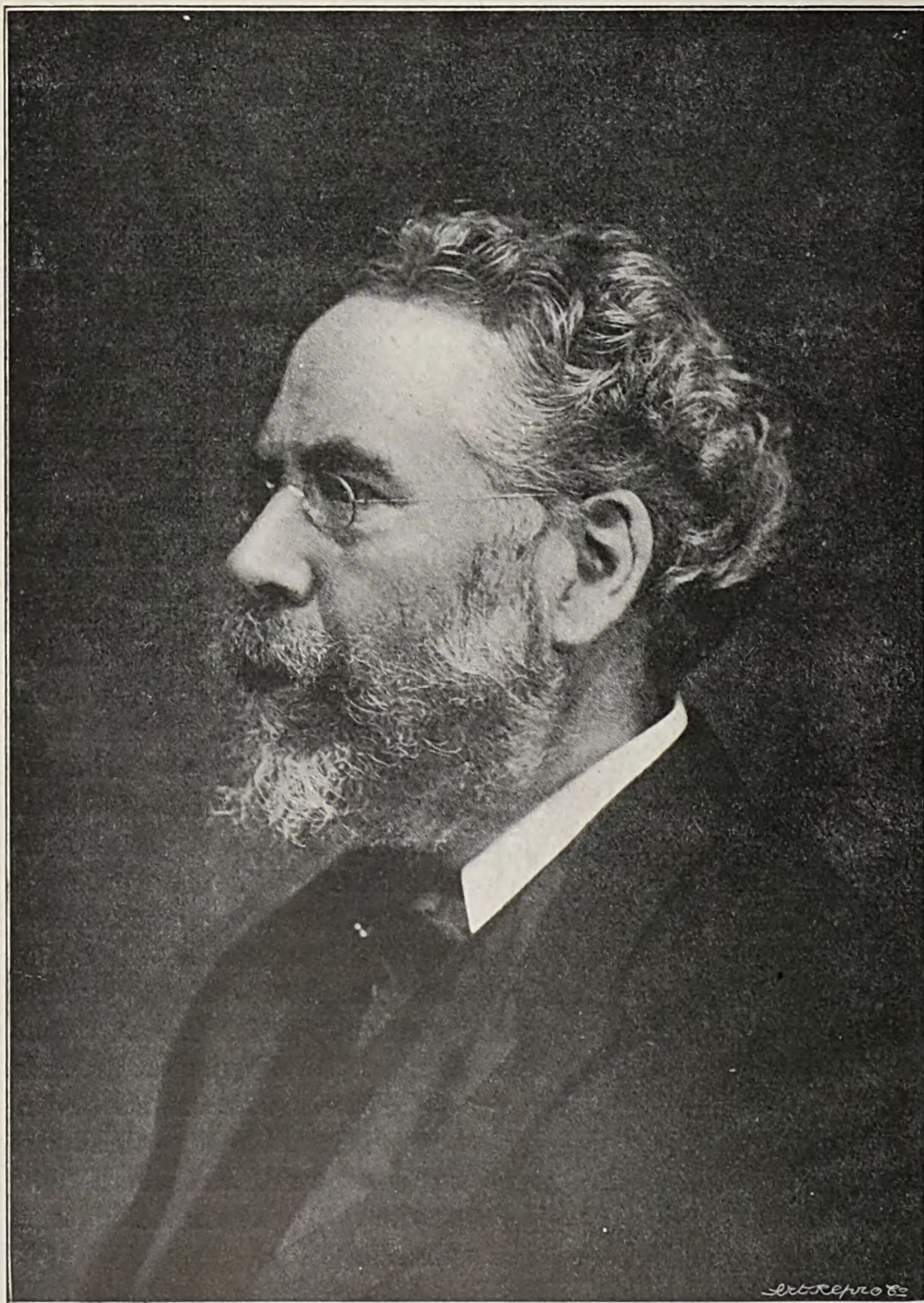
OF BROWNING AND CARLYLE.

Browning used to speak—I am thinking of a time after Carlyle's death—very eulogistically of the great man and entirely repudiated Froude's view of him and his home relations. Browning thought that Froude must have turned

* THAT REMINDS ME—. By Sir Edward Russell, Editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 12s. net. With Photogravure Frontispiece.

on Carlyle on some imagined personal account. Browning found Carlyle very helpful when he (Browning) was still a young unknown man. Frederic Har-

French Revolution. This led to Carlyle re-writing a considerable portion of his book. Browning said the trouble Carlyle took to be perfectly accurate



[SIR EDWARD RUSSELL.]

rison has borne similar testimony. Afterwards when Browning was in Paris he made some investigations for Carlyle to verify some points in the

was well-nigh incredible. He also said that Carlyle was a very facile writer. Some one present when Browning said this objected that Carlyle himself had

said differently. Browning replied that Carlyle was laborious and difficult in the acquisition of his facts and materials, but wrote very freely when he had collected them.

OF STOWELL BROWN.

Those who knew Hugh Stowell Brown scarcely need to be reminded of the pungency and pregnancy of his conversation. I have one or two notes of interest. "An eminent theologian among the Jews said that at the feast of Purim." [I am quoting Mr. Brown, not affirming his accuracy] "a man ought to get so drunk that he could not distinguish between 'Cursed be Haman' and 'Blessed be Mordecai,' the recital of which sentences seemed to be the principal intellectual element of the Feast of Purim. Among us at Easter or Christmas or at Glasgow during the Fast no one would be surprised to find people quite incapable of recognising either Mordecai or Haman." The following was the opinion of Mr. Stowell Brown, who was certainly an expert, on Sunday evening services and on the emotions of religious services generally:—"There may be more excitement at evening services, but religion does not consist in excitement and is not in the least degree promoted by it." This saying of Mr. Brown was in correspondence with that divergence from the pure evangelicism of most Baptist preachers of his day into the aphoristic and moralistic preaching of which there was no other illustration that I remember in his denomination, unless Mr. Brock was one, but of which among the Independents Thomas Binney and Samuel Martin were memorable examples. The following saying of Stowell Brown was striking:—"Blind superstition is quite as hostile to Christianity as is infidelity." I once met

Mr. Stowell Brown as I came from hearing Mr. Lund at the Blind Church for the first time. He asked me if the congregation was of the old type, and said it was not clear why people should attend there, as it was not really a church at all, and had none of the usual accompaniments of a church. I said, "No, and it was a long way for many people to come—places of residence and manners of living having changed so much." He assented with a look of intelligence, and said, "It's a great comfort when a man's congregation is going down to be able to put it down to that. I am always thinking to myself about Myrtle Street, 'Ah, it's the extension of the town.'" Then came a little remark which showed that Mr. Stowell Brown shrewdly observed affairs in the Church of England. I said that diminution of congregation could not apply much to him, but that as to the Blind Church it must be injured by comparison with other churches because so much of the interest of church matters had become attached to "church work" rather than to the old intellectual attractions and excitement. "Yes," said Stowell Brown, "It's all mission work now." I said it was a great pity, not that there were missions, but that the intellectual part had gone so much into abeyance. "Yes," said Mr. Brown. "They won't wait now to learn. They must all be teaching." That was his view. I'm afraid mine was not quite so favourable. However, I generally concurred, and said that young men used to do quite modest work till thirty. "Oh," said he, "now they go straight at it from the Sunday school." "Putting it out before they have taken it in?" said I. "Yes," said he, "and they never take it in afterwards. Off they go at it, having got 'a call,' and if you doubt



ROBERT BROWNING.

that"—raising his hands, "you haven't got the root of the matter in you at all." I do not realise the state of things which this distinguished Liverpool minister described. His impressions may have come of advancing age, though he was not old. But it is interesting to recall with the aid of notes made immediately what his feelings were. As to the Blind Church

the broad originality, the vivid eloquence, and the keen emotion of Mr. Lund and the beauty of the musical service have continued the special traditions which Mr. Hull and Mr. Whishaw established, and though "living outside" has produced absences which some of our best men regret, springs of prosperity are still copious.

A Rising Novelist of the Moors*

THE moorland district of the West Riding of Yorkshire has always afforded splendid opportunities for the historical novelist. It is a district steeped in folklore.

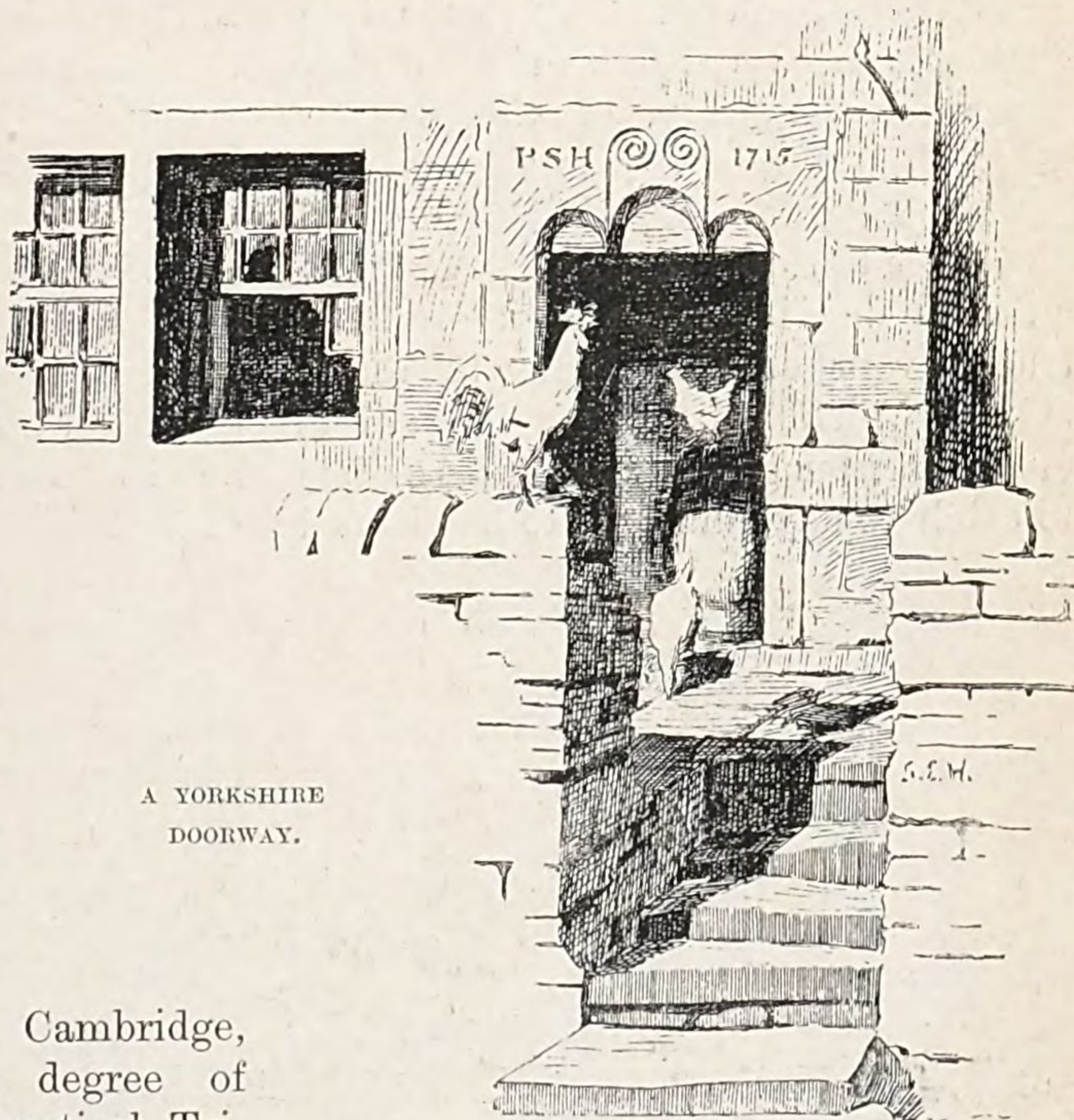
It was in this district, at a little village called Haworth, that the Brontë sisters resided in the early part of the century, and this is the part of the country which forms the local colour for their novels. Mr. Sutcliffe is doing for the West Yorkshire of to-day, which he knows so well, what the Brontës did for the West Yorkshire of their time.

Born in the very heart of the Haworth country, he knows it thoroughly, and has in his works done much to revive the legends and the superstitions that struck deep into the lives of the old-time dwellers on the moor.

From 1889 to 1893 he was at King's College, Cambridge, where he obtained the degree of Senior Op. in the Mathematical Tripos. After leaving Cambridge he spent some time, engaged in literary work, in London, but subsequently went to live in the north; and it is in his return to live among the moors that we find the most significant note of his literary career.

* His latest works are *BY MOOR AND FELL*, illustrated, cloth, 6s., and *SHAMELESS WAYNE* (Unwin's Green Cloth Library), 6s.

For he published in succession, "A Tragedy in Grey," and "The Eleventh Commandment"; but it was his third novel, "A Man of the Moors," published in 1896, by which he made his first hit. This book gained for him considerable applause. It secured the plaudits of no less eminent a critic than Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who was so



A YORKSHIRE
DOORWAY.

struck by its power that he declared it to be a book of genius. Especially noteworthy was the quality now commonly called "atmosphere," by which the characters and the landscape grew and lived together.

"Ricroft of Withens," which appeared about a year ago, met with a similar reception, and was on all hands admitted to be a signal success.

This may be gathered from the fact that within a few months of its publication the first edition was exhausted and a second edition was called for. The scene of his new novel, "Shameless Wayne," is laid in the same country as "Ricroft." It is a tale of the last feud of Wayne and Ratcliffe, which was fought out in Marshcotes Parish a short time before the coming of the Carlesses, and, while preserving the qualities which went to make his previous novels so successful, it develops, as a strong and recurrent under-note, the most vivid superstition that ever held the moor-folk in thrall—the superstition, namely, of the Ghostly Dog.

"By Moor and Fell" is, incidentally, a contribution to Brontë literature, and a serious one, inasmuch as it gives the true flavour of that Haworth atmosphere which surrounded the sisters of the Parsonage—a flavour impossible to catch to-day, and only to be gleaned

from knowledge of old Haworth as it was, distinct from that association with the Brontës which is altogether a late growth. Treating of Wharfedale, Aire-dale, and the Haworth country, the book is perhaps best described as a collection of lang-settle and landscape papers—papers culled from farm kitchens, from tavern hearths of the olden time, from stream and road and village; it endeavours to depict the life of the people, their humour, their outlook on life—to recount old legends of the countryside—to describe the scenery of the country, and its effects upon the characters of those who live there.

Although Mr. Sutcliffe is quite a young man, he has already succeeded in making a name for himself as an author, and bids fair to become the recognised novelist of West Yorkshire, just as Thomas Hardy is recognised as the novelist of Wessex, and R. D. Blackmore of Devonshire.



The Author of "The New Antigone"*

FEW will deny that Dr. William Barry is, if not one of the greatest, certainly one of the most profoundly interesting of modern literary figures. He might be called an embodiment of that great feature of the age—the re-entrance of the Roman Church into all branches of human life. Dr. Barry has captured the fortress of fiction, and holds it well.

His most marked trait as a writer is a vivid imagination and a truly gorgeous sense of colour. He stands among the dull browns and greys of the English realists like some Cardinal of his own Church, flaming in scarlet and gold. When he describes anything, even the ribbon on a dress, he tells us first of its colour. Readers of his last book, "The Two Standards," published by Mr. Fisher Unwin last year, will remember the quaint and original episode of the girl brought up among sombre Puritans, who finds in the Bible, not theological guidance, but a satisfaction for her own almost Oriental hunger for colour and light, gold and jewels, opal and sardonyx. When her suspicious aunt asks her what she is reading, with an involuntary movement of shame, she puts the Bible behind her as if it were the "Arabian Nights."

The personal history of Dr. Barry may account to some extent for the manner in which he seems to bring into our grey Northern literature something of the splendour of continental Catholicism. For his sojourn in Rome was not only long, but covered the

most exciting Catholic crisis of modern times, the Vatican Council and the capture of Rome by the royal army, the triumph of the Pope's spiritual power, and the death agony of his political.

He is by descent a Norman-Celt of the south-west of Ireland; he was brought up at the College of Oscott, near Birmingham, of which Dr. Spencer Northcote was President. He was afterwards educated at the English College at Rome, where he had, as masters of divinity, Cardinal Franzelin



DR. BARRY.

and Cardinal Tarquini. He was examined for his degree by the celebrated Father Perrone.

He witnessed the public sessions of the great Vatican Council which after one of the most dramatic controversies in history promulgated the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope. He saw the great council broken up by an equally dramatic event, when General Cadorna came over the barricades and planted in the Papal citadel the flag of United Italy. Returning to England he threw himself into the controversies

* ARDEN MASSITER. By Dr. William Barry. Cloth, 6s.

of the day with an energy and versatility that few have equalled. He wrote for the *Quarterly* and other periodicals; he lectured in all the large cities of England and America; he gave a series of discourses on "Masters of Modern Thought" at the Royal Institution, and was chosen to deliver the address both in London and Dublin on the Centenary of Edmund Burke. But all this was merely preparatory to his really successful *coup*, the publication of the "New Antigone," a work admitted on all hands, not only to show powers of a very high order, but to be a striking and philosophical defence of the Chris-

tian ideal of marriage in the modern lists, where it has only its intrinsic philosophical merits to defend it.

His forthcoming work, "Arden Massiter," is the story of a great Italian house in its last days. The atmosphere, it has been said, is almost Dantean. Romance, in Dr. Barry's eyes, should be what Carlyle tells us music and song were meant to be, "Not a fable, but a fact; the best he can interpret—the judgments of eternal destiny on the erring sons of men." Unlike too many modern writers, Dr. Barry has not lost the first virtue of an artist, as of a man—courage.



"PARAPET OF THE CATHEDRAL OF TORCELLO," A.D. 1008

A Scene from Ouida's New Novel*

GIOVACCHINO GALLO was a short, stout person with a large stomach, a bald head, bright restless eyes, and a high, narrow forehead; his face was florid, like the face of one to whom the pleasures of the table are not alien. His address was courteous but distant, stiff, and a little pompous; he evidently believed in himself as a great person, and only unbent to other greater persons, when he unbent so vastly that he crawled.

"What can I do for your Reverence?" he asked, as he seated himself behind the writing table and pointed to a chair.

The words were polite but the tone was curt; it was officialism crystallised.

Don Silverio explained the purpose of his visit, and urged the prayers of his people.

"I am but the vicar of Ruscino," he said in explanation, "but in this matter I plead for all the natives of the Valdedera. Your Excellency is Governor of this province, in which the Edera takes its rise and has its course. My people, and all those others who are not under my ministry, but whose desires and supplications I represent, venture to look to you for support in their great distress and intercession for them against this calamity."

The face of the Prefect grew colder and sterner, his eyes got an angry sparkle, his plump, rosy hands closed on a malachite paper-knife; he wished the knife were of steel, and the people of the Valdedera had but one head.

"Are you aware, sir," he said im-

patiently, "that the matter of which you speak has had the ratification of Parliament?"

"But it has not had the ratification of the persons whom it most concerns."

"Do you suppose, then, when a great public work is to be accomplished the promoters are to go hat in hand for permission to every peasant resident on the area?"

"A great public work seems to me a large expression: too large for this case. The railway is not needed. The acetylene works are a private speculation. I venture to recall to your Excellency that these people, whom you would ignore, own the land, or where they do not own it, have many interests both in the land and the water."

"Their interests are considered and will be compensated," said the Prefect. "I do not admit that any of them can claim more."

"Pardon me, your Excellency, but that is a phrase: it is not a fact. You could not, if you gave them millions, compensate them for the seizure of their river and their lands. These belong to them and to their descendants by natural right. They cannot be deprived of these by Act of Parliament without gross injury and injustice."

"There must be suffering for the individual in all benefit of the general!"

"And doubtless, sir, when one is not the individual the suffering appears immaterial!"

"What an insolent priest!" thought Giovacchino Gallo, and struck the paper-knife with anger on the table.

"Take my own parishioners alone,"

* THE WATERS OF EDERA. By Ouida. Cloth, 6s.

pursued Don Silverio. "Their small earnings depend entirely upon the Edera water; it gives them their food, their bed, their occupation; it gives them health and strength; it irrigates their little holdings, *extra muros*, on which they and their families depend for grain and maize and rice. If you change their river-bed into dry land they will starve. Are not your own countrymen dearer to you than the members of a foreign syndicate?"

"There will be work for them at the acetylene factory."

"Are they not free men? Are they to be driven like slaves to a work which would be hateful to them? These people are country born and country bred. They labour in the open air, and have done so for generations. Pardon me, your Excellency, but every year the King's Government forces into exile thousands, tens of thousands, of our hard-working peasants with their families. The taxation of the land and of all its products lays waste thousands of square miles in this country. The country is being depleted and depopulated, and the best of its manhood is being sent out of it by droves to Brazil, to La Plata, to the Argentines, to anywhere and everywhere, where labour is cheap and climate homicidal. The poor are packed on emigrant ships and sent with less care than crates of fruit receive. They consent to go because they are famished here. Is it well for a country to lose its labouring classes, its frugal, willing, and hard-working manhood? to pack them off across the oceans by contract with other states? The Government has made a contract with a Pacific island for five thousand Italians. Are they free men or are they slaves? Can your Excellency call my people free who are allowed no voice against the seizure of their own

river, and to whom you offer an unwholesome and indoor labour as compensation for the ruin of their lives? Now, they are poor indeed, but they are contented; they keep body and soul together, they live on their natal soil, they live as their fathers lived. Is it just, is it right, is it wise to turn these people into disaffection and despair by an act of tyranny and spoliation through which the only gainers will be foreign speculators abroad and at home the gamblers of the Bourses? Sir, I do not believe that the world holds people more patient, more long-suffering, more pacific under dire provocation, or more willing to subsist on the poorest and hardest conditions than Italians are; is it right or just or wise to take advantage of that national resignation to take from half a province the natural aid and the natural beauty with which God Himself has dowered it in the gift of the mountain-born stream? You are powerful, sir, you have the ear of the Government; will you not try to stop this infamous theft of the Edera water whilst there is still time?"

Don Silverio spoke with that eloquence and with that melody of voice which few could bear unmoved; and even the dull ear and the hard heart of the official who heard him were for one brief moment moved as by the pathos of a song sung by some great tenor.

But that moment was very brief. Over the face of Giovacchino Gallo a look passed at once brutal and suspicious. "Curse this priest!" he thought; "he will give us trouble."

He rose, stiff, cold, pompous, with a frigid smile upon his red, full, *bon viveur's* lips.

"If you imagine that I should venture to attack or even presume to

criticise, a matter which the Most Honourable the Minister of Agriculture has in his wisdom approved and ratified, you must have a strange conception of my fitness for my functions. As regards yourself, Reverend Sir, I regret that you appear to forget that the chief duty of your sacred office is to inculcate to your flock unquestioning submission to Government decrees."

"Is that your Excellency's last word?"

"It is my first, and my last, word."

Don Silverio bowed low.

"You may regret it, sir," he said simply, and left the writing-table and crossed the room. But as he approached the door the Prefect, still standing, said, "Wait!"

Gallo opened two or three drawers in his table, searched for some papers, looked over them, leaving the priest always standing between him and the door. Don Silverio was erect; his tall, frail form had a great majesty in it; his pallid features were stern.

"Return a moment," said Gallo.

"I can hear your Excellency where I am," replied Don Silverio, and did not stir.

"I have here reports from certain of my agents," said Gallo, fingering his various papers, "that there is and has been for some time a subversive movement amongst the sparse population of the Valdedera."

Don Silverio did not speak or stir.

"It is an agrarian agitation," continued Gallo, "limited in its area, with little probability of spreading, but it exists; there are meetings by night, both open-air and secret meetings; the latter take place now in one farmhouse, now in another. The leader of this noxious and unlawful movement is one Adone Alba. He is of your parish."

He lifted his eyelids and flashed a quick, searching glance at the priest.

"He is of my parish," repeated Don Silverio, with no visible emotion.

"You know of this agitation?"

"If I did, sir, I should not say so. But I am not in the confidence of Adone Alba."

"Of course I do not ask you to reveal the secrets of the confessional, but——"

"Neither in the confessional nor out of it have I heard anything whatever from him concerning any such matter as that of which you speak."

"He is a young man?"

"Yes."

"And owner of the land known as the Terra Virgine?"

"Yes."

"And his land is comprised in that which will be taken by the projected work?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure that he has not sent you here?"

"My parishioners are not in the habit of 'sending' me anywhere. You reverse our respective positions."

"Humility is not one of your ecclesiastical virtues, Most Reverend."

"It may be so."

Gallo thrust his papers back into their drawer and locked it with a sharp click.

"You saw the Syndic of San Beda?"

"I did."

"What did he say to you?"

"Much what you say. Official language is always limited and learned by rote."

Gallo would willingly have thrown his bronze inkstand at the insolent ecclesiastic; his temper was naturally choleric, though years of sycophancy and State service had taught him to control it.

"Well, Reverend Sir!" he said, with ill-concealed irritation, "this conversation is, I see, useless. You protect and

screen your people. Perhaps I cannot blame you for that, but you will allow me to remind you that it is my duty to see that the order and peace of this district are not in any manner disturbed, and that any parish priest if he fomented dissatisfaction or countenanced agitation in his district, would be much more severely dealt with by me than any civilian would be in the same circumstances. We tolerate and respect the Church so long as she remains strictly within her own sphere, but so long only."

"We are all perfectly well aware of the conditions attached to the *placet* and the *exequatur* at all times, and we are all conscious that even the limited privileges of civilians are denied to us!" replied Don Silverio. "I have the honour to wish your Excellency good morning."

He closed the door behind him.

"Damnation!" said Giovacchino Gallo; "that is a strong man! Is Mother Church blind that she lets such an one rust and rot in the miserable parish of Ruscino?"

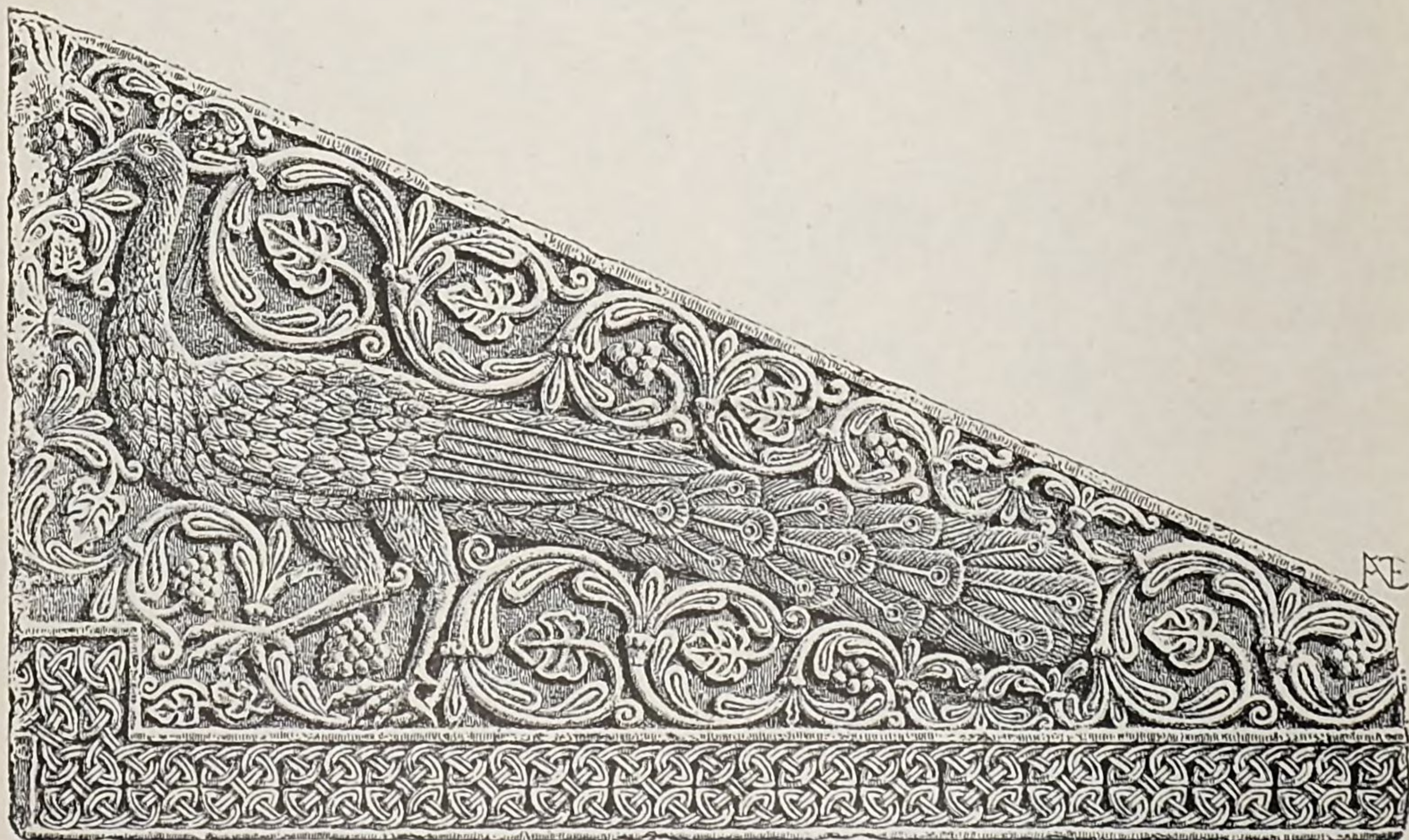
When Don Silverio rejoined the Vicar of Sant Anselmo the latter asked him anxiously how his errand had sped.

"It was waste of breath and of words," he answered. "I might have known that it would be so with any Government official."

"But you might have put a spoke in Count Corradini's wheel. If you had told Gallo that the other is trafficking——"

"Why should I betray a man who received me in all good faith? And what good would it have accomplished if I had done so?"

And more weary than ever in mind and body he returned to Ruscino.



A Popular Novelist^{*}

MRS. ALEXANDER (known in father, Mr. French, of Roscommon, private life as Mrs. Alexander was a member of the famous Kildare



From a Photograph by]

MRS. ALEXANDER.

[Messrs. Russell & Sons.

Hector) was born in Ireland. Her hunt, whilst amongst her more distant ancestors are to be numbered Jeremy Taylor and the Rev. Charles Wolfe.

^{*} See her latest book, *THROUGH FIRE TO FORTUNE*. Cloth, 6s.

She first turned her attention to authorship when quite a young girl, but ceased writing when she married. On her husband's death her thoughts reverted to her pen, and she has continued to write ever since. Amongst her later popular novels are "A Winning Hazard" and "Brown V.C.," stories which amply fulfilled the promise of sustained good work which had been shown in her previous achievements, notably in "Her Dearest Foe" and "The Wooing O't."

The remarkable success of "A Winning Hazard" shows what a great hold Mrs. Alexander has upon the reading public. To such an extent was it taken up that, within a short time of publication, several thousand copies of the work were sold, and it is now in its fourth edition.

"Brown V.C.," published in the early part of this year, was quite as successful, a large edition of five thousand copies being disposed of in a few weeks, necessitating the preparation of a very large second edition before the book had been out more than a month or two.

Mrs. Alexander differs from a large number of our present-day lady novelists in that she does not treat her readers to discussions on well-worn sex-problems, or descriptions of elope-

ments, divorces, secret marriages, etc., as do some authors. No; there is nothing *risqué* in her novels, and the person who turns to them in the hope of finding anything of that nature looks for it in vain.

They are full of human nature, lively conversation, and plenty of exciting incidents which render them very acceptable to all lovers of fiction. They belong to that welcome class of book which seeks no aid from morbidity or offensive revelation, which can be safely left in the hands of the healthy-minded with the perfect confidence that there is contained in them nothing whatever that could possibly corrupt or perplex them.

This should be good news to paterfamilias, and not only to him, but to all people whatsoever who are looking for good, wholesome reading, which they can safely pass on when done with to their friends or their children.

It is by writing this class of book that Mrs. Alexander has gained her well-deserved popularity—a popularity which bids fair to continue as long as she is able to write, and afterwards.

The portrait of Mrs. Alexander which we append is reproduced by the kind permission of the *Illustrated London News*.



BROWN V.C. MARCHING TO BATTLE.

A New Novel of Medical Life;

or

Medical Life in Fiction *

WHEN an author fills his story with the clash of swords and the sound of trumpets, it is not uncommon to find that he is a singularly mild and modern person with no experiences at all. Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole has precisely reversed this contradiction. His novel, "The Doctor," is not romantic, but realistic, and it deals with the bloodless and somewhat humorous war of two rival practitioners, with London and country snobs, with nothing more wicked than a novel called "The Second Indiscretion" of somebody. It is Mr. Stacpoole's life, on the other hand, that has had the tinge of romance. He has wandered, like Ulysses, in many countries, and more than once been face to face with death, completing matters by getting nearly killed in a quarrel at Prague.

He is, like his hero, a doctor in practice. His father was the Rev. W. Church Stacpoole, D.D., of Kingstown, a clergyman of the Church of Ireland. After leaving school at Malvern, where he was educated, he studied medicine, and, having taken his diploma, practised in England, relieving the *tedium vite* by travel on the Continent, where he has a considerable number of Bohemian friends. "It is a pity," said Mr. Stacpoole in this connection, "that the nations do not understand one another better. The curse of Europe is Chauvinism; it does more harm than war, or even doctors."

* THE DOCTOR. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. Cloth, 6s.

Since that time, Mr. Stacpoole has devoted himself to literature as well as to science, and has successfully published some books, two short stories with Mr. John Lane, and a novel with Mr. Heinemann. He has also contributed to *Temple Bar*, *Literature*, and the *Outlook*.

His forthcoming work "The Doctor," however, is likely to be especially near to his heart, devoted as it is to the study of one of the many examples of rugged



MR. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

nobility furnished by his noble profession. The position of the country doctor would seem to be different indeed to that of the fashionable physician with whom (I must, of course, assume) we are alone acquainted. The cheerful enthusiasm of the rustics for taking medicine is only equalled by their grand and stoical aversion to paying for it. One very prominent enigma in the profession, which we must all of us have noticed, is here greatly insisted on. How far should the doctor yield to the insane but ineradicable prejudice

that no good has been done unless medicine has been given?

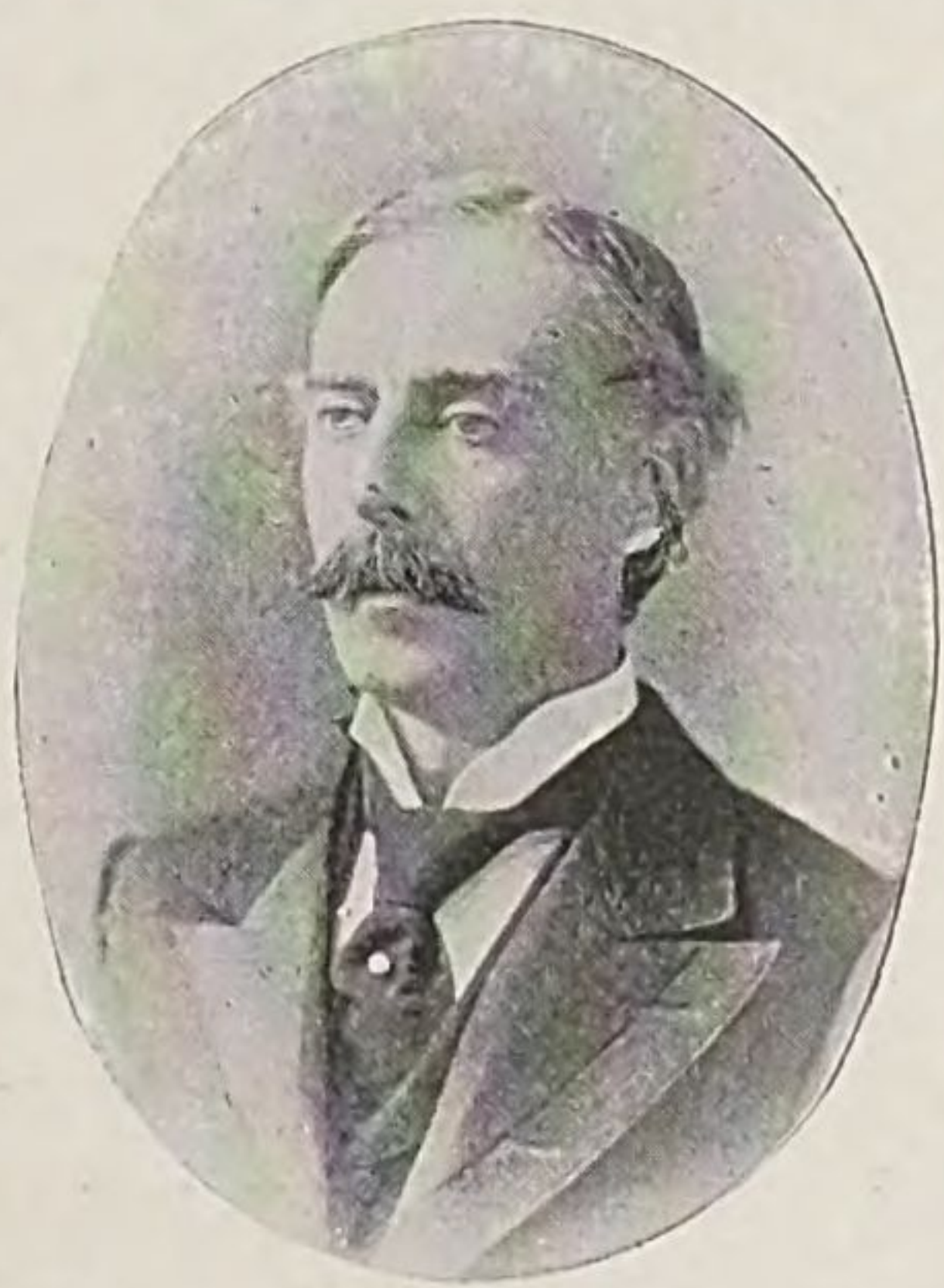
The hero of this story gives his patients clean diet and the plain truth. The rival gives them oily sympathy

and superfluous drugs. The hero is defeated at first and at last conquers.

Is not this humble theme a genuine war between light and darkness?

A History of the Welsh*

WHEN Lord Salisbury made his celebrated remark about the "Celtic fringe" upon the garment of England, he would certainly, being a person of unquestionable humour, have been the first to admit that it was rather odd that a fringe should be,



MR. DAVID BRYNMOR JONES, Q.C., M.P.

taken altogether, considerably wider than the garment.

But though Ireland and Wales can be classed together under the general description of "the fringe," they are in reality in situations profoundly different in relation to England. But what is stranger still is that it is

Ireland, the island, which is really, morally speaking, the closer of the two. The English have oppressed Ireland, flattered Ireland, bribed Ireland, sneered at Ireland, misunderstood Ireland, but nevertheless Ireland was always present to their thoughts. But Wales they have not even attempted to understand. The Irish have cursed England, but they have cursed her in the English language. But the Welsh, nestling under the very shadow of England, divided from her only by boundaries which are purely arbitrary, has kept unquenched through the ages a language as stubborn as Czech, and to Englishmen apparently as outlandish. The typical Irishman, with his shillelah, his brogue, his bulls, his courage, his gaiety, and his pathos, is known even to the man in the street, and we all believed in him, till Mr. W. B. Yeats taught us that an Irishman is a soulful person looking for loose gods. But who is there who has a definite idea of the typical temperament of a Welshman? "A History of the Welsh People" is demanded if ever a book was demanded. And if two people were to be chosen, would not many people suggest Mr. David Brynmor Jones and Mr. John Rhys?

* THE WELSH PEOPLE. By John Rhys and David Brynmor Jones. Cloth, 12s. 6d.

Art and Music in Fiction^{*}

MRS. DARENT HARRISON has written a novel descriptive of two kinds of artistic career. In the first, a description of the art-student life in Paris, she treats of a theme that is now of strong popular interest. But in her equally vivid account of the Musical and Military Society of a German town, she breaks new ground. The novel is called "Master Passions"; the master passions are Art, Music, and another, thought by some to add an interest to fiction.

Mrs. Darent Harrison is not one of those who have to read up for their "local colour," or send their proof-sheets to experts. She testifies to what she has seen. She studied for the musical profession and took her diploma at a German Conservatorium, under Lebert. It may be hinted that those who know anything of Lebert will study a very prominent character in this novel with a great deal of interest. And while her own career has qualified her completely to write an account of a musical society in Germany, her subsequent connections have, by a fortunate coincidence, given her an equal knowledge of the educational processes of pictorial art. She married an artist and has had opportunities of studying the various phases of artistic life in the Quartier Latin. She has also spent many years in Rome, another centre of artistic society, as well as in London and elsewhere.

We have nowadays to suffer from so many writers who think that they

can learn the manners and customs of a nation as one learns singlestick or shorthand, in a certain number of lessons; who sum up the character of ancient and complex societies, like a man summing up the splendour of the Municipality of the City of London from the Mansion House Station on the Underground; who frankly recog-



MRS. DARENT HARRISON.

nise the problems of their own country, which they have known from childhood, as insoluble, yet are ready after a fortnight's holiday to pass judgment on the past of Russia or the future of America. Under these circumstances, the writer who has been not only among a people, but of them: who has spoken not only the external grammar-

^{*} MASTER PASSIONS. By Mrs. Darent Harrison. Cloth, 6s.

tical language, but the internal spiritual language also, has value, even incalculable value. For it cannot be too often asserted that it is only when "local colour" and local knowledge become unconscious to the possessor that they become vivid to the world. It is the little fashions and phrases that a sojourner in Artistic France or Musical Germany uses without any idea that they are outlandish, uses as a

second nature and an obvious necessity, that really give us a glimpse into the life out of which he has come. The guide-book novelist, with his preposterous tags of language and custom, is left miles behind. So that when Mrs. Darent Harrison alludes to the possibility of "exotic tendencies in style or sentiment," may she not be naming the highest merit of her book?



An Indictment of the Socialists*

WHEN that remarkable book, "The Crowd," first appeared, every one recognised that France had produced another of those profoundly original monographs which combine the boldest imaginative design with the most laborious scientific detail, and which are a class of work peculiarly her own. The aim of M. Le Bon's work was at once analytical and picturesque; it was to define the real moral and intellectual characteristics of the crowd, or body of men acting as one. The question was traced through the history of all nations, through a hundred fashions and a hundred revolutions, and everywhere certain psychological traits were found to be startlingly recurrent. Among other things M. Le Bon pointed out the

way in which the intellect of the crowd had a tendency to sink to one level, that of the average man in that crowd, so that supremacy or superiority disappeared at the moment of civic excitement. On the other, according to M. Le Bon, the crowd has its virtues, even as a crowd; it is seldom split up into selfish interests, individual wants are forgotten in some common emotion: therefore the crowd is, in one sense, always altruistic.

Much of his thought on this subject has passed into his new book; but it is here embodied in a form much more typical and to the point. "The Psychology of Socialism" is a direct attack upon the whole of modern socialism, in all its myriad forms, from a psychological—we might almost say a pathological—point of view.

* THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SOCIALISM. By Gustave Le Bon. Cloth, 16s.

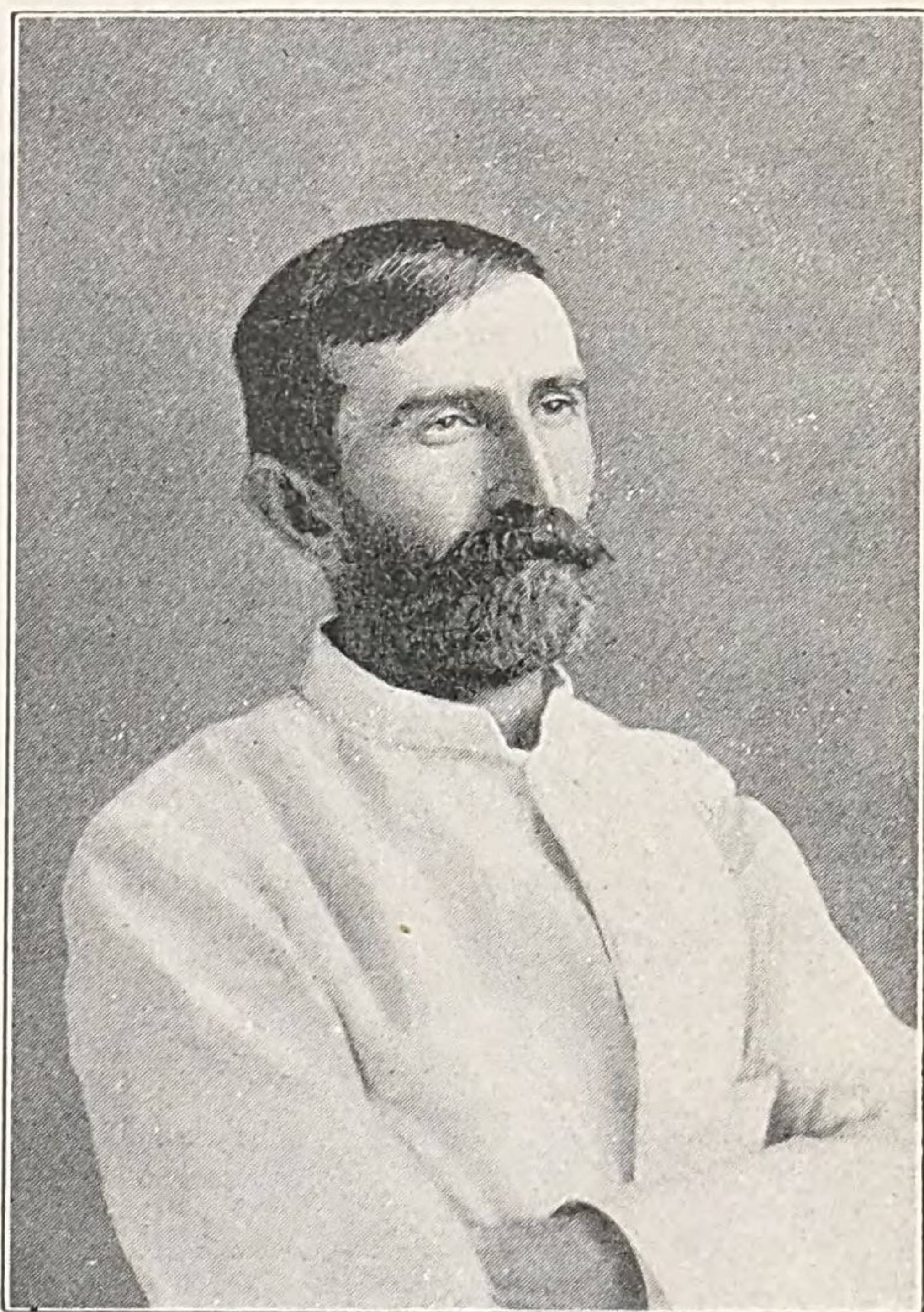
Louis Becke: A Biographical Note*

MR. BECKE is one of that rare band of writers who have led a wild, roving life, and yet possess sufficient culture and talent to be able to write interestingly about their experiences. As a general rule the men who know do not write, and the men who write do not know—although they pretend to do so.

Mr. Louis Becke, however, is a happy exception to this rule. He probably knows more about the South Seas than any man living, and what he does *not* know about them is probably not worth knowing at all.

He began this active life at fourteen years of age, when he went to sea. He then spent nearly twenty years trading amongst the islands of the South Seas, during which time his fortunes were continually changing. At times he would find himself comparatively wealthy, but in a happy-go-lucky sort of way he quickly dispossessed himself of his riches and soon found himself "hard up" again. It was to this trait in his character that his career in literature owes its beginning. He was staying in Sydney and found his circumstances so reduced that he was compelled to turn to clearing brushwood as a means of obtaining a livelihood. About this time he met the editor of *The Sydney Bulletin*, a newspaper which has frequently introduced new writers to the public. The editor of this paper knew Mr. Becke personally, and having previously heard him tell some tales of

his experiences he thought that they would make good "copy" for his paper. He knew that Mr. Becke could *tell* a good tale, and he thought that if he could write as well as he could talk about incidents in his life he would be a success in journalism. He therefore suggested to Mr. Becke



MR. LOUIS BECKE.

that he should write a few stories and submit them to him, promising to accept them if they were of sufficient merit. Mr. Becke at first pooh-poohed the idea, declaring that he would not be able to write anything worth reading.

On second thoughts, however, he came to the conclusion that he would

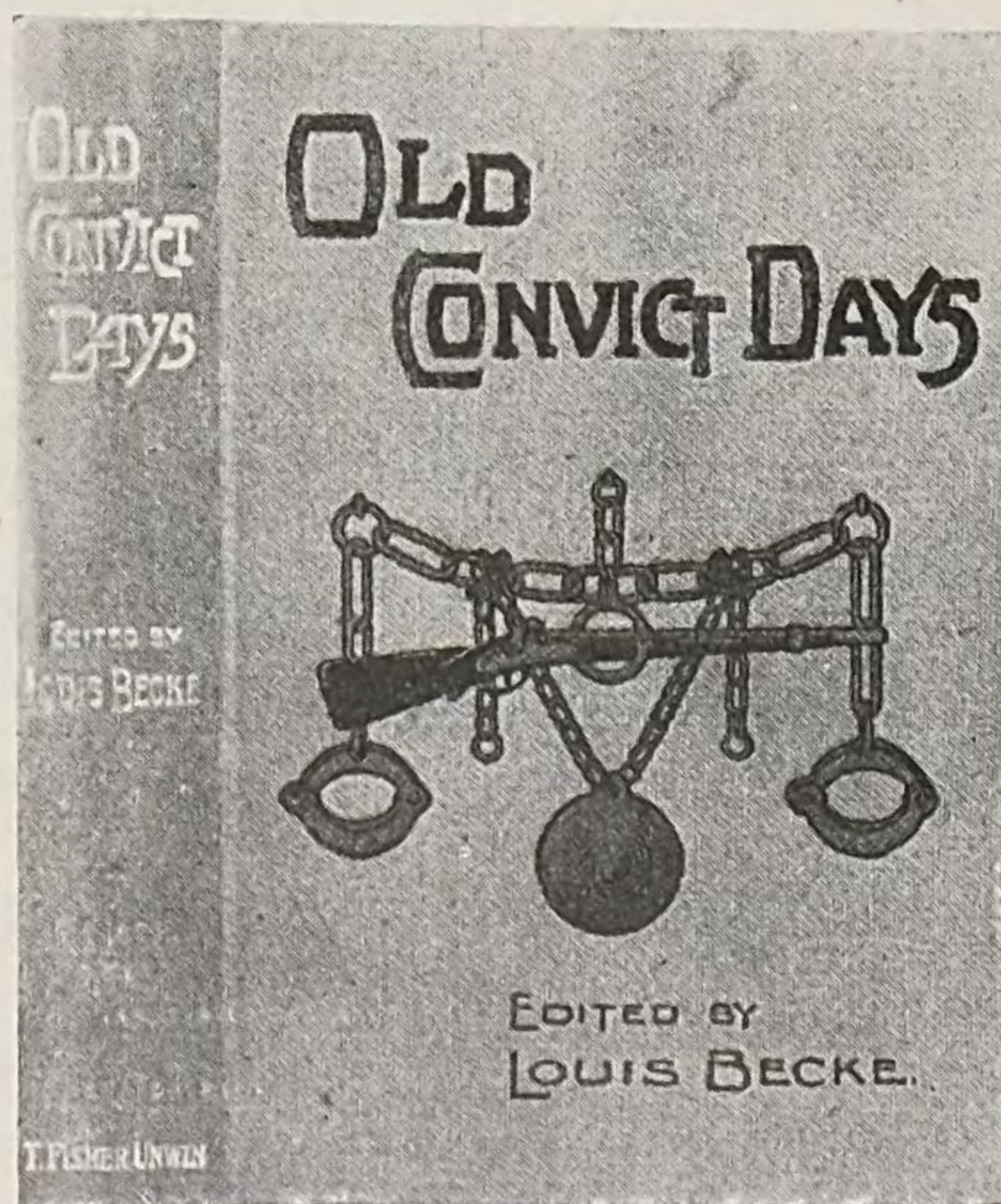
* OLD CONVICT DAYS. Edited by Louis Becke. Cloth, 6s.

try his hand at the thing, and he accordingly did so. The result was that he wrote a very successful series of stories for the *Bulletin*. These were afterwards republished in book form under the title of "By Reef and Palm," and from that time his popularity with the reading public has been great. He therefore came to England, where he has remained ever since engaged in literary work.

Besides "By Reef and Palm" he has also written several volumes of short stories, chief amongst which are "The Ebbing of the Tide," "Pacific Tales," "Rodman the Boatsteerer," and "Ridán the Devil," whilst, in collaboration with Mr. Walter Jeffery, he has produced two novels, viz., "The Mutineer" and "A First Fleet Family," together with a "Life" of Admiral Phillip, who, it may be remembered,

was the first governor of the colony of New South Wales. Until this volume appeared not much was known about Admiral Phillip, as he was a man who neither wrote much about himself nor was much written about. The volume, however, contains several hitherto unpublished documents relating to Phillip, and this is useful as throwing much fresh light upon a subject about which too little is known.

Mr. Becke's last work was the editing of a book entitled "Old Convict Days." This volume consists of the reminiscences of a convict under the *ancien régime*, and, as a human document, is most decidedly a curiosity. Needless to say, Mr. Becke is not himself the convict. Being locked up is one of the few adventures he has not had in this country or anywhere else.



An Author of Promise*

"WATSON DYKE" in a new novel, "As Others See Us," has attempted a study which all men of strong sympathy and imagination must long have felt required attempting: the serious, subjective, and reverent treatment of a young person who is making a considerable fool of herself. The heroine of this story emphatically "gives herself away." And we are grateful for the gift.

This is a theme for which one almost instinctively demands the hand of another woman. We cannot free ourselves from the vague chivalry that tells us that a man has no right to treat of these things: that his hand would be too coarse and his snigger too obvious. There is therefore little advantage in concealing the sex of "Watson Dyke."

She was born in Liverpool in 1875, and spent the earlier portion of her childhood in that city. In the year 1887 her father moved to Wensleydale in the North West Riding of Yorkshire, a change which, she says, "had great charms for town-bred children, because the life was fresh and novel to us, and we did not look upon things from habit." One wonders whether it was this freshness of outlook, which the author reproduces in that passage of her new book in which she describes the undisguised hilarity and excitement with which the girl—her heroine—hails the lights and colours of the seaside town as she enters it. Certain it is at least that the author

succeeds in so far making vivid the ardent simplicity of the heroine that, after all the disasters and humiliations, the reader is inclined to think that such ingrained poetry and fiery receptiveness were worth any number of external misfortunes.

"Watson Dyke," during her stay in Yorkshire, went to the Quaker school at



"WATSON DYKE."

York. On leaving it, she returned once more to Liverpool, her birthplace, where she remained for three or four years, taking a great interest in that vast variety of life that passes continually through a seaport town.

"It was here," says the author, "that I really apprenticed myself to literature—putting this before all other things,

* See AS OTHERS SEE US. By "Watson Dyke." (Unwin's Green Cloth Library), 6s.

and I wrote my first novel, 'Craiktrees,' in 1895."

"Craiktrees" was published by Mr. Fisher Unwin some years ago. It was a Yorkshire story, reminiscent no doubt of her exile in that county, and the interest centred round an old gentleman, who was none the less attractive because he happened among other things to be a miser and a thief. The book was well received, particularly as a local picture. The *Scotsman* described it as "a study, minute and faithful as a photograph, of the local speech,

character, and customs of this part of Yorkshire." The *Bookman* spoke of it as "a novel of rustic life far above the average, . . . seeming to owe its temper and character to no other novel." The *Pall Mall Gazette* spoke of "a delightful farm house described to the life." Delightful in the literary sense it must certainly have been, for no one could say that life in the farmhouse in question, tenanted by the kleptomaniac miser above mentioned and a brother of similar tastes, was delightful in any other.



GENERAL PRIM BY REGNAULT.

(From "Modern Spain." See p. 105 of THE CHAP BOOK.)

The Women's Congress of 1899

THE Great Parliament of Women has met and parted, and Mr. Fisher Unwin has established himself as its Hansard.

Every one has, of course, already formed a vehement opinion on the subject of the Women's Congress: therefore the formation of some superficial acquaintance with what actually happened there can have no perils to the most pliant mind. The upholder of the future of civic womanhood will find in the record fresh arguments for the potentialities of the sex, while the political misogynist will undoubtedly go through it with a sarcastic smile and a blue pencil. This will keep him quiet, and is therefore a public-spirited achievement.

The proceedings of the Women's Congress of 1899 are to be issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin in seven volumes. They are, of course, edited by Lady Aberdeen, the presiding genius of the whole remarkable manifestation of female energy. The occasion was indeed a memorable one, and has done something more than provide feminine orators with perorations and comic papers with old, unhappy, far-off jokes and allusions. No one who has studied the ever-growing feminine movement of the present day can have failed to notice one marked trait of the principal persons involved, their cheerful intellectual audacity. They display a sublime faith in the light hold of evil on life, in the effect of eloquence on human nature, of which it is to be

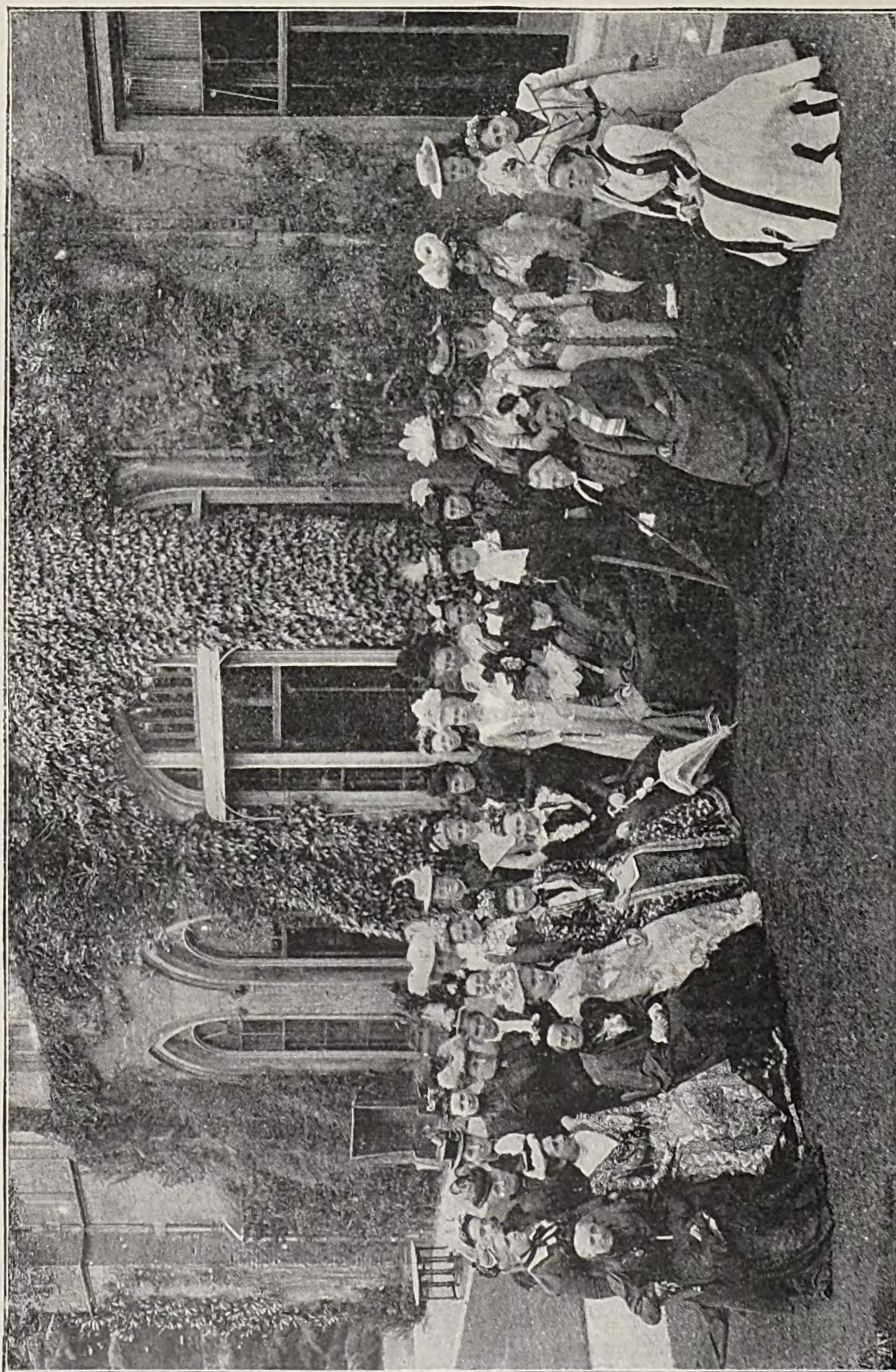
hoped political experience will not cure them. The trumpets of conscience have but to be blown and the walls of the most ancient Jericho will fall. Institutions that are woven into the very texture of society, such as the Continental armies or the English public schools, are here judged, not by their antiquity or authority but by their moral and ideal value alone. This innocent temerity, this ruthless simplicity of test, seems childish to the ultra-masculine school of politicians: but they would be wiser to cease smiling and to set their house in order. For this confident anticipation of victory this ardent conviction of vital superiority, mistaken as it may be, has been in every age the sign of the army that was to go far and drive the hosts of the indifferent before it. One application of this trait of intellectual courage which is typical of modern woman, is the effect that it has on the singularly ambitious and universal scope of the Congress itself. In an age when men are becoming specialists more and more, women seem to feel that they cannot be too universal. Consequently the proceedings of the Congress, which are reported in the forthcoming volumes, cover a wide field.

The first volume is devoted to the report of the Council transactions.

The second, one of the most absorbing of the series, relates the proceedings of the Congress in relation

to women in education. In these latter debates many startling doctrines were advanced.

with "Women in Politics," the sixth with "Women in Industrial Life," and the seventh with "Women in Social



THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF WOMEN, 1899.

The third and fourth volumes deal with "Women in Professions," the fifth

Life." It is a relief that they are not to vanish from "Social Life."

The Impressions of a Clergyman*

THE papers assure us that there is a crisis in the Church; and this has given us perhaps a somewhat too melodramatic view of the life of the High Church clergyman. It is one of the most difficult of human mental problems to realise properly how very little the most portentous social disturbance affects the ordinary inhabitant of the country. We have grown up to conceive the French Revolution as a period during which people went without their breakfasts and never went to bed, so intent were they on the pastime of hacking dukes in pieces while the dukes said memorable epigrams. In the majority of cases, probably, the breakfast, the state of the coffee, the slowness of the clock, and the danger of "getting the sack" for unpunctuality were the chief affairs in men's life in the blackest day of the Terror, while hacking dukes in pieces was merely the recreation of an idle hour. A "crisis" on paper is nearly as shallow as that paper. Was there not an old Breton woman the other day who said, "Dreyfus—who is Dreyfus?" Similarly, it is desirable to convince the two respective sections of the public that require such enlightenment, that the High Church clergyman's life is not wholly passed either in plotting with Jesuits in the dead of night for the introduction of the Inquisition into England; or, on the other hand, in repelling the assaults of ruffianly parishioners who seek to tear up his chasuble and knock over his altar. Instead of all the torrents of blood and thunder that have been poured out by the cheery professional journalists on the crisis in the Church,

we have here an authentic description of clerical life from a working clergyman. The reader will find it a considerable relief to pass from the morbid ferocity of the controversialists to the rich humour and undisguised playfulness of the man who is the real worker. It is well known that hard work as a clergyman in administering the rites and comforts of religion will save a man from a great deal of that unwholesome solemnity in which the sectarian swashbuckler flounders deeper and deeper as in a mire. Good clergymen are not commonly "righteous overmuch." Their turn for irreverent anecdotes is proverbial. In the book before us, "A Day in my Clerical Life," by the Rev. R. E. Veagh, the reader will find a certain light and amiable treatment of the daily ecclesiastical duties, a certain manly merriment over the aspects of them that are really quaint as well as serious, which would indeed effect an improvement in the Church crisis, if it could be poured like oil upon its troubled waters. The author is a strong High Churchman, and though he does not seem to mind the reader laughing at him, he will not have him laugh at his Church. The awful conduct of the curate Boseby, who talked under the most solemn and affecting circumstances in the curt and flippant style of one criticising a music-hall performance, is held up to something like full and solemn execration. Yet there is a tinge of humour even in the curse. The hapless curate is pitilessly prevented from becoming anything worse than an idiot, with a faint aroma of the cad. Altogether the book is a glimpse of the real thing: that is the one great claim that it makes.

* A DAY IN MY CLERICAL LIFE. By the Rev. R. E. Veagh. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

A Celebrated Wit*

THE eighteenth century had many sins, but it may be urged as a virtue that during that period, in order to become a leader of fashion, it was not necessary to be either unintellectual or ignorant—it was even a perceptible disadvantage. The ideal dandy of that time was a man whose wit was as ready as his sword. One who merely saw the fantastic exterior of the strutting, overdressed, amorous-looking idiot might be inclined to laugh, or shout out, like the Regent to a celebrated buck, “I hear you are the greatest rascal in Brighton.” But he would be lucky if the lunatic did not reply, “I hope you have not come to take away my character.”

One of the most extraordinary figures

of that extraordinary period, the last uproarious stage of the English aristocracy before its political overthrow, was George Selwyn. A vivid, if one-sided, sketch of him will be remembered by all who have read Thackeray’s “Four Georges,” especially in that fine passage in which the painted, posturing, fantastic life of the decaying aristocracy is contrasted with the solid, growing, healthy philosophy of the literary and professional classes, typified by men like Johnson and Reynolds.

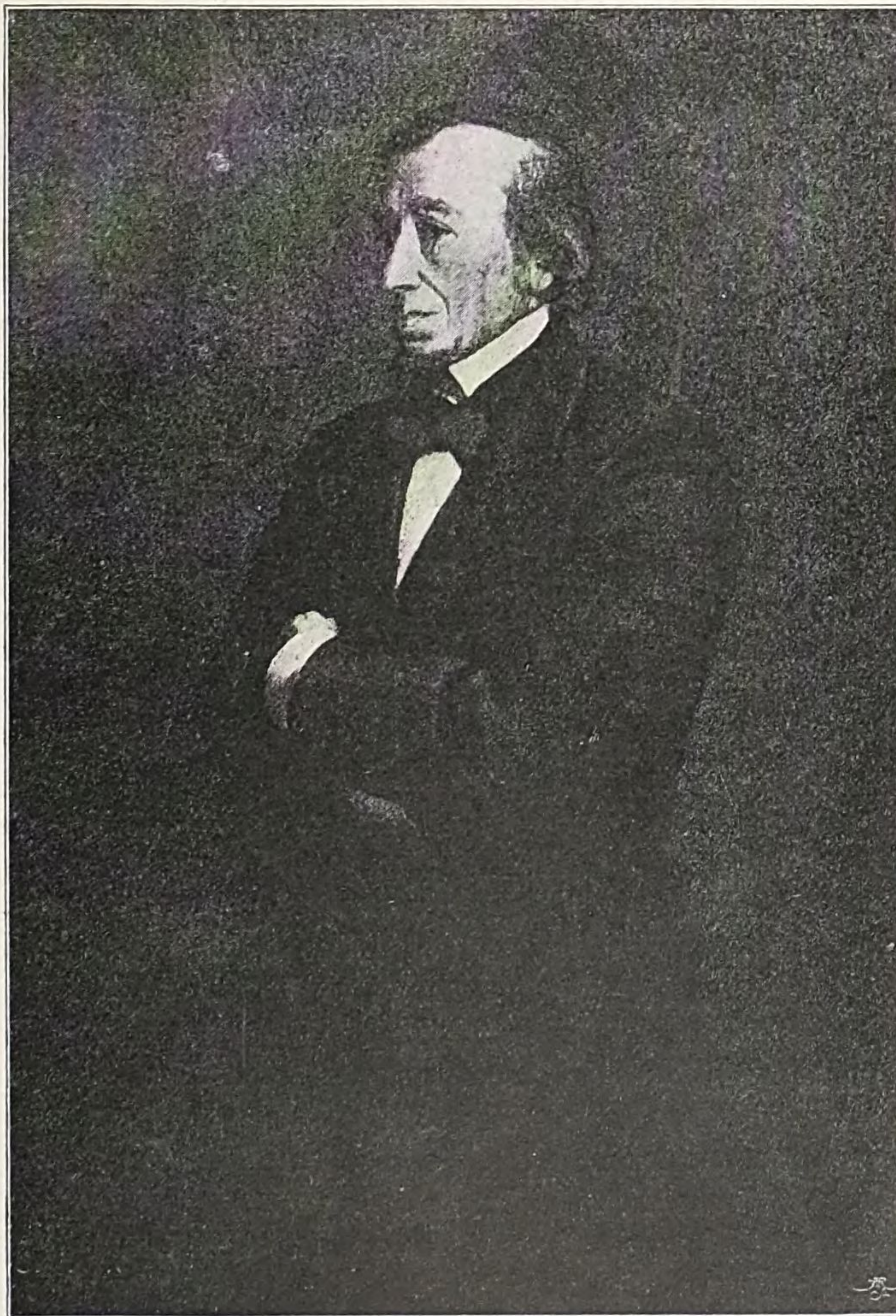
The “Letters of George Selwyn” are mostly addressed to Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, or to his wife. The writer of the letters, interesting and even brilliant as he was, is even less interesting than many who are the subjects of them. The book contains much new light on Charles James Fox, on Lord Norton, on the Duke of Queensberry, the famous, or rather notorious, “Old Q.” Perhaps “new darkness” on Old Q. would be a more precise expression than “new light.”

* GEORGE SELWYN: *His Letters and His Life. Being Selections from the Correspondence of George Augustus Selwyn, Member of Parliament, 1747–1791. With a Biographical and Critical Narrative and Notes.* By E. S. Roscoe, Joint Editor of the *Speeches and Addresses of the Fifteenth Earl of Derby*, and H. Clergue. Demy 8vo. Illustrated with Photogravures. 10s. 6d. net.



The Sequel to "The School for Saints"

MANY even of those who most admired the brilliancy of "John Oliver Hobbes" regarded her as one of those flippant geniuses who live while the most important novel of the day. That this "society" wit should sum up the world of folly and fashion



A FRIEND OF ROBERT ORANGE

they can startle. She succeeded, however, in startling people more than they had dreamed of, by suddenly ceasing to be flippant. For a change, she wrote as "The School for Saints," should write a book in which all its idle ways and words were treated as only valuable in so far as they marked the progress of

one pure and reverential spirit from a blind and chivalrous love-affair to an almost monastic austerity and sublimity, was sufficient reason, apart from its incidental merits, for the attention which the book attracted. It was indeed a throwing off of the mask, if only of the half-mask of the carnival.

The interest with which the sequel has been looked for cannot be doubted. "If the second part is half as good as this," said the *Athenæum*, "it will be decidedly welcome." "We look forward to the sequel," said the *Whitehall Review*, "with awakened interest." Other papers, too numerous to be mentioned, took the same line, speaking of the "curious and pleasurable anticipation" and the "welcome announcement" of the continuation. The literary critic is not commonly in sympathy with sequels; they are generally denounced as inartistic afterthoughts: but here there is an obvious reason for making an exception.

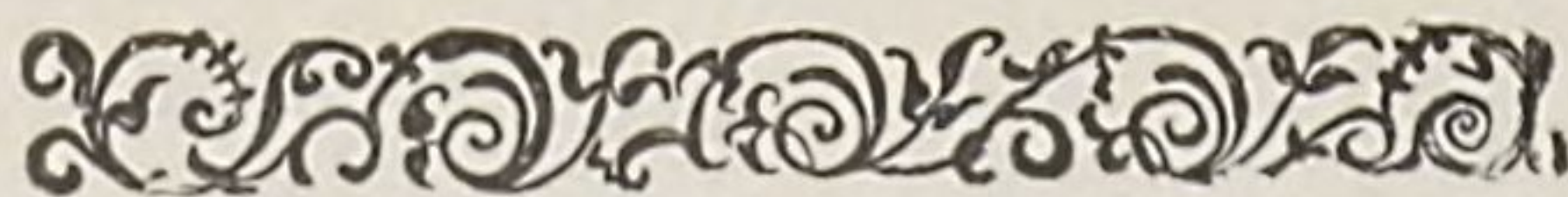
Most books close with the spiritual drama at least temporarily complete. But in "The School for Saints," though the superficial story may be complete, the spiritual drama is evidently still in progress. Robert Orange and Bridget Parflete were too great already not to grow to more.

The new book is to be called "Robert Orange." It would be interesting to reckon how frequently it has happened that a sequel to a book has for title the name of the hero of the first book. Thus the sequel to "Kidnapped" was called originally "David Balfour."

Thus the sequel to "King Solomon's Mines" was called "Allan Quatermain." It might not be too fanciful, perhaps, to suggest that this is due to the principle that we indicate: that the character is created in the mind of the author, not so much at the beginning of the book as at the end of it; that it is only when the personality has been shaped and finished amid the contending forces of the first book, that the author realises that he has indeed created a man who is now ready, like the prince in the fairy tale, to set out upon his travels.

There was, however, another element of interest in "The School for Saints" which is even more characteristic of this work. The political "roman à clef" was familiar to us, but "The School for Saints" was perhaps the first modern novel in which a politician of the present day figured by name as openly as Cardinal Wolsey or Robin Hood in an historical romance. Disraeli was a strong salt of humour in "The School for Saints." But in "Robert Orange," Disraeli will be much more dominant.

There is another set of new characters also in the book, which strikingly increases and varies the interest. Readers of "The School for Saints" will not require to be told that in "Robert Orange" epigram and philosophy do not exclude or hinder romantic incident. A novel that starts with the problem of a high-minded hero and heroine unconsciously committing bigamy can hardly be open to that charge.



The Taxes on Knowledge^{*}

IT must have occurred to many persons that the profound and untiring snobbishness which characterises the mass of the writing of history is nowhere more strongly marked than in the fact that, while the mediæval chronicles are filled with the names and deeds of half-savage princes whose lives lack the variety of the Newgate Calendar, the name of such a person as the real discoverer of printing is not even known.

We are rather in the habit of supposing that we have outlived this lack of proportion, that the struggles on which our attention is now fixed are the real struggles of humanity, destined to mould the fortunes of the future, that our heroes are the real heroes, the most potent benefactors of their kind.

But sometimes the thought must cross us—What if this be all but another mistake? What if the struggles of Liberal and Conservative be no more significant than the struggles of Lancastrian and Yorkist; if the leaders of our parties will seem to other ages only colourless faction-lords like Henry of Richmond or Henry of York? If this be indeed so: if future ages will have to go below the surface to find the solid changes, as we seek for the discovery of printing, then it is no exaggeration to say that a modest book called “Taxes on Knowledge” may emerge suddenly into a world-wide importance.

“The History of the Taxes on Knowledge,” by Collet Dobson Collet, is the story of a great political war in which he was the leader, a war which alone

of all movements of history can reasonably and fairly be compared to the discovery of printing. It was the war for the abolition of taxes on paper and all the materials necessary for the dissemination of literature among the masses.

Mr. Collet is, therefore, practically the father of the most sensational phenomenon of modern times: the vast



MR. C. D. COLLET.

inundation of periodical literature and cheap instruction. There are some who lament this, and prefer to rely on the six-shilling volumes of George Meredith to wean the cabman from the public-house. But whether we do or do not consider “The Penny Poets” a gigantic advance upon pure ignorance,

^{*} TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE. By C. D. Collet. Cloth, 16s.

the magnitude of the changes at least, for good or evil, cannot possibly be denied. Yet this palpable alteration of the whole face of the land, this revolution, not in paper constitutions, but in the actual daily habits and mental condition of the man in the street, is not commonly given a prominent place in our annals, certainly not so prominent a place as is given to a squabble over the Indian title of the Queen or the form of Parliamentary oaths to be taken by Freethinkers.

The taxes on knowledge were first imposed in the reign of Queen Anne; and they cursed the land for one hundred and forty-six years. Probably they were in no small degree responsible for the singular air of

sullen and almost half-witted ferocity which the lower classes present when we catch glimpses of them at intervals through the eighteenth century: for the power of the scurrilous pamphlets and the madness of the Gordon Riots. And they died hard. A persistent agitation of no less than twelve years, with all its chances and changes, victories and defeats, is narrated in this book. One of the most prominent captains among the Reformers was the distinguished George Jacob Holyoake, who contributes an introduction to the present volume. The rest is written by Mr. Collet himself: a remarkable achievement to have been begun in a man's eighty-first, and concluded in his eighty-fifth, year.



THE UNCLE WAS VERY FIERCE WITH THE PUDDING.

(From "The Story of the Treasure Seekers," see p. 108.)

An Eastern Traveller*

MR. WILLIAM MILLER is a barrister of the Inner Temple, and an author who has travelled much in the Near East, about which he probably knows more than do nine out of every other ten men who write about it.

His knowledge of Eastern Europe is fully displayed in his books. "The Balkans," contributed in 1896 to "The Story of the Nations" Series, was the first history of those states ever written in English, and amongst those who were favourably impressed with it was the late Mr. Gladstone, who sent a letter to the publisher from which the following is an extract:

"It promises to be of great utility and interest; and the portion relating to Montenegro redeems us from something like a national

disgrace in not having in the English tongue any history of the most heroic people in Europe."

"Travels and Politics in the Near East," Mr. Miller's last published work, appeared about a year ago. The book is

the direct result of four visits to the Balkan Peninsula in the years of 1894, 1896, 1897, and 1898.

Portions of the book appeared from time to time in the *Dundee Advertiser* and other British papers, to which Mr. Miller sent them in his rôle of correspondent.

Although he has made the acquaintance of all the principal works on the Near East which have appeared dur-

ing the last ten years, Mr. Miller has in all cases relied upon his personal observations and inquiries made on the spot for the statements made in this book.

His object in writing the book has been to give a clear, impartial, and



MR. WILLIAM MILLER.

* Mr. William Miller, author of TRAVELS AND POLITICS IN THE NEAR EAST. (With about 100 illustrations and a map. Demy 8vo, cloth, 21s.)



PISINO.

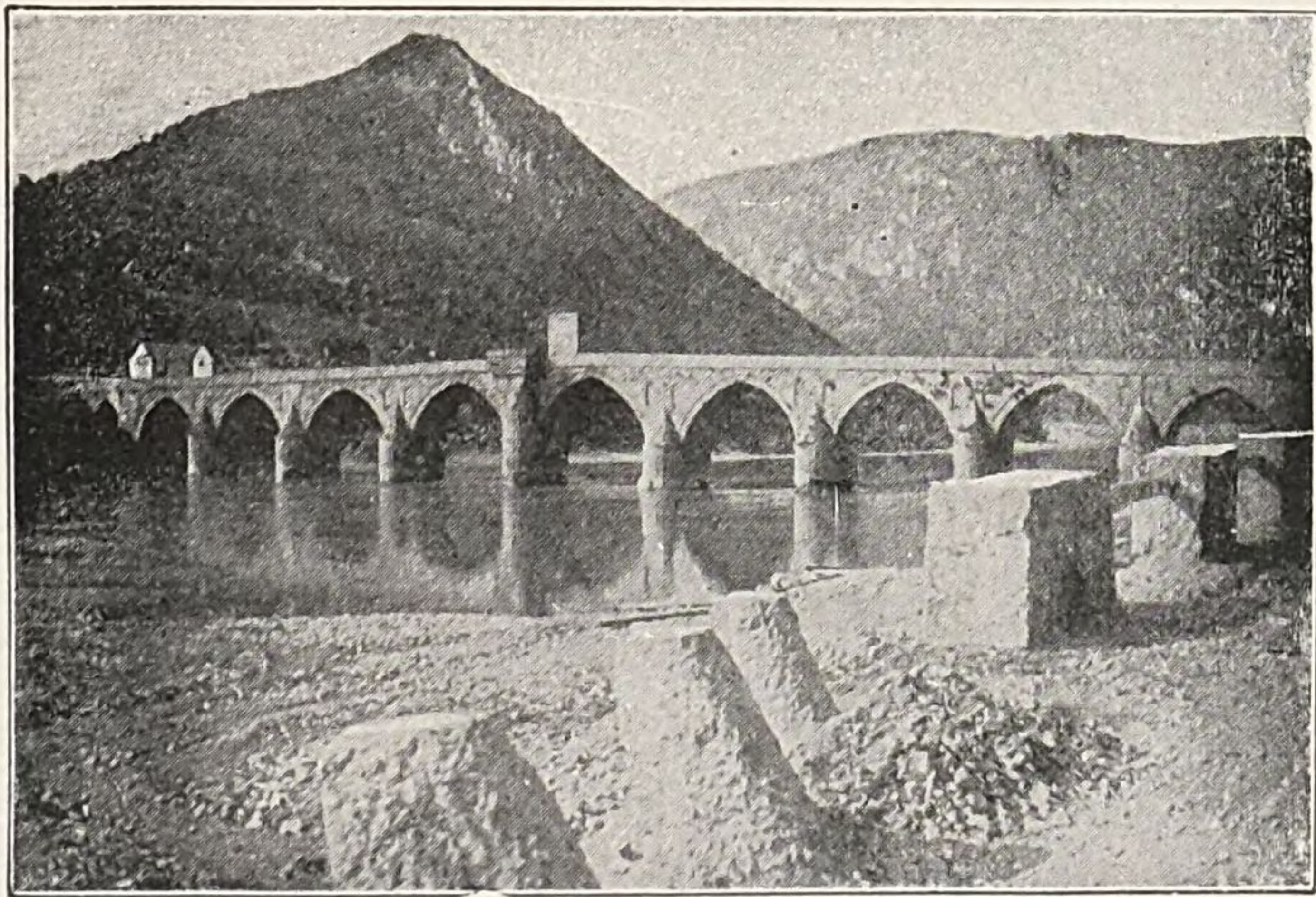
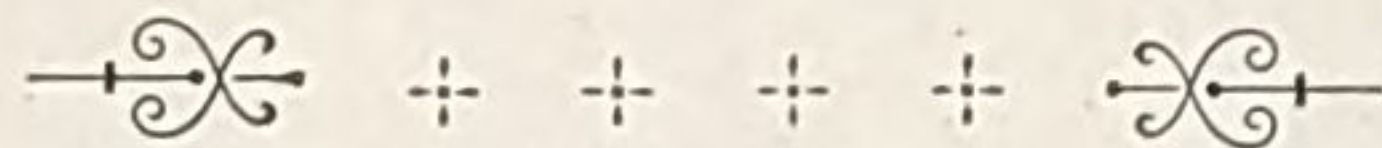
(From "*Travels and Politics in the Near East.*")

correct view of the condition of things which exists in the states of the Near East, and when it is mentioned that the *Scotsman*, in reviewing the book, said that "not the least of the merits of the book is the fair spirit in which it is written," it may be fairly concluded that this object has been fully attained.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* observed that "a new work by the author of 'The Balkans' was sure to be distinguished by impartiality, clearness of judgment and statement, and a happy knack of being always instructive and never stodgy," and went on to say that "every one who is interested in the Eastern

Question should try the book, which he will find most profitable, for himself."

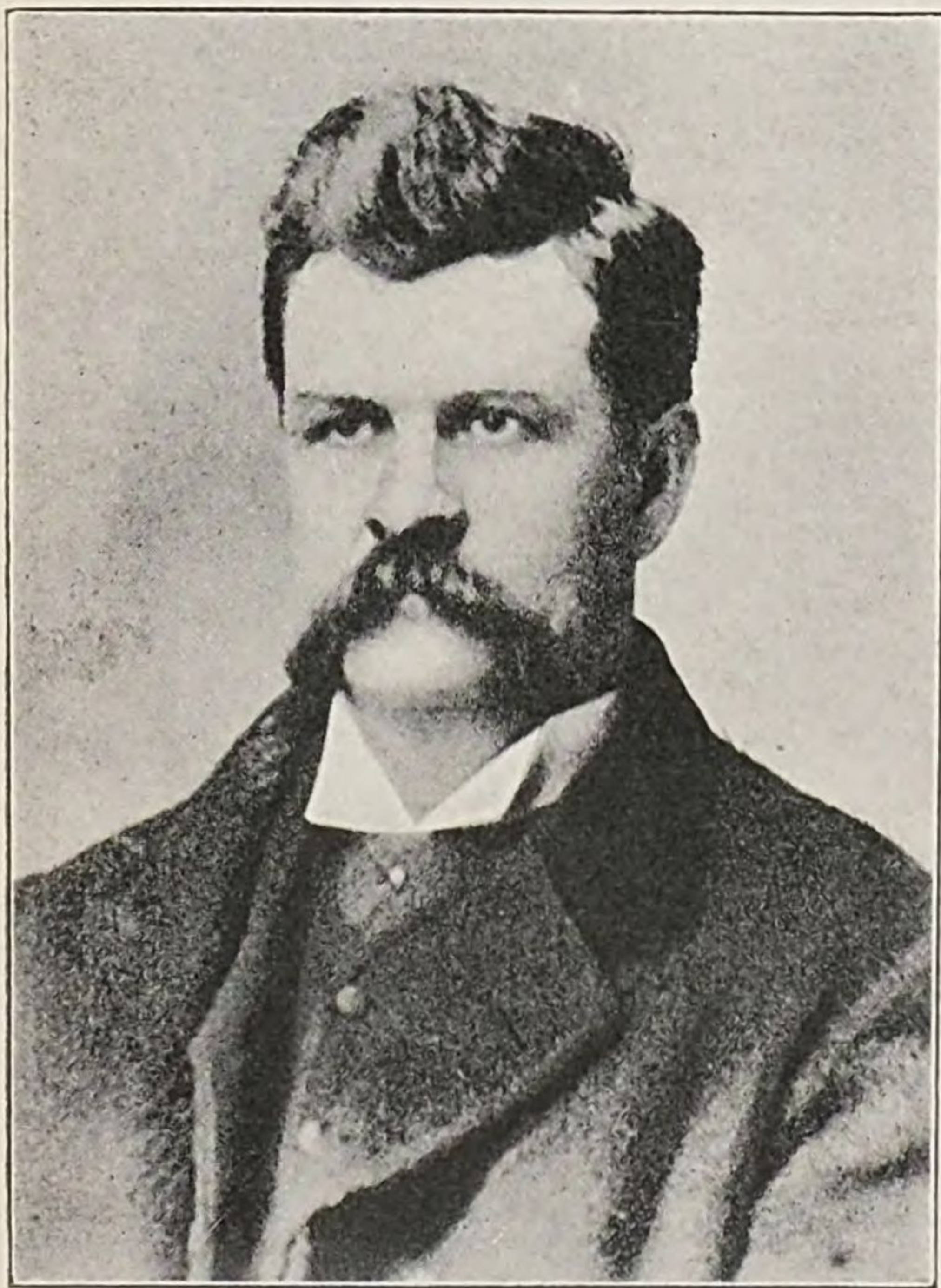
Mr. H. W. Wilson, the well-known writer, in an article on the book which he contributed to the *Daily Mail*, called it "the most delightful and instructive work on the Balkan States since Mr. Henry Norman's brilliant letters, and concluded by saying of it that it was "a model publication." Certain it is that no one who desires to have a good knowledge of contemporary history can leave the Balkan States out of consideration and in considering them, Mr. Miller's works will be found to be a necessity.



FROM "TRAVELS AND POLITICS OF THE NEAR EAST."

A Mediæval Traveller in the East*

THE memory of every great Englishman is apt to lapse into oblivion, and we cannot but be glad that by means of biographies some attempt should be made to preserve from that fate patriots and pioneers to whom the nation owes so much. Mr. J. Horton Ryley, the well-known journalist, is the



MR. J. HORTON RYLEY.

more to be commended in that he snatched from a busy life enough leisure to construct for the first time with

all due care the complete story of Ralph Fitch—the first Englishman (of whom there is any authentic record) to visit India, Burma and Malacca. By the labours of such men as Stevens (Vermont), Hunter, Danvers, Sainsbury, and Birdwood, much light has been thrown in recent years upon the early history and foundation of the East India Company. This book goes still further back, and gives as complete an account as possible of the first organised attempt to “discover the trade of India” on behalf of the English. Before the East India Company took shape, there was the Levant Company, and it is chiefly to two active members of this body of merchants — Sir Edward Osborne, sometime Lord Mayor of London and the real founder of the Ducal House of Leeds, and Mr. Alderman Staper—that the present generation owes the realisation of British Empire in India. It was these two men, in the main, who sent out Ralph Fitch and his three companions to brave Portuguese and Spanish jealousy and find their way to the emporiums of the East. The adventures of the party include imprisonment at Goa ; the escape of three of them, who made their way by a devious course to the Court of Akbar, the Great Moghul, at Agra, to convey a letter from Queen Elizabeth ; and the further journeying of Fitch, who went on alone to the foot of the Himalaya, down the Jumna and the Ganges to the Bay of Bengal, and so to Burma and Malacca.

Fitch, who was the only member of the party to return, found his way home again after an absence of eight

* RALPH FITCH. *England's Pioneer to India and Burma. His Companions and Contemporaries.* By J. Horton Ryley, Member of the Hakluyt Society. With 16 full-page and three smaller Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

years, and handed the complete story of his expedition to Hakluyt. It is this stirring narrative which is now reproduced, practically in full, for the first time for three hundred years. It tells in quaint and vigorous language what the East looked like to the pioneer Englishman, who saw the strange and moving picture of Oriental magnificence side by side with Portuguese arrogance and peculation. Fitch's style is terse and often racy, and the sturdy, shrewd, self-reliant, if occasionally superstitious, spirit of the Elizabethan adventurer of the better class is evident in every section of the unvarnished tale. That the result of this journey had a direct bearing on the inception and development of the first East India Company there can be no doubt; in fact, the earliest of the Court Records show that Fitch was called into consultation. Thus the present volume is unique in that it goes to the root of the bold

enterprise which gave to Britain its Empire in the East.

The plan of the author has been to divide the book into sections in order to supply illustrative, geographical and historical summaries and introductions, thus presenting the reader with a bird's-eye view of the whole position in Europe and the East to which the succeeding portion of the narrative relates. Moreover, there are numerous annotations, giving many of the best and most recent authorities as aids to further research. In short, the aim has been to produce a volume of absorbing interest which will be at once authoritative and popular. The same method has been followed in regard to the pictorial portion of the work. The Hakluyt Society and the Clothworkers' Company practically placed their resources at the disposal of the author, and one of the photographs comes from an old church hidden away in rural Suffolk.

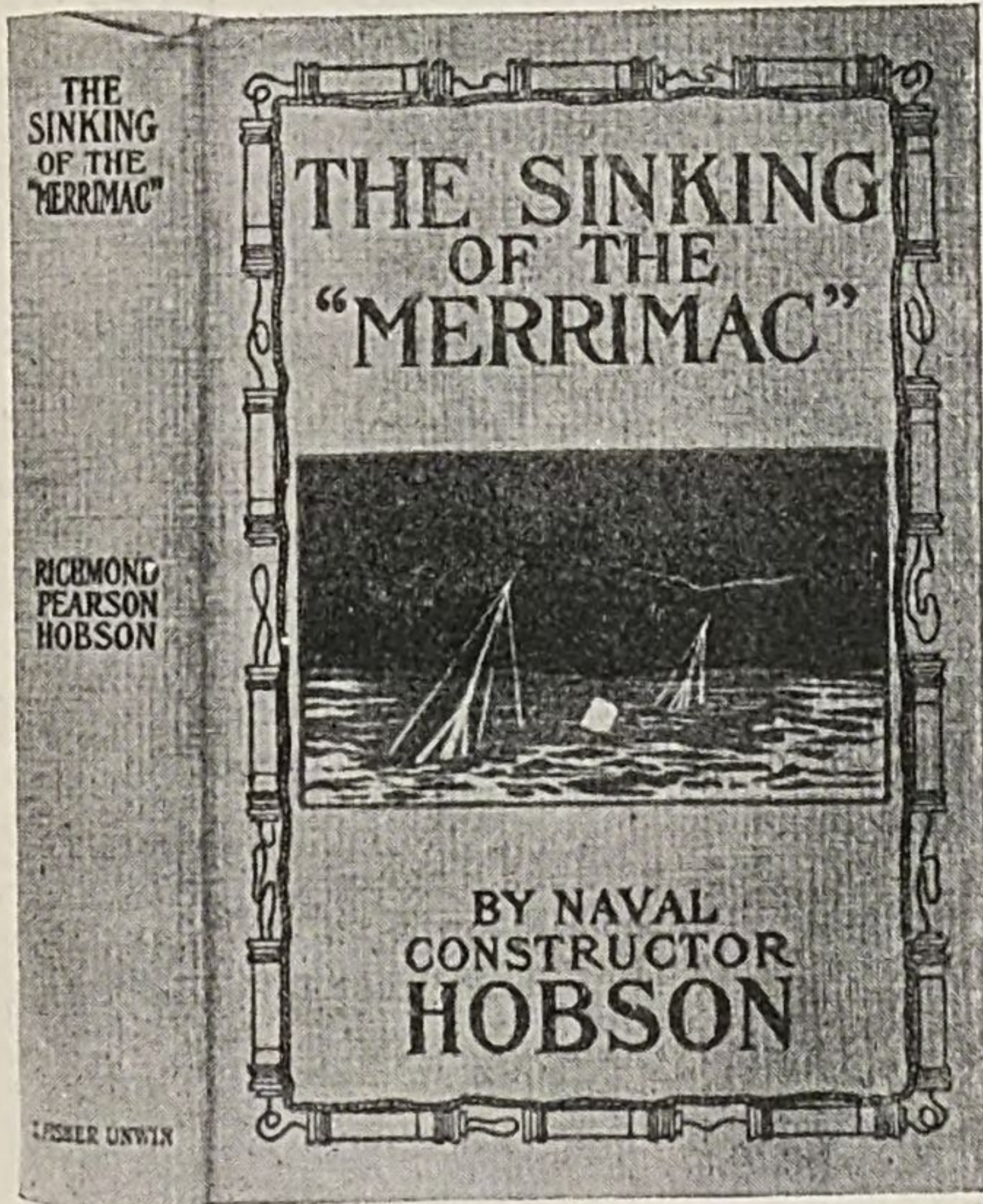


PORTUGUESE GENTLEMEN AT GOA.

[From "*Ralph Fitch*."]

Said the Old Obadiah to the Young Obadiah*

MY DEAR OBIE,—It is quite the fashion nowadays to write folks letters about books. This is a revival of the old style of love-letters, which



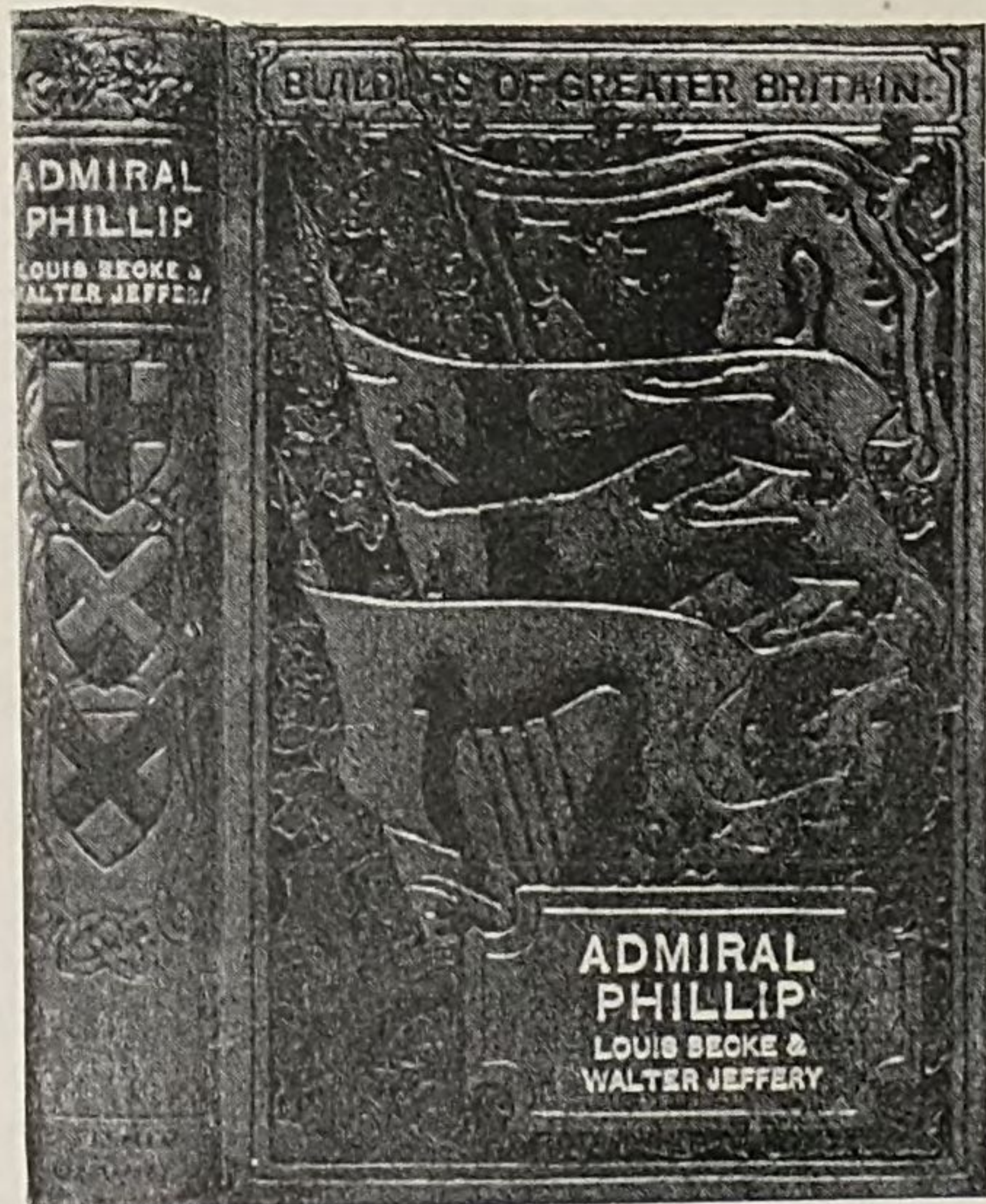
were too proper to be quotable—a criticism that does not apply to the modern compound of adjectives and asterisks. Asterisks! that reminds me of Naval Constructor Hobson, who became the recipient of so many of these greetings, for which he must not be blamed, as it was Hobson's choice with him. And since I am to write you a bookish letter, I draw your attention to his volume, *The Sinking of the "Merrimac"* (99), in which the gallant exploit, carried out under his direction, is recounted with due circumstantiality and with pleasant regard to the chivalrous treatment he and his men received at the hands of their foes. *Admiral*

* The numbers in parentheses refer to the bibliographical descriptions on pp. xxvii–xxxi of THE CHAP BOOK.

Phillip (53), though a very worthy man, lived in days when young ladies were not so excitable, and so his fame is unconnected with asterisks.

"It was," says the *Star*, "on the strength of a mere coast survey by Captain Cook that Lord Sydney, Home Secretary in 1786, acted on the suggestion that the English gaoles should be relieved by sending convicts to colonise Botany Bay. In the next year Phillip was sent out as Governor, with over seven hundred convicts, a handful of marines, no knowledge of the conditions of the country, an inadequate acquaintance with the way thither—neither of these two qualifications were possible—and a supply of provisions which was only attained by his own personal efforts and insistence. It is not too much to say that to the personality of Phillip alone is due the credit of moulding, in the direction of success a venture which was launched with a casual carelessness on the part of the Government which may be gauged by the fact that the expedition was allowed to sail without a single musket-ball. Fortunately the error was repaired at Rio, and the convicts never knew."

Mr. H. F. Wilson deserves great



credit for the addition in the way of Portuguese papers, translated by Mr.



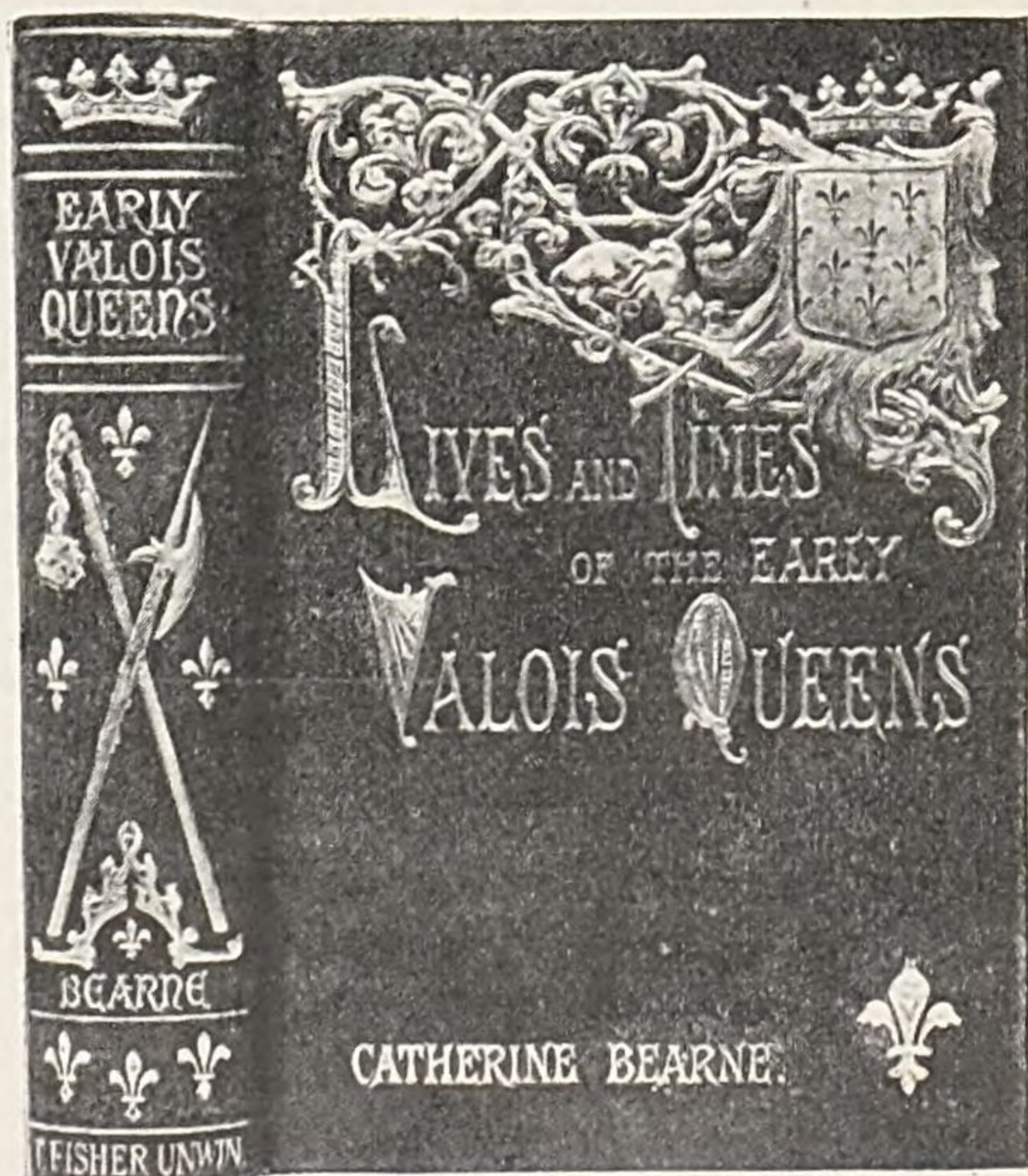
SIR SPENSER ST. JOHN, G.C.M.G.

G. J. Henriques, which his enterprise secured for the work, through the kindness of General de Brito Roberto, who, by the way, has *no* official connection with the Portuguese libraries as has been stated. In the same series as this monograph is one on the great *Sir James Brooke* (55), Rajah of Sarawak (1803–1868), who suppressed piracy in the East Indian Archipelago. It is Sir Spenser St. John, G.C.M.G., who tells his stirring story, and who could be better qualified? For Sir Spenser accompanied Sir James Brooke to Borneo in 1848 in the capacity of private secretary, since when he has

had a highly distinguished and onerous public career.

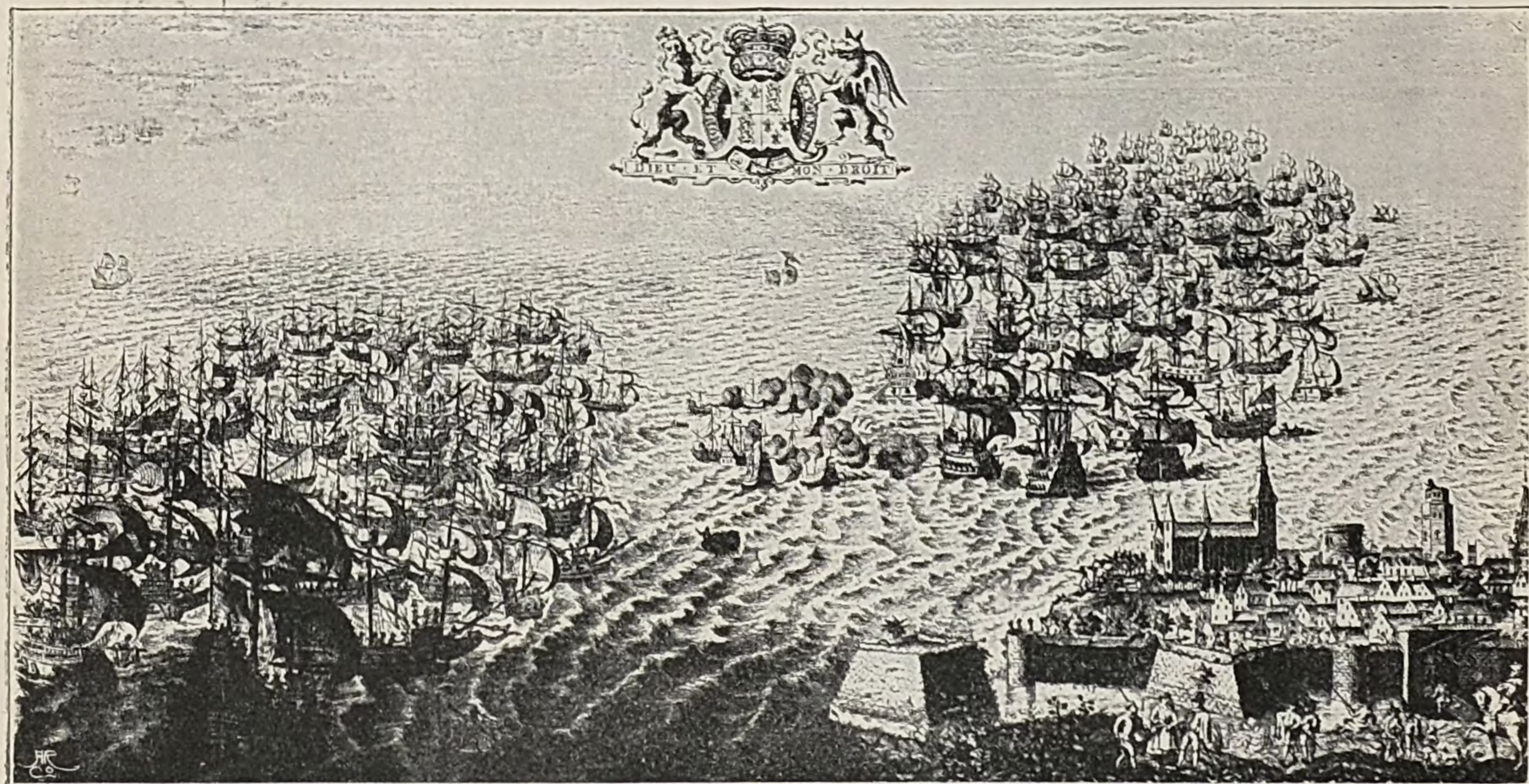
We began with an obscure reference to kissing, and of all arresting dramas of kissing since Othello kissed Desdemona before he killed her, surely that of La Mole, whose decapitated head the brave Dumas consigns to the reliquary of “la Reine Margot” for tender and grateful consultation, could scarcely be exceeded in painful interest. That Marguerite of Navarre had every right to inherit strong emotions no one can doubt who reads Mrs. Bearne’s *Lives and Times* of her relatives, the early Valois Queens (88).

“The volume,” says the *Graphic*, “tells of a period that was more turbulent, more bellicose, and more disastrous to France than any period of the same duration in French history. The first of the Valois Queens, Jeanne de Bourgogne, was the



wife of Philippe VI., whose claim to the French crown was disputed by Edward III. of England. In her reign began the Hundred Years' War. The authoress gives good descriptions of the battles of Crécy and Poitiers. At the first of these cannon were used for the first time by the English; they were called '*bombardes*, which, by means of fire, threw little iron balls to frighten and kill the horses.' The other Valois Queens whose histories are given in this volume are Blanche of Navarre and Joanne d'Auvergne. The volume gives evidence of much careful research. The writer describes at some length the curious customs that were in vogue at that time, and the manners and dress of the people."

"The history of Spain shows more clearly than that of any other country the process by which great nations decline. The misfortunes which have successively afflicted the unhappy country are directly traceable to facts in its past history, and are not, as in the case of other nations, obscured by complicated side issues. Major Hume's classical Cambridge history of the decadence of Spain reached only to the dawn of the French Revolution, and the present work, forming a volume of the popular '*Story of the Nations*' series, takes up the story at its most romantic period and describes vividly the series of downward steps which have in the last 110 years brought the country to its present impotence and decay with the loss of its



THE SPANISH ARMADA DESTROYED BY FIRESHIPS.

(From "*Ralph Fitch*.")

There are a good many people nowadays who find it positively indecent that England should win so often. So I feel I ought to apologise for showing you this picture.

It is from *Ralph Fitch* (14), and it decorates this page appropriately, as I am about to speak of *Modern Spain* (48), by Major Martin Hume, an acknowledged authority on all matters of Spanish history. Here is a memorandum furnished by a pen not less able:—

colonies and the threatened disintegration of its unity. The grave history of Spain during the period in question surpasses in romantic episodes the inventions of the sensational novelist; and the persons who have directly or indirectly influenced the destinies of the country in our own century are as extraordinary as those presented on the stage as characters in a romantic drama of the past. The present volume, although abounding in picturesque and personal interest, is in no sense a *chronique scandaleuse*, but a sober, faithful and trustworthy account of the most astounding period of disaster and misgovernment that ever afflicted a nation."

If you were a lady I would say you could not resist such handsome fellows

as the notable figure who prances into your notice on page 88. What splendid habiliments, what a wonderful charger! Well might the passionate lady ask, *Is it antique?* before she gave her approval to an ornament submitted to her. They knew how to get up ornaments in those days. And I'm sure if it came to choosing at first sight between Garibaldi (see p. xx) as depicted, say, in *Modern Italy* (49), and Don Carlos de Bourbon, many a romantic judge would fall. And that would be a pity, for Garibaldi, who is reported to have fallen in love after one glimpse of his future wife through a spy-glass when she was on land and he on sea, is the personification of romance and heroism. "Modern Italy" is, like "Modern France," a book written specially for the "Story of the Nations" by a foreign *savant*.

Signor Orsi is the well-known Professor of the Liceo Foscarini at Venice. In Miss Mary Alice Vialls he has found a conscientious translator who has worked *with* him, and thereby secured an ideal harmony with his *meaning*. The rest may be left to the critics.

But there's no telling what may come to you if you read so much warm southern history, and so, to give you a touch of the north, I send you to Miss Jean McIlwraith's *Canada* (72), written for children, and therefore exactly suited to your intellect. No disparagement is intended by this remark, for there is nothing mawkish about "Canada"; it is simple and concise. Canada as the theatre of Franco-English conflicts is one less

galling to the Cock of the South than France or Belgium. After all it cost us Wolfe to win Quebec. Miss McIlwraith is a Canadian, the daughter of a distinguished naturalist and the



DON CARLOS DE BOURBON.
(From "Modern Spain.")

writer of very pleasant fiction, such as "The Making of Mary." The *Educational Times* remarks of "Canada" that "the work has been very well done by a competent hand." The *Spectator* notes a "curious parallel" between

"Canadian and Cape affairs in the 'thirties' and the 'nineties' respectively."

"Who is this that cometh in the name of the Lord?" you may be inclined to ask. Sir, it is Mr. R. B.

state of opposition to the majority of mankind. He sounded just the very reverse note that the public, other things apart, would expect from a man writing the initial volume of an "Overseas Library"; but the editor was not



MR. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.
(From "*The Ipané*.")

Cunninghame Graham, only he doesn't come in that particular name. He is the author of *The Ipané* (73) in the "Overseas Library," and a man who has travelled all over the world. His detestation of cant and brag is so intense that I fear me he is in a chronic

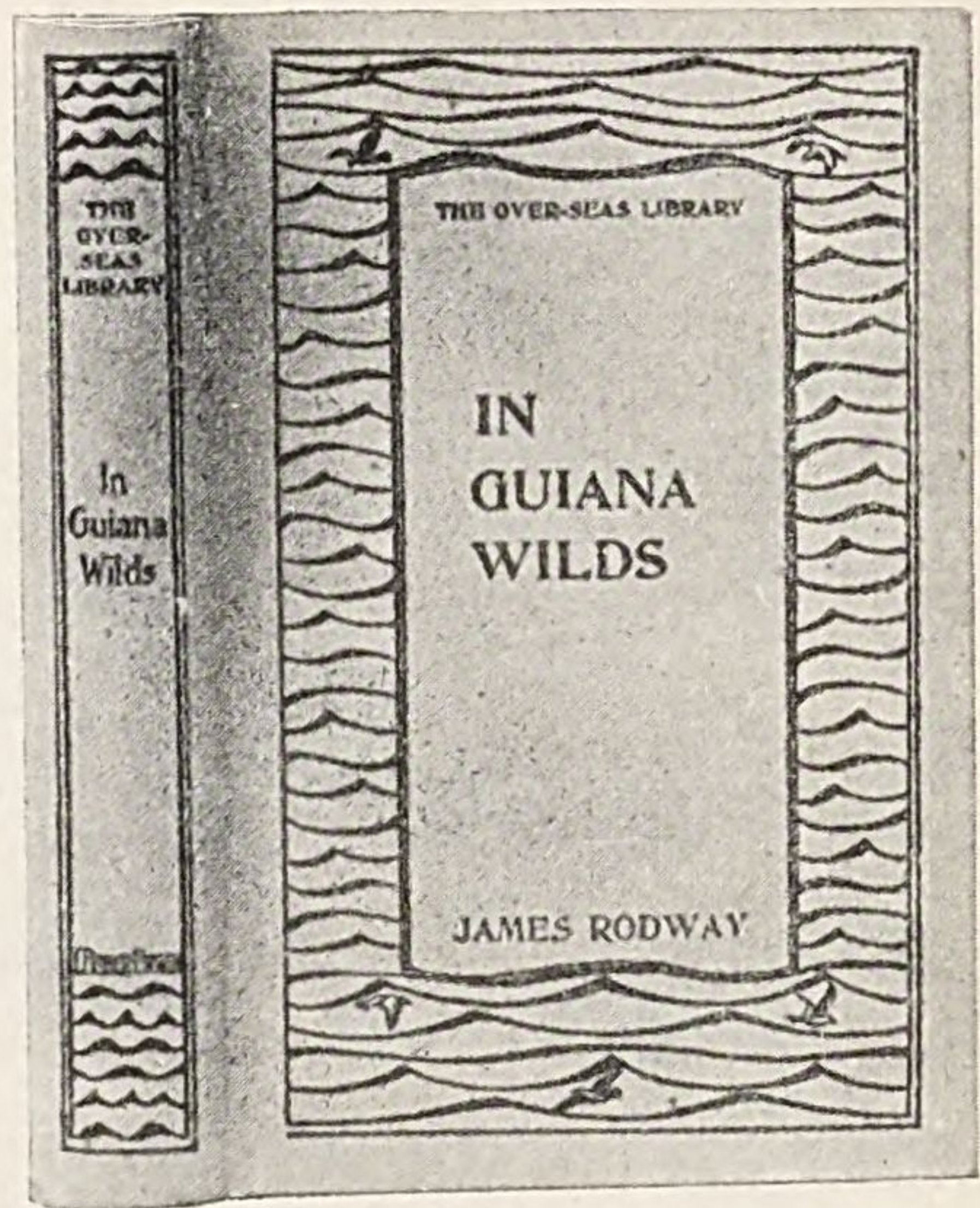
disappointed because he had carefully locked up all the Imperial drums in a cupboard before beginning the performance. That the performance was "brilliant" take the word of the *Saturday Review*, &c.

"This 'ere" (as the Arabs say) is the

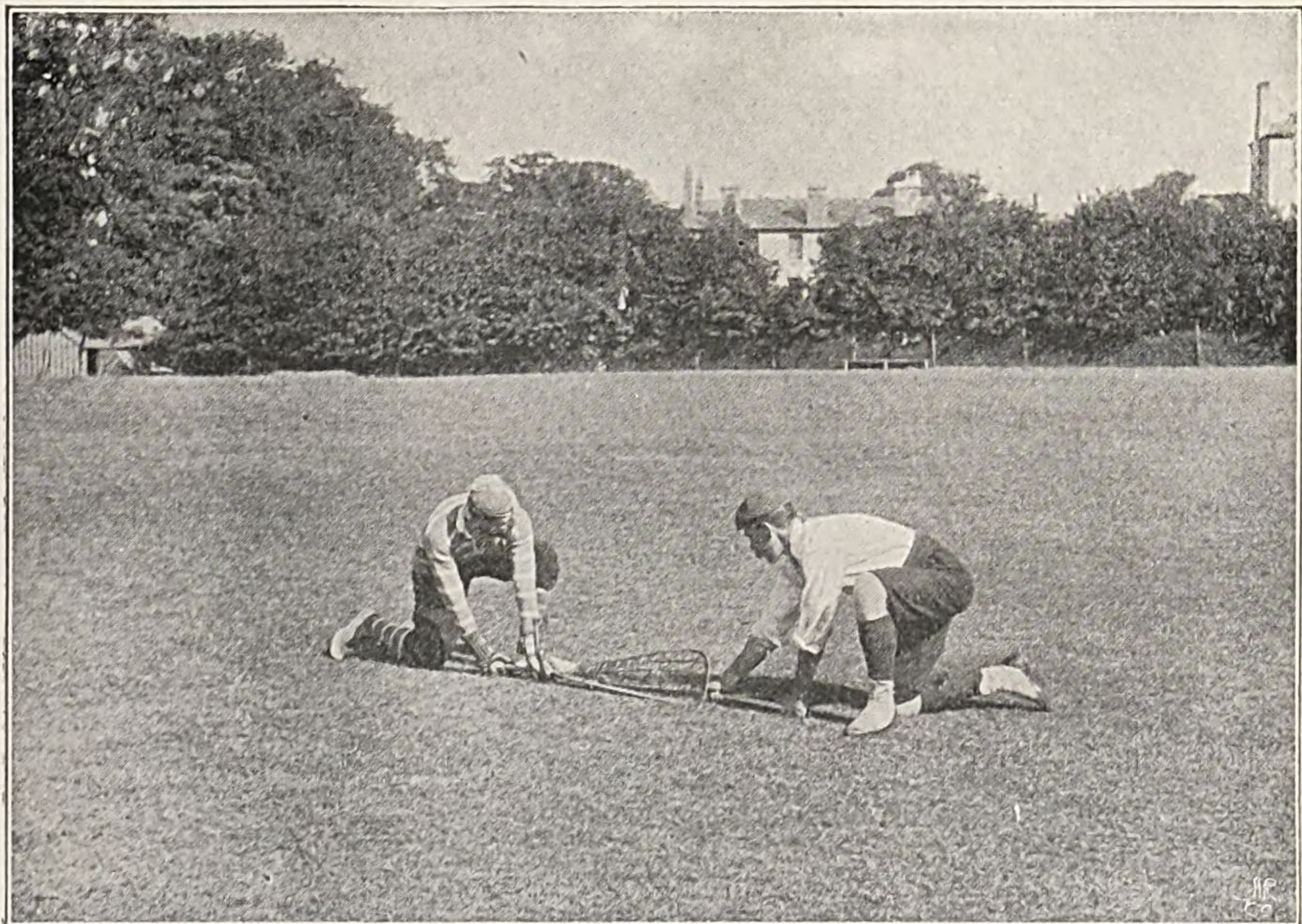
cover of the "Overseas" and the story is one writ by that enthusiastic naturalist, Mr. James Rodway, author of "In the Guiana Forest." *In Guiana Wilds* (75) is the story of a decivilisation which bettered a man in every way, freeing him from cant and waking him up to the true beauties of human nature. I think Yariko, the Guianyan native woman; one of the most touching heroines in fiction; and the *Sun* (this is much more important) remarks that the author has "opened up a new world" to English readers. As the *British Weekly* found the tale "intensely interesting," you will note that in some clever way, despite a seeming stolidity, Mr. Rodway was at once unconventional and popular.

But don't think that the publisher of a non-drum-beating series is blind

wise he would not be publishing a new "Sports Library" (69-70) edited by an



English athlete, Mr. Howard Spicer, and contributed to by such heroes as



PLAYING LACROSSE.

(From "The Sports Library.")

to the Merits of British Muscle and Endurance. Not a bit of it. Other-

Mr. Bertie Fegan (of Football fame), Mr. Tindsley Lindley (the Hockey



MR. HOWARD SPICER.

specialist), Mr. Dale (the authority on Driving and Riding), &c. You will note that the volumes of the new library are issued at half-a-crown, so as not to clash with the "Badminton."

Pleasant to the eye and healing to the nerve is the sight of a nurse in uniform, and we know from "The Fowler" that patients wax communicative to the guardians of their health. It is quite certain that, when every scruple has been satisfied, there is a residuum of exceedingly entertaining incident to be related by every nurse. Miss Jessie Holmes bravely sets an example in *The Private Nurse* (67) which I recommend to you if you want to see how sympathy and a sense of humour can be brought together. Miss Holmes has travelled and has an eye to character.

To wind up, here (p. xx) is a little girl talking to a fish. It is from a tale called *The Two Pools* (131) by an artist-author, Mr. Thomson Dunning. This is

a very droll story. In one of the pools elections are carried on by counting tails and fins. If fins are in the majority the political outlook is black indeed; if tails, sing hey! for Utopia. I believe the little girl was within an ace of becoming the *fiancée* of one of the fishes. There are some very amusing verses in the volume.

I don't think my last picture (see p. 96) requires any explanation. It seems to tell its own sad tale of depraved conduct. Who could be fierce with such a nice hot, piping pudding? But how did it get on the floor? You must read *The Story of the Treasure Seekers* (36), my dear fellow, if you want to know.

Wishing you the compliments of the season, I remain, your affectionate father,

OBADIAH REDEMAULE.

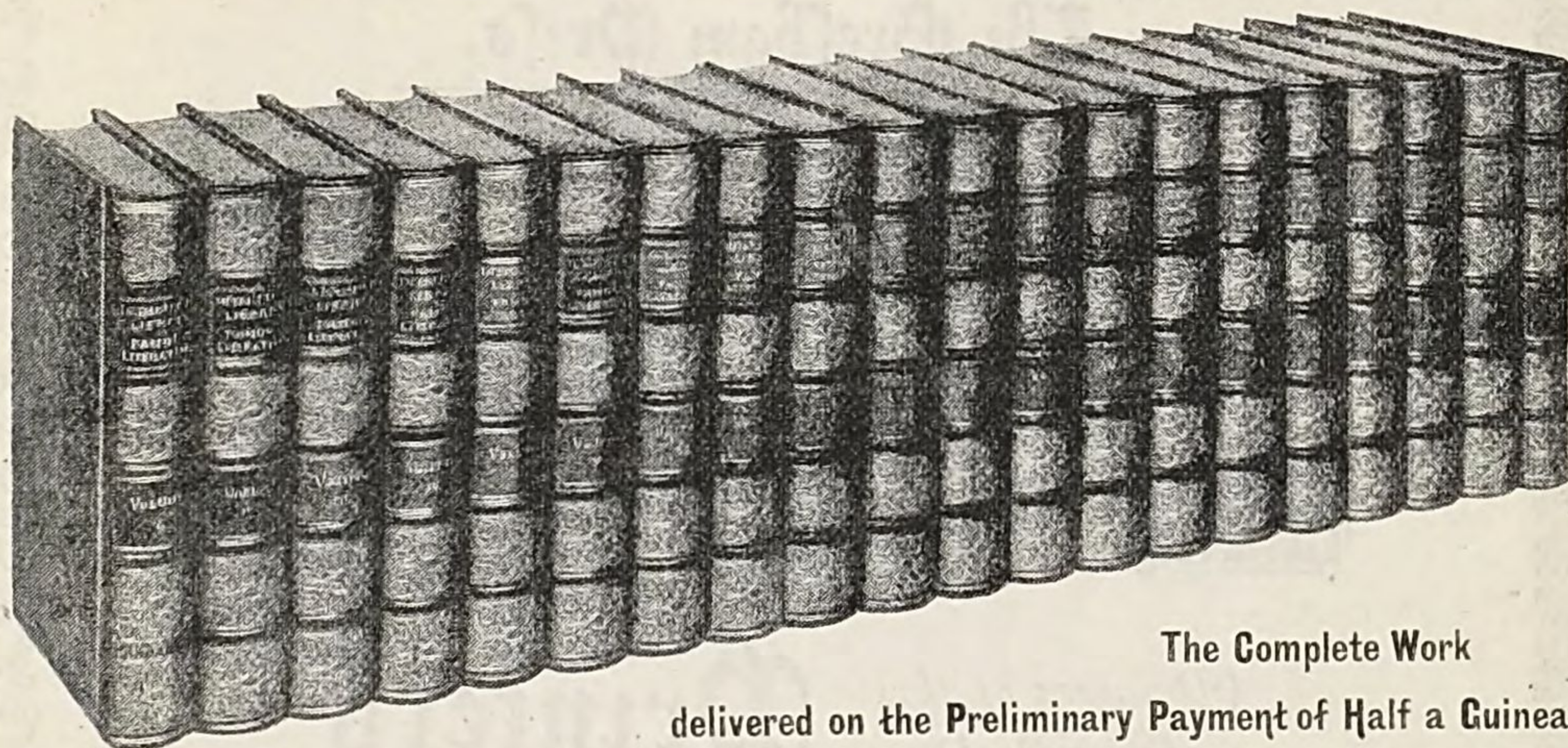


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As upside down I travelled,
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down,
And I felt the sickening
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brain,
And I had the horrid feelings
of bad fishes when they
drown,
For I lived in one short
moment all my wicked
life again.

There stood before me ghostly
forms of wickedness un-
told,
And my sins like indigestion
lay heavy on my chest,
And the nasty little spectres
were objectionably bold,
And raked up recollections
that I thought were quite
at rest.

But the worst of all these
spectres to show me my
disgrace
Was he who showed me
tailless trout on that elec-
tion day,
For he raised his fishy, goblin
hand and told me to my
face
That Noracreina would be
Queen whatever we might
say.

So when we get such hints as this don't let us
play the fool,
For an inspiration tells me which way the
cat will jump,
And urges me to win a place of honour in the
Pool,
Where work is light and pay is good and
perquisites are plump.

Depend upon it wisdom lies in looking well
ahead,
And I see a change is coming, and it may be
very soon ;
So put two and two together, and think of all
I've said,
And pass a vote of thanks to me. Amen.
Good afternoon.



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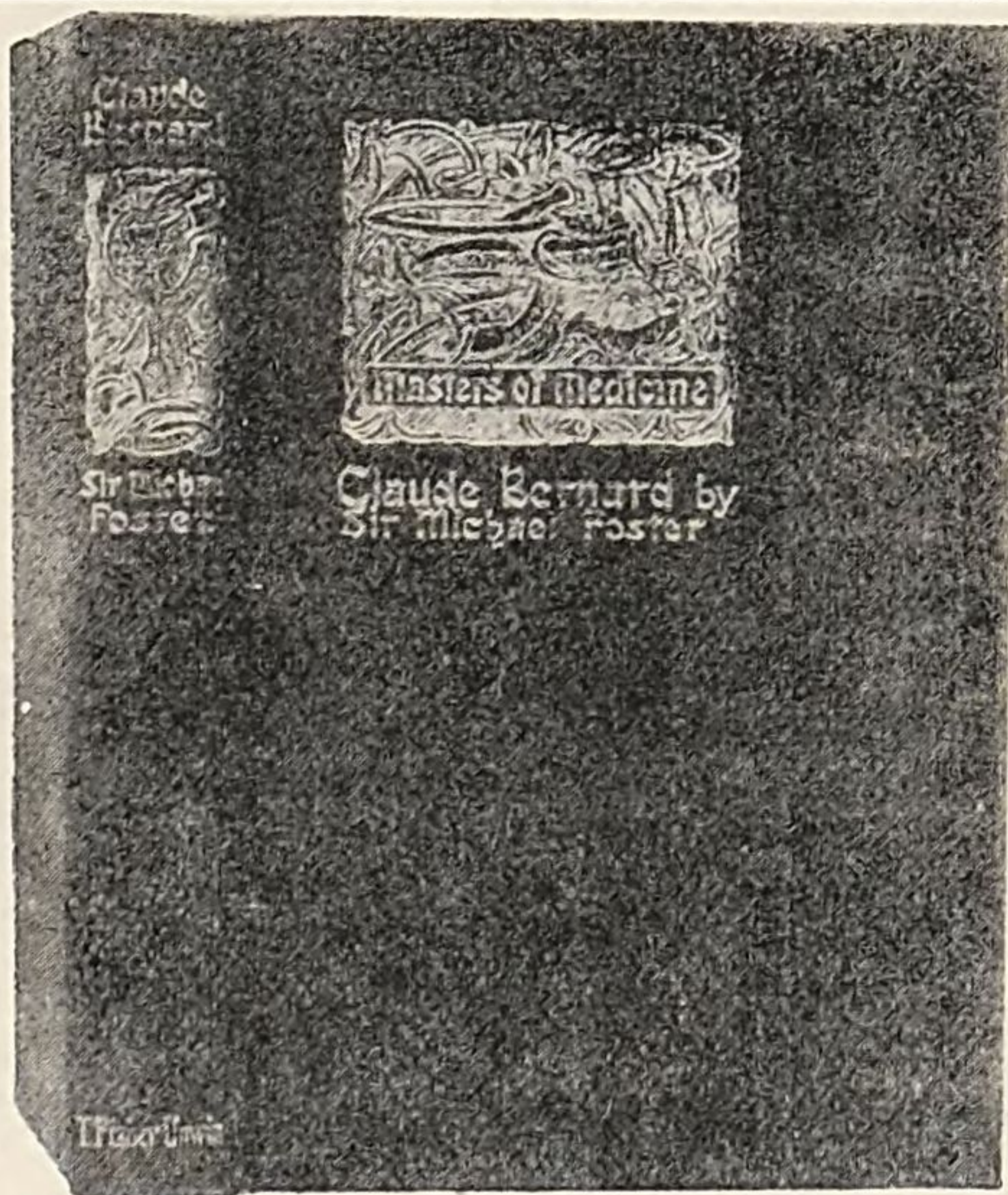
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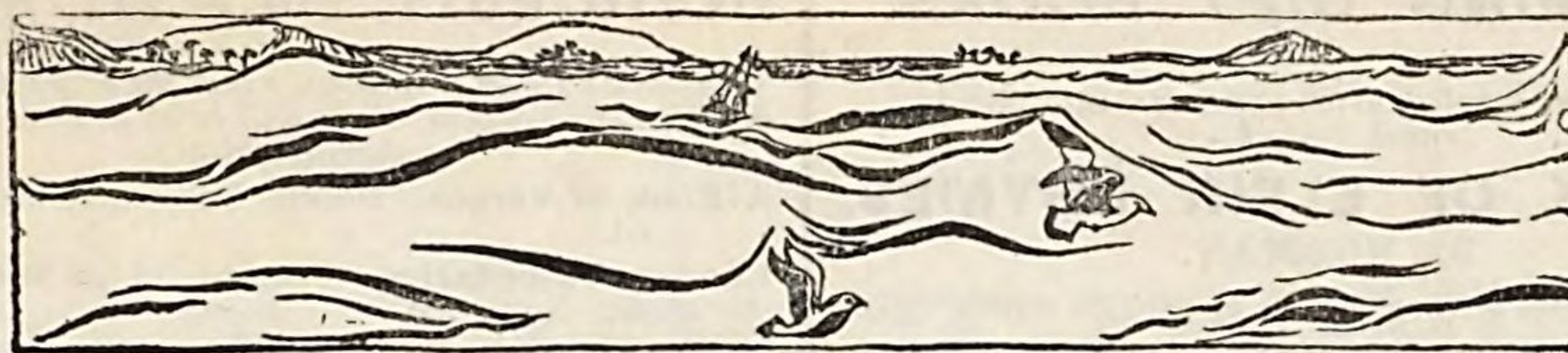
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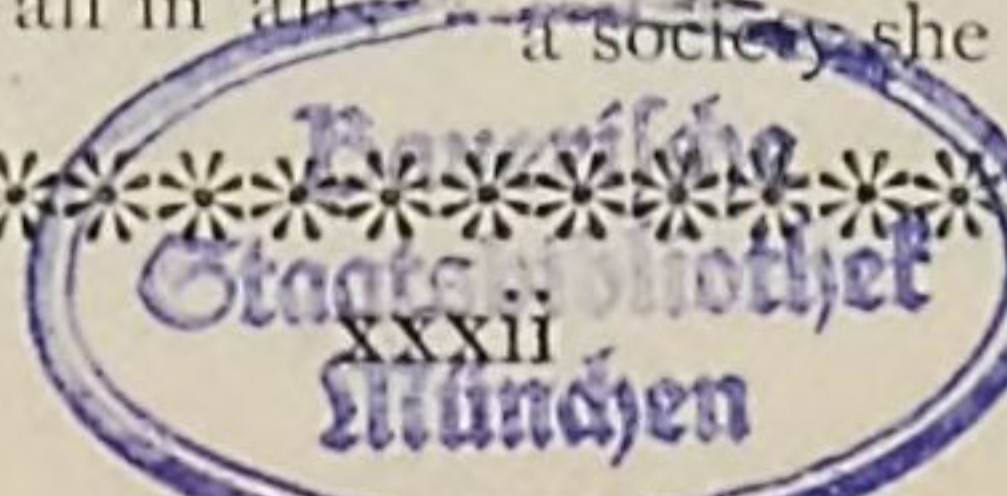
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